

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. LXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 5.

THE NEW AMERICAN IMPERIALISM.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

To persons whose memory reaches back beyond the days of the Crimean War there are few things more striking in the aspect of public affairs at home than the change in popular sentiment with respect to our colonial empire. I am sure all my contemporaries will agree with me in saying that at the period when the Great Exhibition of 1851 was held in Hyde Park our colonies were commonly regarded as a source of weakness rather than of strength, as a sort of encumbered estate the cost of whose maintenance outweighed the dignity conferred by its possession. The epoch of which I speak coincided with the high-water mark of the Manchester school of politics. In those days we were all more or less convinced that we were entering on a new era of peace, free trade, international goodwill, and universal brotherhood. I am not concerned at present with the consideration how far the "good time coming" sentiment of which the well-nigh forgotten Mr. Charles Mackay was the popular bard was based on anything more solid than sentimental aspirations. I only refer to it as explaining a condition of things under which the Imperial idea was necessarily at a discount. If, as was then commonly believed, we were on the

eve of a commercial millennium, in which moral forces were to supersede physical, or, to cite a cant phrase of the day, in which Captain Pen was to prove stronger than Colonel Sword, it followed logically that Imperial aggrandizement was not an object to commend itself to the approval of any enlightened community.

Moreover, even the few unbelievers in the gospel of Free Trade, Progress, and Peace were not disposed to attach any great importance to our colonies as a factor in our national history. There were then men still playing an active part in public life to whom the American War of Independence was an event within their own recollection. Even the younger generations, to whom the severance of the bonds which formerly united Great Britain to the grandest of her colonies was a tradition only, were imbued with a belief that in the course of nature our other colonies were bound to follow the example of the United States and set up for themselves as soon as they could dispense with the protection of the mother country. This belief was not confined to any one party or any one class of the commonwealth. Tories and Whigs, Aristocrats and Democrats, were at one in regarding our colonial empire as an

artificial and provisional institution which possessed no element of permanence. The above point of view directed our colonial policy alike under Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell. That policy may best be described as one of indifference. It was accepted as an axiom of statesmanship that our colonies would, one after the other, detach themselves from the parent State, and that the latter would offer no opposition to their assumption of independence. On the contrary, the severance of the colonies from the United Kingdom was held in Downing Street to be "a consummation most devoutly to be wished." I am not saying that among the English statesmen, politicians, and officials of fifty years ago there was any definite desire or distinct purpose to cast loose our possessions beyond the seas which have of late become known as Greater Britain, but I do say that at this period the probability of such a contingency coming to pass was regarded not only without dismay, but with placid satisfaction. The view on this subject then entertained by our governing classes closely resembled that held in most British households with regard to grown-up children. The parents are well content that their sons should remain at home, but they feel at the same time that the sooner they take wives and get homes of their own the better it will be directly for themselves and indirectly for their fathers and mothers.

It is hardly necessary to say how all this has altered. Whether Imperial Federation will ever become more than a grand idea is a question entirely beyond the scope of the present article. But even those who are least sanguine about the realization of this idea will not dispute the fact that it has taken firm hold of the public mind both in the mother country and in the colonies. Imperial Federation may or may not become an accomplished fact, but the demand for a Greater Britain has already come within the domain of practical politics. The conception of forming an united Empire in which Canada, Australia, South Africa, and all the scattered possessions of England throughout the four quarters of

the globe shall become one commonwealth under the Union Jack may prove incapable of realization; but the conception is one which no English statesman nowadays can afford to flout, no English party can ignore with safety. For good or for bad, the whole Manchester school of politics has been consigned to the limbo of theories which have been tested by experience and have been found wanting. The causes which have led to this change of public opinion are partly of a material, partly of an industrial, and partly of a sentimental character. Steam, and still more, submarine telegraphy have brought Great Britain and Greater Britain into relations which would have seemed incredible in the days of Cobden and Bright and the Anti-Corn Law League. Every event of public interest which occurs in the British Empire is known practically at one and the same time in every important city, not only of the United Kingdom, but of our colonies. With the aid of the British press, Englishmen at home and Englishmen abroad are brought into close contact with each other, and nowadays the most commonplace of Britons, the man who in bygone years cared for nothing and was proud of caring for nothing beyond his own local interests, cannot but feel a sort of solidarity with his fellow-countrymen beyond the seas, of whose fortunes, successes, failures, he reads perforce the record daily. The press throughout the British Empire might well adopt as its motto, "*Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto*," substituting *Britannicus* and *Britannici* for *homo* and *humani*.

Again, rapidity of communication and reduction of freight, with a consequent increase both of consumers and producers throughout the world, have exposed British commerce to a competition our forefathers never contemplated as possible. Under the protective systems which, with or without reason, find increasing favor in all parts of the world outside the British Isles our old markets are becoming circumscribed, if not closed, to trade. As a necessary result, the value of our colonial markets has increased in popular estimation,

and the British public is awakening to the desirability of consolidating the bonds which unite Great Britain to her colonies. Moreover, increased knowledge and keener interest have rekindled among men of British race the old Imperial fire, which may have smouldered during the predominance of the Manchester school, but which has never died out. With us of the Anglo-Saxon race, as with the Romans of old, there is an innate conviction, sometimes suppressed, but never abandoned, that it is our mission, our manifest destiny, to rule the world. Other nations, to paraphrase the well-known lines, may excel us in arts and graces, but to us is allotted the power to rule. The above conviction, justly or unjustly, is entertained at heart by ninety-nine Britons out of every hundred; this being so, it is intelligible enough that the instinct which has led us to pitch our tents in every part of the world wherever there was money to be made, trade to be developed, or power to be acquired, should have strengthened us in the resolve to hold what we have gained, and to reap the harvest of the crops that we have planted. Such, in my opinion, are the main causes of the outburst of Imperial sentiment which has been the most marked feature of British political history during the closing years of the century now about to be numbered with the past.

Brief as these remarks on the growth of Imperialism in England may be in themselves, they may appear somewhat lengthy in an article whose subject is Imperialism in America. My excuse must be that, in order to understand the Imperialist movement across the Atlantic, it is absolutely essential to appreciate the character of the movement in the mother country. Many years ago, when I first visited the United States, I gave utterance in writing to the apparent paradox that in order to understand England it was necessary to study America. The years that since then have come and gone have only confirmed my belief in this assertion, which may perhaps be expressed more clearly by saying that Great Britain and the United States

are the complements of one another. I should be the last to deny the notable differences between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race under the British Empire and the American Republic. On the contrary, in common with all Englishmen who have been connected by home ties with the United States, and who have lived in close intimacy with Americans, I am, I think, more apt than ordinary Englishmen to attach undue weight to the *nuances*—I know of no English word with the exact signification of the French—which differentiate the ordinary Englishman from the ordinary American. To the foreigner, as alike in England and America, all men of English-speaking race are habitually denominated Englishmen, and Americans seem the same people. I remember asking M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after his unsuccessful visit to the States in connection with the Panama Canal, what he thought of the Americans. "Ils sont vos vrais cousins," was his answer. The word cousin has always appeared to me far more appropriate to the relations of England and America than those of brother or sister. Cousins, in as far as my personal observation goes, are not as a rule the best of friends; they are apt to judge each others' defects too hardly, they are prone to take offence, they expect a great deal from their relatives, and are not disposed to give much in return. But, notwithstanding all this, they have common ties, common interests, common memories, common kinship, which they do not and cannot possess with the world outside their own families; and therefore in the long run—to employ a mathematical metaphor—the centripetal forces in their case are always stronger than the centrifugal. I know it will be said that the very large admixture of foreign, and especially of German, blood in the American nationality, has materially modified its Anglo-Saxon character. I doubt, however, the force of this objection. The two branches of our race possess, to an unequal extent, the faculty of assimilation. In our own country, and especially in our large manufacturing

cities, there are a very considerable number of Germans who have made England their home, and who preserve to the end of their lives, not only the aspect, but the accent and the character of the Fatherland. But their sons and daughters bred and born in England assume the language, the ideas, the traditions, and the prejudices of their adopted country. Even the Jews, though they may retain their racial creed, and cannot, if they would, divest themselves entirely of their racial characteristics, become, to all intents and purposes, English of the English. So it is in the United States. I remember, on my visiting the West thirty odd years ago, I found that in the outlying districts it was quite as well, speaking German as I then did fluently, to address a stranger in German as in English. But I am prepared to assert that at the present day there is not one in a hundred of the sons and daughters of my old acquaintances in Illinois and Wisconsin and Iowa who speak any language as their mother-tongue other than English. In the second generation the American citizen of German parentage becomes assimilated for all practical purposes to the type of the ordinary native-born American.

Thus, if my view is correct, it is safe to assume, as a rule, that Americans are actuated by much the same ideas, instincts, motives, and modes of thought as their fellow-kinsmen in the Old World. Napoleon the Third was fond of saying that when he wanted to recollect any English custom, habit, or expression, he thought of what would be the analogous custom, habit, or expression in French, and felt confident that the exact converse would be the English. In regard to England and America an opposite rule holds good. Other things being equal, thoughts, ideas, tastes, and actions on any given subject may safely be assumed to be the same with Americans as with Englishmen. On *à priori* reasoning, therefore, it would have seemed reasonable to suppose that a desire to extend the area of dominion, a wish to become a ruling power in the world by the sub-

jugation of weaker races, would have characterized the Trans-Atlantic branch of the Anglo-Saxon community, as it has, except during brief intervals, characterized the Cis-Atlantic. The instinct of a ruling race was, as I contend, always in existence in the Great Republic of the West, but it was kept in abeyance by a combination of peculiar circumstances. In the days of the War of Independence the whole political power of the Union rested with the seaboard States, and notably with the New England States. The West was to a great extent a *terra incognita*, and it is no disparagement to the statesmanship of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and the other fathers of the Republic, to say that they were unable to look further ahead than the eventual incorporation of North America under the Stars and Stripes. It is at once the strength and weakness of the English character to be unwilling, if not unable, to take comprehensive views. To deal with the question of the day, and to leave the future to take care of itself, is the characteristic of our race, and the assertion that the founders of the Union never contemplated the possibility of the United States having any active interest in the affairs of the world outside the American continent is no depreciation of their ability, but a simple recognition of the fact that they shared the normal inability of the Anglo-Saxon to look much beyond his nose. If it were not for this inability the Americans would never have extended the area of their Republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific, just as England would never have become the mistress of India.

The conditions of England were undoubtedly more favorable to the development of the Imperial instinct than those of the United States. Thus the contingency of the Republic desiring to extend her borders beyond the American continent was not contemplated by the Constitution of the United States; and throughout the early years of the Union this Constitution was regarded with an unreasoning respect which would have been al-

most exaggerated if the Constitution could have claimed the same authorship of Divine Omniscience as is credited to the Ten Commandments. There can be no doubt that the American Constitution has served its purpose excellently, but this has been because it has been administered in the main by men possessing the good sense and political capacity of the Anglo-Saxon race, not by reason of any extraordinary wisdom or foresight in its composition. To speak the plain truth, the *magnum opus* of Washington and his colleagues is nothing more nor less than an attempt to paraphrase in writing the unwritten Constitution of the mother country, the place of the Constitutional King being replaced by that of President and the House of Lords by the Senate. Most of the anomalies and inconsistencies of the British Constitution were deliberately introduced into that of the United States, the only exception being that the latter, bound as it is by the written word, does not possess the same facility of adapting itself to new and unforeseen conditions as the former has displayed time after time in our own history. The *post hoc propter hoc* line of argument has, however, an unfailing attraction for the Anglo-Saxon intellect; and the fact that the United States grew and prospered under the Constitution, formed by the Convention of Philadelphia, was regarded by Americans as conclusive evidence of its almost superhuman wisdom. Apart, moreover, from any sentimental respect for the founders of the Union, their injunction that the United States should abstain from any intervention in affairs lying outside the American continent long commended itself to the good sense of the American public. For many years after the Declaration of Independence the United States had their hands full, and had not the power, if they even had the will, to occupy themselves with anything beyond the development of their vast unoccupied territories. Yet even in the early days of the Republic there were not wanting indications that the United States would not permanently rest contented with the policy of non-

intervention. The proclamation of the Monroe doctrine was a violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the non-intervention policy. The war with Mexico, which led to the cession of California and Texas, was vehemently denounced by New England as an abandonment of the fundamental principles on which the Union had been established. Indeed, anybody who wished to level a scathing indictment against the war with Spain would find ample material in the "Biglow Papers" of the late Mr. Russell Lowell. Notwithstanding the strain of their internal development, the United States would probably have extended their restless energy to foreign affairs at a far earlier date, had it not been for the domestic controversy which ended at the Secession War. Indeed, as early as 1849 the American Congress went out of its way to recognize the independence of Hungary, a matter with which, according to the views laid down by the founders of the Republic, it had no more to do than with the Desert of Sahara.

In view of future complications it may be well to point out what was the cause of the Secession War. No doubt, the *causa causans* was the inherent incompatibility of the slave labor system of the Southern States with the free institutions of the Northern States. Sooner or later the "peculiar institutions" of the South would have had to succumb. But they might, I think, have succumbed without civil war, if the American Constitution had not been so framed, and deliberately so framed, as to permit the legal existence of slavery. The definition of State Rights as laid down in the Constitution was, to say the least, not inconsistent with the maintenance of slavery. Nor except by the most indirect implication was there any clause prohibiting secession, in case any State had cause to consider that State Rights were being violated by the action of the Federal Government. Owing to the inelasticity of the Constitution the Gordian knot could only be cut by the sword. My sympathies were from the outset, and remain still, in favor of the North as against the South, but my respect for

the Northerners, who were prepared to abolish slavery within the Union at all costs and all hazards, could never blind me to the fact that as a matter of legal right the Southerners, who contended that the forcible abolition of slavery within the slave-holding States was a violation of State Rights, and therefore justified secession, had a strong case in their favor.

Whatever may be thought of the strict legality of secession, there can be no question that the outcome of the Civil War was the overthrow of the States Rights doctrine as formulated by the framers of the Union. After the downfall of the Confederacy the United States became a nation, in a sense which they never could have claimed to be before. The unanswerable logic of the accomplished fact has decided that henceforth, States Rights notwithstanding, the majority has got to rule: and in consequence the power of any minority to resist the national will has become null and void. If, therefore, popular opinion in America should become enlisted in favor of a policy of national aggrandizement or of Imperial extension—for the two phrases represent much the same thing—it is obvious this policy cannot be thwarted by the opposition of any individual State or combination of States. And this is exactly what has happened to-day.

It is not, I think, difficult to indicate the causes which have led to this change of popular sentiment in America. Up, roughly speaking, to the date of the Civil War, the United States were in the main an agricultural community whose chief industry was the production of cotton, wheat, and live stock. All these industries could then be carried on at high profits, owing to the fact that there was for a long period any quantity of virgin land to be had for the asking. The old Western saying that one "had only to tickle the prairie with a hoe and that it smiled back with a harvest," represented something more than an idle boast. Of late years, however, what with the enormous increase of the American population, and the enlarged facilities

of railway locomotion, the area of unoccupied land has been growing steadily smaller and smaller, and farming has in consequence presented less and less attractions to European immigrants. Manufactures have sprung up throughout the Union and have been fostered by the Protectionist policy of the Republic. One result of this policy has been to create a vast operative class, and to introduce labor questions of the old-fashioned European type into the number of matters of which American professional politicians have to take account. The labor vote, though strongly in favor of protection to native industries at home, is equally in favor of acquiring new markets for American manufactures abroad.

The commercial supremacy of Great Britain is popularly attributed in America to her enormous mercantile marine and to her world-wide colonial possessions. The manufacturers of the United States have come—with or without due reason—to the conclusion that their interests demand the adoption of a forward policy in lieu of the traditional policy of non-intervention. Their workmen have become imbued with a similar conviction, and thus the powerful manufacturing interest in America has become enlisted on behalf of Imperial extension. On the other hand, the cotton and grain interests have ceased to possess the same supreme influence as they did in former days. The most marked feature in the contemporary history of the United States has been the gradual decline of the Eastern seaboard States, and the consequent increase in wealth, population, and importance of the Central and Western States. Another curious feature of the Post-Secession era has been the appearance of a proletarian population in the great cities, bearing a family resemblance to the "submerged tenth" of the old-world hives of industry. Even making allowance for the exaggeration inseparable from the Trans-Atlantic journalism, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that for the first time in its records the Western Republic numbers a pauper class amid her citizens; and when once pauper-

dom has got implanted in any country the weed is one not easily to be eradicated. Far too great importance may easily be attached to the question of American pauperism, but it is easy to understand that the mere existence of such a question should dispose Americans to look favorably on any measures which might provide means of escape from the novel "unemployment" difficulty, or from the agrarian and operative discontent of which the outcome was Bryanism.

To put the matter plainly, the United States, for the first time in their existence, have been called upon to grapple with the same social difficulties which have long perplexed European statecraft. In the earlier days of the Republic it was accepted as an axiom that poverty, lack of employment, popular discontent with the existing order of mundane affairs, and distrust in the fabric of society, as a body organized for the protection of the rich against the poor, were all evils generated by the abuses of monarchical and aristocratic institutions, and could never exist under the free institutions of a democratic community untrammelled by a Court, an hereditary Chamber, and a State Church. The American belief in this axiom was confirmed by the approval of many advanced thinkers of the Old World, who all asserted, and I think honestly believed, that under a democracy social evils must of necessity cure themselves. Stern experience has convinced the Americans of the fallacy of their old belief. They see that the doctrine of all men being equal and entitled to equal rights does not provide food for the poor, employment for the unemployed, or wealth for the masses who have no capital except their hands and arms. Feeling as they do that democratic institutions are no longer a panacea for the cure of social discontents, the Americans resort most naturally to the remedies which under like circumstances have commended themselves to their English forefathers—that is, to foreign trade, to emigration, and to the establishment of a colonial empire.

I doubt greatly whether the truth of

this assertion would be acknowledged openly by the Americans of to-day. I am certain the admission of its truth would have been scouted as a rank heresy by all the leading men of the United States when I first became acquainted with America and the Americans. In common with most English visitors thirty to forty years ago, my relations lay mainly with members of the New England States. In those days these States represented worthily the ideas, traditions, and policy of the founders of the Republic; and the chief article of their political creed was that the United States had nothing to do with affairs lying outside their own vast dominions, and, above all, with the affairs of the Old World of Europe. No honest observer of American affairs during the above period could depreciate the high function filled in American politics by such men as Charles Sumner; at the same time no intelligent observer could fail to see that even in those days the ascendancy of New England was a tradition rather than a living force. The ordinary New Englander, in as far as my experience went, knew singularly little about the rest of the Union, and labored under the delusion that Massachusetts and her sister States represented the public opinion of the North, the only difference between East and West being that the former was more cultured, more highly civilized, and more alive to moral influences than the latter. Yet even a very superficial acquaintance with the Great West was sufficient to convince a stranger that the Prairie States, with their enormous area of fertile land, their rapid increase of population, and their extraordinary energy, were destined to become the dominant power in the Union.

The manner in which the Secession War was brought to a close excited even greater admiration on the part of the outside world than the courage displayed by both North and South on the field of battle. The victors and the vanquished apparently abandoned their animosity when they laid down their arms. No reprisals followed the conclusion of peace. The seceding States

were reinstated in their independence. The Federal and Confederate armies were alike disbanded. The soldiers, with scarcely an exception, returned to civil life; and in the belief of the great majority of Americans the old order of things as it had existed before the war was replaced at its conclusion. The few sceptics who ventured to doubt the truth of this belief were derided as cynics, or as persons too blinded by Old World prejudices to appreciate the excellence of democratic institutions. Anybody who after the fall of Richmond had predicted that before the century was at an end the United States would be carrying on a war of conquest, forced upon the Government against its will by popular outcry, would have been put down as a lunatic. Yet this is exactly what has come to pass.

About three years ago I was present at a dinner given in London to some Americans who had come to Europe on a matter of business. I happened to be seated next to a leading Californian financier, who had served with great distinction in the Federal armies, and who on the conclusion of the war had gone into business and had become one of the leading citizens of San Francisco. Having known myself several of the celebrities of the war era, we had many common subjects of interest, and grew somewhat more intimate than is usual upon a casual dinner acquaintanceship. At this time the Cuban question had not, I may mention, assumed an acute stage. As there were Americans present at the dinner, it was, of course, followed by speeches; and I need hardly tell anyone acquainted with American post-prandial oratory—in England—that the speeches dwelt mainly upon the fact of blood being thicker than water, upon the brotherhood between two nations to whom Shakespeare and Milton were common possessions, and upon the guarantees afforded by Anglo-American amity for the interests of peace and progress. On the conclusion of the speeches, my neighbor turned round to me and remarked:

I agree in principle with all the sentiments my fellow-countrymen have expressed: but, as an honest man, I am bound to tell you

their statements are not correct as matters of fact, at any rate, as far as the West is concerned. In the West we are spoiling for a war.

On my asking with whom the Americans wished to fight, his reply was:

With your country, I should say for choice, but as long as they can get a war with somebody, it does not matter much with whom it is waged.

To my further question, what were the causes which had given birth to this bellicose sentiment, the answer was:

It is not very easy to say. The fact that trade has been bad of late in the West, that wages are low, and that there are large numbers of workmen either out of employment or working for reduced pay, may have a good deal to do with it. Again, the enormous pension list allotted to the Federal soldiers after the Secession conflict may have stimulated the desire for another war; but I think the main cause is the desire of all our young men to have a war of their own, so as to enable them to show that they are as good men as their fathers. But whether my explanation is the right one, I cannot be certain. All I am sure of is that our people will seize the first opportunity that presents itself for going to war.

I was much impressed at the time by the manifest good faith of my informant; and, as soon as the outcry for a war with Spain commenced in America, I felt confident that the result would confirm the justice of my friend's anticipations.

I have no wish in anything I have said, or may say, to accuse the Americans of having gone to war for interested or unworthy motives. If I were an American, I should certainly have been a partisan of the war. Nor do I think the Americans can justly be accused of insincerity because their reasons for going to war were of a mixed character. Let any candid Englishman ask himself whether, under like circumstances, the British public would not have raised an outcry for war which no British Government could have withstood. For months stories of the outrages, cruelties, and atrocities committed by Spain in Cuba had been circulated throughout the United States. These stories may have been exaggerated, may even in some instances have been utterly false; but they were be-

lieved in good faith by the people to whom they were addressed. The Anglo-Saxon conscience, like the Nonconformist, may not be logical, and may be elastic, but it is a conscience all the same. Nobody can doubt that if Armenia had been an island within a hundred miles of the British coasts, of which we were able to take possession with as much ease and as little risk as the Americans were in a position to do in the case of Cuba, the Union Jack would long ago have floated over Erzeroum. Moreover, in the opinion of the mass of ordinary Americans, the Cuban insurgents were, as Mr. Gladstone said of the Dervishes—"a gallant people, struggling gallantly to be free"—patriots oppressed by the tyranny of an old-world monarchy. Thus popular sentiment in the United States was strongly in favor of intervention. Then, too, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, the spectacle of a wealthy and fertile country being in the hands of owners who are unable to utilize its advantages infallibly suggests the reflection how much better it would be for all parties concerned if the country were taken away from its actual occupants, and transferred to hands better suited to develop its resources. Englishmen who feel keenly the irritation caused by the maladministration of the Transvaal can hardly wonder if the instinct of America was to put an end, for her own advantage as well as that of Cuba, to Spanish misgovernment of the Queen of the Antilles. The odd thing is, not that the United States have virtually annexed Cuba, but that they did not annex the island long ago. The reasons for the delay in action are not difficult to discover. The educated, the wealthy, and what one may call the Conservative classes in America, were, almost to a man, averse to prompt action. The tradition which, as I have said, forbade any assumption of liabilities by the Republic outside the American continent was far stronger with the classes than with the masses. Added to this, the classes in the States realized far more keenly than the masses the inconveniences of adding a mongrel half-breed population to the citi-

zens of America, and the still greater inconveniences of ruling an outlying island as a Crown colony. A study of the high-class American papers before the war will, I am convinced, establish my assertion that previous to the destruction of the Maine in the harbor of Havana the leading organs of public opinion in the United States did all in their power to deprecate armed intervention in Cuba. I happened to meet Mr. Gordon Bennett in Cairo on the day that we received the news that the Maine had been destroyed. Whether the destruction was intentional or accidental, and by whom and in whose interest upon the former hypothesis the explosion was contrived, are questions to which no satisfactory answer is ever likely to be given. But, as an old journalist, I felt Mr. Bennett was in the right when, on hearing the news, he remarked, "The game is up; we must now go in for war." President McKinley and the leaders of the Republican party, who had been honestly opposed to war till after the Maine explosion, felt that their hands were forced, and that they had no option save to obey the national outcry for war. Under like circumstances any British Government would have acted in the same manner.

It may be urged by hostile critics that the Americans, however genuine their indignation may have been at the alleged or real wrongs of Cuba, were also set on getting possession of the island, and hurried on the proclamation of war as soon as they foresaw a possibility that the grant of autonomy might be accepted by the Cuban insurgents, and that thus the United States might be deprived of their *casus belli*. Even admitting the justice of these criticisms, they do not seem to me to prove any graver charge against our transatlantic fellow-kinsmen than that they share our Imperial instincts, that they possess the Anglo-Saxon desire for expansion, a desire which, whether disinterested or not, has done more than any other cause to promote civilization and progress. The existence of this desire has manifested itself very markedly throughout the later stages of the war. After the American troops had landed

in Cuba, their countrymen came very rapidly to the conclusion that the Cuban insurgents were by no means the heroes and patriots they had been depicted as being; but were, on the contrary, about as little deserving of respect or sympathy as the ordinary half-breeds of any South American Republic. By the time, however, this discovery was made, the United States were committed to the task of emancipating Cuba from Spanish rule. Common sense pointed to the conclusion that the insurgents were utterly incapable of governing the island; and therefore, if Spain was to go, the United States, in fact if not in name, must perforce take her place in Cuba. In this instance common sense coincided with popular ambition. From the outset public opinion in America has insisted on large cessions of territory being demanded as compensation for the sacrifices made by the United States in the war with Spain, and though the wisdom of this demand may not altogether commend itself to old-fashioned politicians of the McKinley type, the Government of Washington is not strong enough to withstand the public outcry for territorial compensation. In as far as any future event can be predicted with confidence, we may take it for granted that when peace is formally concluded the United States will have assumed sovereignty over all the possessions of Spain in the West Indies, while the Philippines will be placed under the virtual, if not the avowed, Protectorate of America. It follows that the great Republic has now definitely shaken off the trammels imposed upon her by the "Ring Fence" policy of her original founders, and has thereby followed the instincts of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The consequences of this change of front can as yet be only indicated in the vaguest terms. It is obvious that the American Constitution contains no provision for the administration of outlying territories, which for many long years to come cannot possibly be admitted to the Union as sovereign States. Either the Constitution will have to be altered, or the authorities of the Republic will be compelled to assume pow-

ers which are presumably *ultra vires*. Moreover, it is contrary to all experience to suppose that the United States will long rest content with their recent colonial acquisitions. Just as, according to the French proverb, appetite comes in eating, so the taste for annexation grows by annexing. In the West Indies as in the Indian Ocean, the Americans are certain before long to discover that their new possessions require, for their security in the present and their development in the future, the acquisition of adjacent territories. Again, the holding of colonies must compel the United States to keep up a navy and an army out of all proportion to the forces which have hitherto sufficed for the defence of a country whom no foreign Power had either the will or the means to attack. The possession of large naval and military forces creates of necessity a desire for their active employment; and for the present such employment can only be found in enterprises of a more or less aggressive character. To put the matter plainly, America, as a colonial Power, will have interests of her own which must inevitably bring her into collision with the interests of other great Powers; and in order to uphold her new position she must employ the same means as are employed by the other leading Powers of the world.

I do not myself see any cause as an Englishman to regret the transformation of the United States from a pacific to a belligerent Power. Of course there are certain obvious contingencies under which the Imperial interests of Great Britain and America might come into conflict. If such contingencies should arise I have no great confidence in war being rendered an impossibility on the strength of platitudes, uttered on either side the Atlantic, as to our common brotherhood, and as to blood being thicker than water. The real bond of union between our two countries lies in the fact that the interests we have in common are more numerous and more powerful than the interests which are—or may be—antagonistic. Any formal alliance between the American Republic and the

British Empire has never seemed to me possible or desirable. With our free institutions, we have no power to enter into binding alliances with any one. Moreover, even if the United States could and would ally themselves with us, I fail to perceive the benefit of such an alliance to England. In the event of our becoming involved in a war with Russia, or indeed with any great European Power, what we should need are not ships, but troops; and of all countries America is the least able to guarantee us against the risks involved in the small dimensions of our standing army. On the other hand, the friendship of the United States would be of the utmost value to Great Britain in the event of war. If the sympathies of the Republic were actively enlisted on our behalf there would be infinitely less risk of our corn supply being cut off, while there would be no risk of our mercantile commerce being destroyed by American Alabamas. In like manner, the fact that the United States could rely upon the friendship of England would greatly diminish any risk they might have to incur in pursuing the policy of intervention in foreign affairs to which they are bound by the acquisition of colonies. The nervous anxiety with which all Continental nations are endeavoring to assure each other that any alliance between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race is a chimerical idea is proof in itself how powerful such an alliance might prove if it could be carried into effect. The mere abandonment by America of her attitude of isolation in all foreign

affairs cannot fail to bring together more closely two kindred nations, whose ideas, ambitions, and institutions are almost as identical as their language. Thus in the Imperialist movement, which has led the United States to embark on a career of annexation, I see the promise of gain rather than loss to our own country. Even if this were not so, I should still find cause for congratulation in the fact that the American Republic has now reverted to the hereditary policy of the Anglo-Saxon race. Just as men cannot live by bread alone, so nations cannot exist solely by material prosperity. There is a story told that on some occasion Alexandre Dumas the elder was asked by an interviewer as to which of his works he felt personally proudest. The author of "Monte Cristo" and the "Trois Mousquetaires" pointed to his son, who was sitting by his side, and answered, "This is the work which I have most reason to be proud of." In much the same way I think if I were asked what in my opinion is the greatest work England has accomplished, I should say the United States of America; and in so saying I should, I hold, express the sentiments of the great mass of my fellow-countrymen. And, holding this view, I cannot but deem it matter for congratulation that our American fellow-townsmen should have shown that they have preserved the ideal of an Imperial mission; that they, as well as we, are prepared to carry out that manifold destiny which is the birthright of the Anglo-Saxon race.—*Nineteenth Century.*

PRINCE BISMARCK—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

PRINCE BISMARCK had lived eight years in retirement, and almost in exile, when, with a dramatic suddenness, his sands ran out; but if ever any statesman's distinctive work was carried to comparative human completeness, his certainly was. It had always been his wish and hope to die in harness, and more than once—notably when the cares of office apparently pressed with greatest weight upon him—he told the Reichstag so. How this desire failed of fulfilment is a story with which the world is fairly familiar.

The fact that Germany's greatest son and Europe's master in statecraft should have passed away as a private citizen rather than as the first Minister of the Empire which he had created has naturally given prominence to the personality of the man at the expense of the political achievements of his career, and some aspects of this personality it is my purpose briefly to survey. If one were asked to name the characteristic which beyond all others denoted Prince Bismarck, and which, at the same time, was the master-key to the secrets of his incomparable success as diplomat and as statesman, the answer must unquestionably be—his concentration. Yet not concentration in any indefinite and abstract sense, rather the constant and unwearied application of every faculty to an unvarying political task—twofold, yet in essence one—the strengthening of the Prussian monarchy upon the basis of a constitution voluntarily conceded by the Crown, and the drawing together of the German States in a union of which Prussia should be the predominant partner. Essentially his genius was political, and politics were the engrossing object of his thought. Cosmopolitan in culture, susceptible apparently in no small degree to the manifold movements of his age, the supreme interest of his life was yet the solution of one great political problem—how States can be made, Parliaments managed, and parties used to

further the designs of a masterful mind.

A remarkable story, probably but little known, will illustrate what I mean. Its author is Herr von Tiedemann, sometime head of the Imperial Chancellery. When Tiedemann conveyed to his chief the news of the murderous attempt which was made, on June 2d, 1878, by Nobiling, on the Emperor William I., Bismarck's first ejaculation was, "Now we will dissolve the Reichstag!" Only after the ruling passion of political purpose had found involuntary expression did he inquire after the Emperor's condition, and seek details of the dastardly deed which had nearly robbed him of a beloved master.*

That Germany accurately diagnosed the specific genius of her distinguished Chancellor was clearly proved by the character of the homage paid to him during life. He was worshipped rather than loved: it was the Titanic in his personality, the heroic in his achievement, which magnetized the nation and drew to him its lavish, almost unreasoning admiration. But Germany's estimate of her hero was shown even more eloquently at his death. Those who at close quarters witnessed the national mourning for the old Emperor in 1888, and lately have noted the expressions of grief which his Chancellor's death elicited, will bear me out when I say that the two calamities affected the nation very differently. In the first case the tribute to the dead was that of a united people's heartfelt, homely sorrow; in the second it took the form of

* To give full point to the incident it should be stated that Nobiling's attempt followed that of Hödel on May 11 of the same year, on which occasion the first Anti-Socialist bill was introduced in the Reichstag, which, however, declined to pass it. Nobiling's crime led Bismarck to dissolve the Reichstag and appeal to the nation, which gave him a powerful majority, by whose aid the second Socialist Bill was easily carried.

ponderous, organized mourning—very fine, very touching, very sincere, yet throughout conveying an unmistakable suggestion of the “manifestation.” In the first case affection was the motive force; in the second patriotism. By mere accident, rather than intention, I passed through Germany from west to east, and from north to south, during the fourteen days which followed Bismarck’s death, and it was interesting to note the effect which the event created. It was everywhere the same. Public memorial gatherings (*Trauerfeier*) were the rule—in general, elaborate functions, held in open spaces or large halls, at which the proceedings embraced glowing panegyrics by leading citizens, music by bands and choruses, and here and there torchlight processions with parade of funereal trappings. It was all impressive and almost unique in its way, but even the most casual observer might have guessed that the object of mourning was one whose career and deeds appealed less to the sympathetic than the patriotic and political instincts.

No statesman of his time stirred the political mind of Europe by his speeches as Prince Bismarck did while Chancellor of the Empire. And yet he could not be described as an orator in the commonly accepted sense of the term. More than that, he would have been the first to disclaim the title—probably with no little disgust—had it been bestowed upon him. I heard him speak in the Reichstag on various occasions and under the most favorable circumstances, and this impressed me more than anything else—the entire naturalness and sincerity of his manner, its utter freedom from rhetorical tricks or artifices, and the absolute absence of any straining after effect. It may be said that, as Germany is not governed by noisy talk but by silent action, a Minister under such a constitutional system as hers is at an enormous advantage in this matter of Parliamentary oratory. No one can compel a Minister to speak unless he wishes. He is not, in fact, a Minister of Parliament at all: his office is conferred upon him by the Sovereign, to whom alone—short of complying with certain Standing Rules of the House—he owes obedience

and responsibility. Bismarck, by the way, went so far as to assert, both by word and act, that even Standing Rules possessed no validity for him. Situated thus, to a large extent outside Parliamentary influence, the German Minister does not find himself under the necessity of continually appealing to the indulgence and sympathy and emotions of the Legislature. So it came about that Bismarck, especially in late years, was no very frequent speaker in the Reichstag, while in the Prussian Diet he spoke still more rarely. But when a “Bismarck sitting” did occur, it was an event in the session. What a crowded House was that to which he always addressed himself! Upon the deputies’ benches—I speak of the old Parliament House in the Leipzigerstrasse—and in the several galleries you would look in vain for a vacant place. Those were rare days, when tickets of admission to the tribunes were precious documents indeed.

Bismarck never made his appearance until he was ready to speak. He was not the man to waste time in listening to uninformed criticism; what he had to say himself he said, and he left other people to talk as they listed. Having arranged all the requisite papers before him, he would rise at the call of the President, and before general silence had fallen over the House would be *in medias res*. Though refined, his voice could hardly be called musical, and for a man of his immense stature, it was by no means strong. It was characteristic of him that the style of address which he invariably adopted was distinctly conversational—free, straightforward, unconstrained—as though the Reichstag were to him simply a body of fellow-men to whom he desired to impart his views of the questions at issue. During the delivery of one of the most important speeches which ever left his lips he was seated in his official chair, an informality which he excused on account of temporary indisposition.

A few days before Prince Bismarck’s mortal illness was announced to the world, I chanced to be discussing his industrial legislation with a well-known and well-informed German social reformer, and the conversation took, as was inevitable, a wider scope. “Do

you know," asked my friend, "which is the greatest speech Bismarck ever made? . . . The speech upon the Septennate Bill, that in which he declared that the last war with France was as child's play compared with the next—should there be a second—and that should Germany triumph she would be compelled to cripple her enemy for a generation." As it happened, I had heard this very speech. It was delivered in the Reichstag in February, 1887, and it was without doubt, as to content, a marvellous effort, just as from the political standpoint it was a momentous utterance. Moltke was present that memorable morning, and sat just below the Ministerial tribune—cool and impassive as ever, a bundle of bones to look at, but for that intellectual, majestic, Cæsarian head which stamped him as a master-spirit. He had already intervened in the debate, to declare it as his deliberate conviction that unless the Septennate Bill were passed there would be war. Seldom indeed did the venerable "battle-thinker"—the Great Silent One, as he was by preference called—claim any of the time of the Reichstag, and when he did speak it was usually in a few short, direct, pragmatic sentences, and always upon those military questions which he understood as none other. Upon this occasion his utterances created a profound impression, and this the Chancellor still further intensified by a speech which will probably rank as the most powerful which he ever made. "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world," he declared with fine fervor, and the assembly broke into frantic plaudits. Perhaps none of Bismarck's innumerable aphorisms enjoyed so cordial a reception among his countrymen.

The storm passed over quietly, and to the hasty observer it seemed as though it had been the veriest summer lightning that had flashed in the political firmament. In reality, the omens were very sinister. The political situation in Germany was acuter at that time than ever since the war of 1870-71—acuter even than when the famous "War-in-sight" article of the *Berlin Post* set Europe by the ears in 1875. It is now known that Moltke was hon-

estly convinced that France not merely wished for war, but was determined to find or create an occasion for it, and he was in favor of taking the initiative, and so meeting more advantageously a dire emergency which he believed to be inevitable. Not only so, but Bismarck has since declared that, beyond any doubt, the old Emperor himself—greatly as he loved peace—would at that time have allowed himself to be involved in a new war with the hereditary enemy, had his Chancellor but staked his word that it was necessary. Happily, Europe was saved from the threatened catastrophe.

I remember how, after his speech was over, and the shouts of the Right had died away, Bismarck stepped down to old Moltke's side and took a seat beside him. It was an impressive, an historical, a truly "psychological" moment. The business of the sitting went on as formality required; and Herr Something, Deputy for Somewhere, had begun a buzzing oration that was intended to be a reply to the Chancellor. But the House and the spectators paid no heed. The marvellous voice had ceased, but the spell still endured, and all eyes were riveted upon the spot where those twin paladins of the Empire were chatting together as if oblivious of the fact that all Europe was hanging upon the pregnant words which had just been spoken.

Soon afterward Prince Bismarck left the Reichstag. It was his wont to be driven to and from his residence in the Wilhelmstrasse, but on this occasion he walked. How he got home was a mystery. Not only the approach to the Parliament House, but the whole adjacent street, was packed by a well-dressed and exultant crowd. Not one in a hundred had heard the speech, but all knew it had been made and—well, here was Bismarck back again! So they gave themselves over to jubilation as a Berlin crowd, familiarized almost to satiety though it is with great events and personages, so well knows how to do. They cheered, and shouted, and sang; they waved their handkerchiefs, and threw up their hats, and lost them; and, in general, acted like wild school-boys. By mere chance I gained the street as the Chancellor, in charge of

Count Herbert Bismarck, as informal beadle-in-chief, began his triumphal progress home, and willy-nilly I was pushed on in front of him all the way to the Chancellery, a quarter of a mile distant, for there was no getting free. If ever Prince Bismarck was pleased with Berlin it must have been on that day. The ovation clearly went to his heart, and from beginning to end of the slow and measured walk his face was radiant with delight, while tears were in his eyes.

But Bismarck's speeches were good to read as well as to hear. It has been my painful lot to have waded through an appalling amount of German Parliamentary oratory, and it would be setting up a wholly indefensible fiction to say that vivacity is its distinguishing characteristic. Intellectually it is, as a rule, keen and forcible: it is as logical and ratiocinative as the German mind itself; it proves what it sets itself to prove; yet it carries no one away with it: for it is but little relieved by those traits which evidence the orator's intimate touch with life. That this should be so brings into greater relief the great charm of Bismarck's speeches—their actuality and human interest. I suppose that no contemporary statesman has given to the world so many brilliant apophthegms that will live. These always came with the directness of the lightning flash, and they stuck like burrs. And what a storehouse of historical incident was his memory! If Macaulay, as a history-writer, is unrivalled in the faculty of happy literary allusion, Prince Bismarck, as a history-maker, had an equally wonderful knack of illustrating the present by reference to the past. Germany has no gray constitutional annals and precedents to which a Minister may, if so minded, appeal, for in truth precedents are of questionable utility in a country where Princes and Parliaments still grind each other like upper and nether millstones. But Bismarck's knowledge of the political history of the old and new Empires, and especially of the period covered by his own public life, extended to the minutest details, and whenever occasion arose he would flash down upon his hearers with telling recollections which betrayed the breadth and depth of his

studies and experience, and stamped him as one who spoke with unimpugnable authority. His wit and humor, too, were delightful because spontaneous, and there was plenty of both, for he was human all through. The character which the world has united to regard as adamant, had yet its soft and supple parts. I vividly remember how this characteristic showed itself when I visited Friedrichsruh. During the forenoon meal which preceded a long *tête-à-tête*, the conversation was general, and the Prince was the soul of it all. He kept the whole table in the brightest humor, as happy *bon mot*, sententious *obiter dictum*, and entertaining story, drawn from his own official experience, left his ready lips in turn. He laughed heartily with the rest as he told of a certain Grand Duchess, all of the olden time, who could not tolerate him. "She used to say that I was too haughty—that I spoke as if I were myself a Grand Duke. For she used to divide humanity into three classes—whites, blacks, and Grand Dukes, though the Grand Dukes, of course, came first."

Within the Reichstag the feeling held toward the Prince was that of admiration and cold respect rather than attachment and cordiality. In private life he could unbend to the warmest geniality, but in the rough places of politics he maintained a reserve which kept the great mass of Parliamentarians at a distance. "We called him the great Bow-Bow," said to me a former member of the Reichstag who had come in fearful contact with the ex-Chancellor in committee rooms and elsewhere. When he entered the House he seldom exchanged words with any save his colleagues on the Ministerial tribune. It was only at the well-known "Bismarck evenings" that the official stiffness and formality were put on one side; those re-unions, to which representatives of most of the fractions were invited, were genial indeed. Even among his immediate colleagues of the Cabinet he cultivated no great intimacies. It is hardly to be wondered at, for equals he had none, and the members alike of the Imperial and the Prussian Cabinet all owed their positions to his own "favor and mere motion."

More than once it has been charged against him that in these relationships he was high-handed and inconsiderate, and that short shrift awaited the man who was unlucky enough to be in his way. Bismarck has, in fact, been called "a good hater." He was, as he was a good friend—it was all a matter of experience. Certainly, he was slow to tolerate open, much less clandestine, opposition, and to the opponent who ventured deliberately to cross his path he showed no quarter. It is easy, judging the matter from a non-German standpoint, to convict Bismarck of intolerance in this respect. But both the men and the methods that are called into play in a semi-absolutistic system of Government are of necessity very different from those pertaining to a country where the last repository of power is the people and its elected assembly. Effective underhand conspiracy and illicit influence are well-nigh inconceivable in this country, where the relationships of Minister to minister are concerned. But, as a matter of fact, Prince Bismarck had at different parts of his career to contend with both, and if he retaliated with relentless measures, he could, at least, claim that he had the welfare of the State, as he understood it, alone at heart, and that personal interests were out of the question. But given the confidence, straightforwardness, and loyalty which he esteemed in his colleagues and subordinates more than genius, and no man was truer and firmer in his attachments. None the less, his ways were rough and ready. When a Minister became intractable, or otherwise no longer filled office to his satisfaction, he received a plain intimation that a change would be desirable. "They left me," was the laconic phrase in which Bismarck described to myself the Ministerial changes which were a prelude to the reversal of Germany's fiscal policy which began to take effect in 1876. But they left him because above them was a man of iron will, whose imperative word was to this man, "Go," and to another, "Come," and whose word was law.

In the Reichstag itself there was, perhaps, only one member to whom Bismarck took a personal aversion. It

was Herr Eugen Richter, the talented but wayward leader of the ultra-Radicals. It seemed clear to all observers that Richter took a genuine delight in tormenting the Chancellor, and thwarting him on all possible occasions. It is, of course, the duty of an Opposition to oppose, but Richter's policy was one of consistent obstruction, and the description of him, in Goethe's phrase, as "the spirit of eternal negation," fitted him accurately. Bismarck, for his part, returned his antagonist's hostility duly, though at the same time decorously, until dislike took the form of dignified indifference. Toward the end of his Parliamentary career Bismarck took as little notice of his keen and aggravating critic as possible, and ceased altogether to pay him the compliment of listening to his biting speeches. Many of Richter's own friends were disappointed with his demeanor toward a statesman who, whatever his political theories, was at least the maker of the German Empire. Nor could youthful exuberance be pleaded in extenuation of the Radical leader's indiscretion. Richter became sixty years of age on the very day that Bismarck died.

To speak of Friedrichsruh suggests a very different side of Prince Bismarck's character. It is not a little significant that Bismarck and Moltke, those two men of mighty purpose and deep design, who were alike in so much else, should have shared a remarkable fondness for simple, homely life. Moltke on his Silesian *Gut*, and Bismarck in his modest retreat in the Sachsenwald, would have made model English country squires of half a century ago. For the so-called "castle" of Friedrichsruh is in reality but a pleasant country house of only moderate dimensions, such a house as the well-to-do Yorkshire or Lancashire manufacturer of these days, who leases his residence and seldom either buys or builds, would judge sufficient for his family's needs, but not more. A small "park" is attached to the house, but its condition is only a few removes from the chaotic, and it lies altogether to the rear. From the lodge gates to the entrance there is only a simple carriage way of some twenty yards or so.

Within the walls the same simplicity reigned. (I speak of the past, of Friedrichsruh as I myself have seen it.) German homes never suggest the furniture shop, and the home of Prince Bismarck was like the rest. Only needful articles of furniture stood about the rooms, and of decoration there was absolutely no trace. So, too, old-fashioned ways ruled. The tell-tale blotting paper only sparingly took the place of the sand-box; the wax and seal did constant service; and if the tinder and flint long since went out, the matches used were of a massiveness which to modern taste must have seemed rude and uncouth. The order of the household followed the same simple lines. There was no fastidiousness and no show—the economy was that of the burgher, rather than the princely family. From first to last, in its equipment, as in its conduct, the house preserved the essentials of an old North German *Junkerheim*—plain, substantial, jovial, and unconstrained. Here, as he often said, many of the happiest of the old days were spent, and even in the time of his retirement, galling as it was, the serene and genial associations of Friedrichsruh brought precious compensations. The country people were proud of their great neighbor, and continually bestowed upon him such humble tokens of their affection as farmyard and garden and forest yielded. During my visit, there was brought to the Prince a prettily arranged basket of *Waldmeister* (woodruff), attached to which was a label. He read it, and turning to me said, with a smile of genuine pleasure, "The people are very kind. Some one has just made me this present. We use it for the *Maibowle*" (a beverage of which white wine is the chief component). To such attentions he was very susceptible, and they helped to make the tie between him and the Sachsenwald so strong, that in death he would not allow it to be severed. He chose to be buried on the Schneckenberg from no ill-humor or whim, but because he knew that there he would always be among his friends.

A more delicate episode must be touched on here, and fairness requires the admission that the last word has not yet been said upon the subject by

those most nearly concerned. It will be fresh in every memory how, early in March of 1890, the report got abroad that between the Emperor William II. and his Chancellor difference of opinion had arisen. Before many hours had passed it became known definitely that the difference was acute, though now as then the actual cause was obscure. Then came talk of resignation; followed quickly by the act itself, and by the issue of an Imperial rescript confirming it, yet also notifying the bestowal of new titular honors upon the retiring Minister. Great as was the trouble taken to allow Bismarck's renunciation of office to bear the semblance of voluntary retirement, public suspicion was not satisfied, and soon so much of the bald truth leaked out as made it clear that the severance of Emperor and Chancellor had on one side been unwilling, on neither side amicable. The publication by Dr. Busch, on the day following Prince Bismarck's death, of the letter in which the virtual summons to resign was issued, has pointed the *i's* and crossed the *t's* of one passage in a deplorable story. I refer to the Emperor's decision (as King of Prussia) to supersede the Cabinet Order of 1852, regulating the relationship of Ministers of State to the Crown. Under that Order the relationship was made mediate (through the President of the Cabinet), rather than immediate, an arrangement held to be necessary in the interest of unity and continuity of policy, and to be an inevitable consequence of the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility laid down in the new Prussian Constitution. But this was not the only question at issue. Another point of discord was the summoning of the Berlin Labor Conference, to which Prince Bismarck was opposed from a fear that its result would be to place additional burdens upon industry, which the insurance laws had already, in his opinion, harassed enough; while another was the abandonment of the Socialist Law.

That Prince Bismarck was strongly opposed to the discontinuance of the exceptional law against the Socialists I heard from his own lips. His hostility to the Social-Democratic movement was, in fact, not more bitter than the

Socialists themselves allege, and if the latter endorse the saying which left Heine in one of his blackest moods, that there is no pleasure on earth so delightful as that of following your enemy to his grave, the last fortnight must have been a time of high glee for the political party which Bismarck consistently harried for twelve years.

The truth is, that even if it had been possible to patch up the first quarrel between the Emperor and his Chancellor, a dissolution would have inevitably come later. For Bismarck had been too long in harness to adapt himself to new conditions of service, he had grown too familiar with the "policy of the free hand" to accommodate himself to restrictions; he had become too adept in the ways and secrets of astute statecraft to take lessons from his pupil. Speaking with a brilliant member of the academic circle of Berlin about this time, I asked his opinion of the resignation incident. He shook his head as he replied, "Well, Bismarck is right and the Emperor is right. But," he added, "we could have wished that it had all been done differently." These words undoubtedly voiced the better opinion of Germany. Not only so, but the Emperor happily came round to the same view. He, too, lived to recognize that the same end might have been gained by other means: it might "all have been done differently." Common justice, however, compels the admission that he did all he could to atone for the precipitous mistake of forcing his grandfather's and his father's Chancellor to retire into private life against his will, and amid circumstances which gave his enemies only too great cause for uncharitable jubilation.

Was Prince Bismarck, then, ever conciliated? Did those repeated imperial journeys to Canossa win for the pilgrim pardon? It is to be feared not. Too much has, perhaps, been made of various incidents connected with the Emperor's thoughtful homage to the dead at Friedrichsruh, yet the truth remains that the manner of his *congé* rankled in Prince Bismarck's breast to the last, a grievance which all the polite phrases and professions of loyalty with which he met the Emperor's later attentions failed to conceal.

The idea that there was ever any probability of Bismarck's returning to office is groundless. Even yet the legend lingers that when the deposed Chancellor left Berlin, amid an imposing manifestation of popular sympathy, he replied with an oracular equivocation to the cry of "You will return!" But it is a legend and nothing more. When the Prince went to Friedrichsruh in March, 1890, he went there for good and all. "People make a great mistake," he said to me at his own table, "when they talk about my returning to office. They seem to think that it is simply necessary to call me and I will go at once. But they forget that I am a gentleman; they forget what I owe to myself, to my honor." The words were said, not in any spirit of animosity, but rather with a quiet, yet firm dignity, which made their significance the greater. It is true that Bismarck was wont to declare that never during the whole period of his laborious tenure of office did he enjoy such *joie de vivre* as during his retirement, and that those who most triumphed over his fall were his best friends, yet no one who has read between the lines of his post-official utterances can doubt that his inaction was a constant source of disappointment and chagrin, and that he would rather have remained in office with its cares and animosities than have been relegated to privacy with its uneventful tedium and stagnation.

In this partial characterization of the Herculean figure which has just passed into the shades, no attempt has been made to estimate the value of his political achievements. Indeed, though these long ago became part of history, the task would be one of enormous difficulty. For are we even yet able to understand the significance, not merely for Germany, but for Europe and civilization at large, of the two great wars by whose blood and fire the union of twenty-six German States was consummated? A German Empire is the result! No doubt! But also a disintegrated and weakened Austria, a demoralized France which cannot get itself together again, a new Colonial Power, a rival in international commerce which is threatening English supremacy in all parts of the world, a new lease of life

to the most oppressive militarism which the world has ever known, a Social-Democratic movement of vast moment, whose ultimate outcome only the fates know. These, too, are among the positive results of Bismarck's statesmanship. Had he not lived, or had his great work never been done, the negative side of the picture would doubtless have been equally striking, and equally suggestive to the speculative mind.

Much has been written of late about the Prince's memoirs, and it will not be amiss to recall some words which he addressed to me on the subject more than six years ago. "I shall not publish anything during my lifetime," he said. "There are so many events of which I am now the only living witness, and you will see how the publication of memoirs while I live would land me in every manner of polemic, and that, at my advanced age, I could not stand. But I shall leave papers and

memoranda to my children, who will deal with them after I am gone. For the rest, I trust to history." "And history is just and speaks truth," I ventured to say, as our conversation drew to a close. "Yes," he repeated, "history is just, but her judgments always tarry long—it may be thirty, forty years. Yet history is just."

It was clear that he was contented to leave his work to the judgment of posterity and to abide by the result. And safely he may! History will, in due time, take proper account of this prodigious product of the nineteenth century, this man of mighty will and marvellous resource, strong in word, far-seeing in counsel, decisive in deed, ever patient to wait on events, ever quick to take occasion by the hand; a man not free from weaknesses, nor incapable of error, yet in all his public conduct and policy inspired by the high motives of fidelity to his sovereign master and devotion to his land.—*Fortnightly Review*.

* THE SPANIARD AT HOME.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

THE oldest, purest (in blood!), and proudest aristocracy of Europe is by a singular anomaly of Spanish character the most democratic. When the Revolution devised its illusive rule of equality, which is nowhere, hardly even in aristocratic England, more conspicuously absent than in modern France; when America, assisted by the ever-admirable Washington, proclaimed itself a free Republic, and travestied freedom as no constitutional monarchy of Europe to-day would dare to tyrannize,—neither could, in its most utopian dream, have conceived a casual outward equality more delightful than that which exists beyond the Pyrenees between seigneur and peasant, between master and servant, between prince and people, between shopkeeper and customer. Here Anglo-Saxon servility and cringing curtsy are unknown, uncomprehended. When the Infanta Isabel goes up to La Granja of Segovia to hunt, the villagers greet her gleefully: "Here's our Isabel. Good day

to thee, Isabel." No "princess" or "highness" or the obeisance of the serf. Merely a doff of sombrero from village lout to his sovereign lady; a smiling display of two brilliant rows of teeth and the familiar hand salutation of Spain from his mate, who greets the Infanta as one of her own sex whom she is charmed to see again. So when the Infanta Paz (unlike masculine, original, high-toned Princess Isabel, who rides like a man, smokes huge *puras*, and is as generous and intelligent as she is loud and virile), a gentle, feminine creature, rather of German legend than of heroic *romancero*, goes to drink Spanish waters or fresher drooping spirits along a Spanish shore: "How art thou, Paz? the eye is refreshed by sight of thee." The Princess Eulalia, with her golden hair and youthful gaiety, her schoolgirl abhorrence of etiquette, her innocent *frédaines*, is a pleasing representative to them of eternal youth. I was at Teneriffe when, on her way to Chicago,

she stopped at the Canaries. "Good day to thee, little one," shouted the peasant women. "A happy voyage and a happy return." The Princess bowed in the homeliest, brightest way, and I noticed that whenever the "little one" was shouted emphatically, she waved her hand as well.

A duchess enters a shop. Do you imagine she will be more courteously received than a little milliner? Not at all. For both are instantly made at home, and treated to the hidalgo's finest manner. The one as well as the other will take a seat and lean across the counter, playing with fan and eyes and lip, in the same roguish intent to get the most for their money. The difference will be to the advantage of the little milliner, for the shopkeeper will ask the duchess a higher price, and that is all. And do you imagine there will be a pin to choose between the graceful familiarity, the amiable attitudes of the duchess and the milliner? None, except such as mark the value of breeding. The one will be common, arch, and pouting as befits her class, accustomed to win its way with grosser methods; the other will be the great lady quite unconsciously, with just those pretty distinctions of race and tradition that please and do not offend. For she is too simple, too democratic in the best sense of the word, to condescend. She does not regard the shopkeeper as her inferior because he has no social existence for her, and does not traverse her *salons* in evening suit and white tie. He finds his diversion elsewhere and has other interests than hers. Meanwhile, he is entitled to the same courtesy as her equals, and she has not the smallest objection to pay him in full the measure of consideration he tacitly claims. He may even discuss his family affairs with her, and be sure of a humane listener. If his daughter is dying of consumption, she will be immensely grieved in his presence, and forget all about it in less than five minutes. In this she is not personally to blame, for an incurable colossal selfishness is the most notable characteristic of the entire race. And while her expressive and mendacious eyes are filled with pity for him, she will remember to argue and bargain, just as she did a

while ago in exchanging agreeable pleasantries, for all the world like the little milliner. But she will never be the less a duchess because she and the shopkeeper are on the best of terms. Her unconsciousness of her rank in every-day relations, which would stupefy an English duchess, comes from the fact that she belongs to a prouder race. Had she a mind to sport her coronet in a shop, the owner and his attendants would speedily make short work of her decorative dignity. To them it would simply mean an underbred and foolish exhibition, for *side*, impertinence, and vulgar haughtiness are not defects the Spaniards will tolerate. This explains their inherent and incorrigible dislike of the Anglo-Saxon. You must in Spain accept the general recognition of human dignity: though you may be in never so violent a hurry, you must yield to the servitude of form, and waste precious time in convincing your fellow-man, whose hand may even be extended to you in beggary, that you regard him as no less a gentleman than yourself. Else are you not "*muy cumplido*," but a mere foreign lout.

In a race in decay, the question of blood runs down among the lowest. In Ireland every grocer and bootblack imagines himself descended from a king, and in Spain the glover and the haberdasher may also be descended from a Gothic sovereign. The man the English tourist insultingly addresses as "fellow" is possibly clothed in the imaginary glory of some such remote ancestor as Wamba or Childe Pelayo. I have known a Catalan shopkeeper who pointed to the portraits of Bourbon sovereigns, saying, "*Papa y Mama Borbon*." He meant that he was a son of the House of Bourbon, but the relationship remains obscure and unexplained to this day. What matter? He royally struts his shop, folds himself outside in the cloak of regret and remembrance, and romantically apostrophizes the shades of *Papa y Mama Borbon*, unaware that there is anything preposterous or ridiculous in his attitude. Princess and duchess, duke and lord, are his equal, though they enter his shop to purchase a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon.

While the Spanish nobility do not,

as in England, concern themselves in the least with the improvement, the moral training, and sanitary arrangements of their dependents—are, instead, culpably indifferent to all that touches upon their comfort—they are considerably nearer their servants and their peasantry than any other aristocracy. In the most imposing palaces you will find servants swarming at night in villainous airless boxes accepted as rooms, often without a window, always without a fireplace. The servants never dream of complaining. The race is, from sovereign to beggar, a stoical and long-suffering one. Its standard of comfort is so low, that to go without fuel in winter and without air in summer is no reasonable claim to martyrdom. On the other hand, both servants and peasantry find their masters human beings like themselves, whom they may address at ease, whom at all hours they may greet in a tone of cheerful equality. I have heard a marquis, whose guest I was, exclaim at lunch: “*Tiens!* I was in the tram this morning, and when I offered to pay, the conductor corrected me, ‘The señor is already paid for.’” I looked around in amazement, and behold there was Manuel [his valet] on the platform smiling and nodding to me.” Manuel the valet, being the first to respond to the conductor’s call for coppers, paid for his master, whom he discovered to be seated within. I travelled on a Spanish transatlantic liner. There was a duke and his valet on board. The valet, like his master, travelled first-class, talked at table, offered *entrées* or cigarettes, with the easy air of a grandee. Neither the duke nor the valet expected or received a different treatment. When Spanish noblewomen travel with their maids on sea, the *rôles* are reversed. The maid, as far as I have observed, is an expense not justified by any rational return. Indeed, coming from Teneriffe to Cadiz, I have seen an unhappy colonel returning to the Peninsula with a sick wife and several small children, accompanied by servants of both sexes, obliged to rise at dawn to heat milk on a spirit-lamp for the youngest baby, and to act all day the part of maid to his sick wife and nursemaid to the children, while the servants lay in the cabin or about

the deck moaning and clamoring to die. The colonel looked just as seasick and miserable, but he it was who had to do the work. Do you think he complained, or that the servants thanked him? Before leaving the question of servants, I should say that, though the Spanish servants are paid less than in England or France, and are abominably housed, their lot is a happier one than ours enjoy. The standard of civilization in their regard is as low as it can possibly be, removed by scarce a step from that of the middle ages. But they have an individuality for their masters. If they are sick, duke or duchess will visit and help to nurse them. They are not called by their surnames, and their feelings are never wounded. Once at table, when a great family was spoken of, and wonder was expressed as to whether they had or not returned from the seaside, I heard the head-butler, offering at that moment a dish to the marchioness, my hostess, remark, “They have returned, for I saw the countess yesterday afternoon driving with la Marietta.” Marietta was the eldest married daughter, the wife of an illustrious noble of Castile. Nobody seemed to mind. Coming down to dinner in a new silk blouse, the under-butler of the same house once greeted me quite contentedly: “Ah, what a pretty color! That blouse admirably suits the señorita. It pleases me greatly.” Some of the newly made nobles are introducing British formality, and insist that the servants shall say Master This and Miss That; but this insistence on European etiquette at once marks them off as *parvenus*. At these houses, when you call, you are received as in Paris or London, by correct and inane automata, whose physiognomies and voices you never remember. But the servants of the great old houses smile, acquaint you with the fact that they are glad to see you, and when they hear that you are well, they cry out vivaciously, “*Mi alegra mucho.*” If you happen to be ailing, they will offer advice and voluble sympathy. These are never to the visitor the servant of So-and-so, but Joachim, Manuel, Teresa, or Madalena.

This is the sympathetic side of Spanish aristocratic character; the absence

of pose, of snobbishness, the complete and dignified simplicity, the pleasant sense of equality in mere personal relations it exhales, and above all a pretty and indestructible personal kindness of manner and action,—only surface-deep, it is true, but most captivating as far as it goes. I have known a marchioness send to one of her tenantry, an obscure and exceedingly common little teacher of English, on her saint's day, a magnificent bouquet and a dish of ice-cream. This English old maid was quite the poorest of her tenants, and for that reason the marchioness singled her out for all sorts of pretty attentions she never dreamed of bestowing on her wealthy tenants, without knowing her or caring in the least for her. For in Spain poverty is no blighting disgrace, and wealth is no glory.

Turning to the other side, it must be admitted that a drearier, an emptier, a less intelligent form of humanity does not exist on the face of the world than the Spanish aristocracy. Which half is the worse, male or female, it would be difficult to pronounce. Dress, gossip, and while young love, are the preoccupations of both. Wives, doing nothing, asking nothing but attractive raiment out-of-doors and plenty of gossip within, have on the whole an easy time, for Spanish husbands are the least exacting of their kind. Whether faithful or not, they are, as a universal rule, tender, devoted, wonderfully patient and gentle in the face of hysterics, scenes, and injustice. Indeed, this mild resignation is the keynote of national character, both in public and in private life. The higher you go, the more remarkable it becomes. I have seen a Spanish son, the head of his house, the father of a family, and the bearer of a great historic name, endure such injustice at the hands of a capricious mother uncomplainingly as left me staggered. And always imperturbably respectful and tender. He might blanch with wounded pride and affection, but never a protest, never the least diminution of filial deference. He claimed no authority along with the titles that came to him on his father's death. Once speaking to me of some reform he projected, he said quite simply, "That will be later, when I am master." It did not occur

to him that the bearer of the family title, over thirty, was entitled to a voice in family matters, and that filial deference should stop short of complete effacement before maternal despotism.

The Spanish mother of all classes possesses a virtue I cannot sufficiently laud as a woman. It is rare that her preference is not given to her girls. I have known numbers of Spaniards, nobles and *bourgeois*, and the mother's favorite has always been a girl. One young countess, the mother of two of the loveliest little boys I have ever seen, and the most exquisitely bred, confided to me last summer the fact that she expected a third child, and *intended* it should be a girl. "I didn't intend hard enough the other times, and so Juan and Luis came; but this time I think of nothing else: all the baby's linen is embroidered already with the name of Agnes. I have told my babies that a little sister will come soon, and every day they ask me several times have I heard word of Agnes, and when she is coming. I have decided it is all a question of will, and so I am concentrating my whole powers of mind and will upon this little girl I long for." Six months later I receive news that Agnes is born, and the house cast into the tumultuous joy that usually greets the birth of an heir. Spanish mothers have an adoration for one of their daughters that surpasses the jealousy of any British mother for her son. She must marry her—well, because it is the girl's accepted fate; but what difficulties! what dislike and distrust of the son-in-law! what manoeuvres to keep the girl in maternal bondage! If tradition and nature did not intervene, along with the human instinct of maternal pride—which desires, all in loathing, the proof of discernment of the jewels' value in some base masculine brigand—many Spanish girls would find it hard to marry. As it is, I know one mother, one of the greatest ladies of Spain (I may perhaps call her the third lady of the realm), whose behavior to all the aspiring grooms of her only daughter, a fabulous heiress for Spain, resembles that of the ogre of fairy tale, who forces the amorous prince through unimaginable paces, in the secret hopes of discouraging him. I am glad to re-

ceive news from Madrid that the latest adventurer in the field of sorrow has stood to his colors, and, as the hero of fairy tale, is like to come out triumphantly to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March in the Church of St. Francis (for there is no cathedral in Madrid) in all the promise of lace and orange blossom. But what modern betrothed of Paris and London without the romantic strain would endure such proof of fortitude and faith as that poor young Spanish nobleman daily endures for the privilege of overcoming maternal jealousy! I would not be a Spanish girl for my mind's sake, for my life's sake, for such an existence is intolerable to the average civilized and thinking being; but if I were content with the wadded atmosphere of the pussy cat or the pet canary, not free to live or think for myself, but smothered in satin cushions and caresses, fed upon the sweets of life, then would I choose to be an over-loved Spanish girl, the captive of home and parents, the spoiled idiot of humanity.

The singular thing about these pampered girls, whose parents are their slaves to an extent no British father or mother could ever conceive, and who, as a rule, repay their devotion and abnegation with the usual ingratitude and selfishness that mark the race, is that once they marry they in turn become as absorbed as their neglected parents in maternal love, and pay back quite cheerfully to their own child the love which they themselves took for granted without a word of thanks or an act of recognition. Of the most thankless of daughters are fashioned the most passionate of mothers. When one studies the problem elsewhere, and sees the unmerited misery of the daughters in Ireland, the coldness, inhumanity, and selfishness of the Irish mother to her girls of every class, the monstrous way in which the girls are sacrificed to their brothers, left without education that these may play the gentleman, deprived of the enjoyments and pretty fripperies of girlhood, the money that might have helped to establish them squandered by the most heartless and least sacrificing of parents on the face of the earth, and nothing left the unfortunate girls but penury and struggle and the dull old

maidenhood of dull and narrow Irish towns and villages, one is forced by sympathy to greet the excessive devotion of the Spanish mothers and lamentable spoiling of the Spanish daughters with indulgence. The years of youth are brief, and, after all, the parents are not altogether unselfish; they too find their profit and pleasure in their abnegation and tenderness. What matter if the unborn reap the full benefit? The sad part of the system is that in both periods the intelligence is left uncultivated.

Borrow expresses an unmitigated contempt for the Spanish nobility. But he should have taken into consideration its redeeming features. I admit that these are inadequate, just as are the virtues of the entire race. The war shows us the imperishable quality of their valor and their incurable inefficiency. The daily life of any Spanish nobleman will furnish abundant proof of both. I have known a young titled idiot, with less brains than a linnet, who spent his days at home in a rocking-chair, abroad in club or theatre or at the Plaza de Toros, who only lived upon the mediocre resources of provincial pleasures, conduct himself like a hero in the terrors of anarchy at Barcelona. He was aware that the bombs were specially directed at him, as one of the foremost of the gilded youth; and wherever there was a post of prominent danger he claimed it, trod his way gallantly through dynamite, unblanched and haughty, and was one of the finest and coolest figures in the frightful Liceo catastrophe. Who can sneer at a race that produces idiots of this quality? Yet in his undecorative hours the fellow is completely insupportable, of a grossness and vapidity of conversation to abash and awe the uncleanest stage of Continental youth. It is true, in the matter of unclean talk, the Catalans bear a special reputation in the Peninsula,—and here the men do not wait for the departure of the women from the dinner-table, but utter remarks and pleasantries in their presence to stupefy even a reader saturated with the excesses in this form of wit of the classical literature of Europe. The famous *esprit gaulois*, whose modern voice is M. Armand Silvestre,

finds its affinity in these gross Catalans, with their deep strain of Provençal blood, so different from the rest of Spain, and so fundamentally antipathetic to Castilian character.

Nothing proves this difference more (and here are we fronted with the danger of fast-and-loose pronouncement, since grosser Catalonia can furnish a higher level in public taste than high-bred Castile) than the place the bull-fights play in the aristocratic society of both races. In Catalonia only fast and common women go to the Toros. The men of all ranks, of course, go; but you will find Catalan males who describe the amusement as barbarous and degrading. I have known Catalonians bitterly resent the late king's brutal passion for the sport, and accuse him of having retarded by half a century the progress of Spain. Whereas in Castile the passion is shared by the duchess as well as the *chula*, by duke and barber. Walk through the park any Sunday after Easter, and you will see carriage after carriage roll by from the blood-stained Plaza, full of titled ladies in brilliant attire. What is "bad form" in Barcelona, for the women of social standing, in Madrid is the height of enviable glory. Is not the Princess Isabel an enraged lover of the sport? In a conscientious desire to judge the national entertainment with full experience, I have sat out two bull-fights to the bitter and sanguinary end. I think, if possible, I was more impressed with the horror of it on the second occasion than on the first. Then I was too stunned and stupefied by the atmosphere of blood and noise and blinding light and shocking pain to realize the full infamy of it. But the second trial remains upon memory a still vivid sensation of horror. It was a lovely spring day. Without, along the bright *Alcalá*, adown the delicious *Castellana* and *Prado*, aflush in purple blossom, all was happiness, vivacity, gayety, and brilliance. Through the open windows of the amphitheatre you looked across from city noise and glitter to the still sadness of the brown *Guadarrama*, mantled above in radiant snow. The animation within was captivating; never have I seen anything to equal it elsewhere. The emptiest visage was vivid

with speech; alert, smiling, a perfect flood of light gathered in each dark glance. Ladies of court and fashion, whose devotion in sick-rooms is proverbial, were there in the white lace mantilla of etiquette, with red flowers above the ear. Our modern life elsewhere can show no more picturesque scene. And all this for the shedding of innocent blood, for the torture of helpless animals. As I watched the play of the ruffianly toreros and the abominable blood-bespattered picadores, I recognized but one gentleman in the arena, the ill-treated bull, and the horses seemed to me as worthy of admiration and pity as the Christian martyrs. Honestly I should have rejoiced to see the bulls and the horses not only mangle and maul their provokers, but charge victoriously for the animated multitude. Yet women around me, emblems of the social refinement of their race, clapped vigorously; and when one poor horse went mad from pain and tore wildly round the arena, they clapped still more, laughing at the humorous sight till the tears came to their eyes, and shouting "*Esta loco! esta loco!*" When I feel disposed to weep for *Cavité* and *Santiago*, I remember that appalling scene, and tell myself that if the Spaniards can bear suffering splendidly, they can witness suffering still more callously, and I feel that the wrongs of generations and generations of dumb brutes are being justly avenged.

The most melancholy looking of races is the least capable of sadness, just as being the most distinguished in tradition, it is the least polite. Every second pair of eyes tell with impressive eloquence the tale of a broken heart, of inconsolable regrets, of fatal memories. In the field of emotions you may be certain that the owners of these sombre glances have never penetrated beyond the facile and animal loves of Spain, the chances of the lottery, the fugitive animosities of club and Plaza, and the brute excitement of the Toros. With an engaging candor and simplicity, they have reduced life to its rudimentary elements: talk, food, sleep, love, dance, and laughter. The æsthetic, the moral, the meditative side is suppressed. Art, except that of the stage and the

Plaza de Toros, is regarded with uncomprehending and empty disdain. The aristocracy reads even less than the *bourgeoisie*. Indeed, there is nothing a Spanish woman abhors more than a book. The tenuity of literature was never more apparent to the wisdom of Solomon. Her hatred takes an aggressive form, for a book in the hands of another is resented as a personal affront, and serious and ingenious are her efforts to cure misguided persons of this unhappy passion. She mysteriously connects a book with the loss of your immortal soul, and supposes heaven to be the Elysium of the illiterate. Seeing a volume of mine once, the least intelligent but kindest and most charming of women cried, with the delightful play of Castilian eyes and hands, "Oh, how big it is! what a dreadful quantity of pages! It must be terribly wicked!" I laughed, and begged her to pray for my conversion; and she was kind enough to suggest that perhaps, after all, notwithstanding the monstrous offence of mere authorship against public morals and breeding, I might not be damned. Whenever she referred to my profession, it was in a tone of sad and pitying resignation, and I interpreted her unexpressed feeling: "What a pity! and yet, in spite of so serious a disqualification, I can't help liking and forgiving you."

The resources of pleasure and distraction being so few, naturally love-making absorbs two-thirds, if not more, of youth. Fashionable young men, in the best of tailoring, with their hearts upon their sleeves, lounge in club or café window, or upon the animated pavement, in wait for beauty. Every woman that takes their fancy is addressed by them in extravagant compliments. Those armed with notes they call "flowers," hymning the praises of blonde or brunette, distribute them with impassioned speech. Nothing could be less delicate or less subtle than Spanish love-making. It follows its obvious course, like the moon or the tide. Youth and maid have their duties cut out for them by tradition and custom, and the whole town is aware of their tender relations twenty-four hours after the explosion of passion. The lover takes up his post of

honor outside the beloved's window, not by moonlight, but in the full glare of day, and the silly creatures hold dumb converse for hours at a stretch. They have time, you perceive, to waste, and, my faith! they waste it with a vengeance. There are other loves less official, but not a whit more discreet; and a land that thrives upon gossip is well supplied by each young man of fashion and fortune. Austerity is not a predominant feature of modern Spanish life.

After love, the amusements of youth are gambling and the graceful and brilliant game of *pelota*. Cricket and football seem clumsy and inscrutable recreations beside such a finished and charming exercise as *pelota*. These slim, deft Spaniards, with their grace of gesture, their inherited charm of movement, an indescribable animal nobility of expression and attitude, make almost a classical picture of a modern game. Pity it is that more time is not given to *pelota* and less to the theatre (which chiefly means the ballet and its attendant influences), the café, and club, where the national vice, gambling, is practised with lamentable assiduity. The Spaniards do not drink, and profess loathing and horror of the English because of their devotion to the glass. To listen to them one would think there was but one vice, and that is drunkenness, and that the people who do not drink enjoy immunity from censure on every other score. Such is the ferocity of their contempt for this failing, that I have heard a Spanish nobleman gravely assert that a man should be hanged for getting drunk once. I suggested humanely that imprisonment might suffice on the first occasion. Whereupon he angrily protested: "No, decapitation at once. It should be regarded as a capital crime." That indolence may be a vice far more disastrous in its consequences to a nation than even the abuse of alcohol you could never convince any Spaniard. Meditating on the exposure of national imbecility the present war reveals, I am minded of the daily existence of one of the most important of Spanish military officials I once was privileged to study in profound astonishment. This man received a large, a very large, salary

from the Government, and ruled over no less than four immense provinces. He rose at nine or ten, swallowed his chocolate, smoked a cigar, and at eleven o'clock went to his office, where he signed papers, gossiped a little with his several secretaries, and came up-stairs to breakfast at noon. After breakfast he slept for a couple of hours, walked up and down the *salon*, smoking and listening to the chatter of his women-folks, went down-stairs to his office at three, and remained until four o'clock, and that was the extent of his daily labor. The State paid him enormously, for Spain, for exactly two hours' insignificant work, and the rest of the time he did nothing but sleep, smoke, rock himself in a big rocking-chair, too lazy to stir out, to walk or drive or ride, too dull and indifferent to read or talk. His mind was as empty as his days; and with such military chiefs in office, is it any wonder that not a single preparation for the war was made, not a single evidence of official competence, of forethought, of average intelligence was displayed by Spain at home or in her colonies? And this is by no means an isolated case. I studied for a month in a public library of Spain. The officials always arrived long after I was seated at my table. All the time they remained there they walked about or sat on tables, gossiping and smoking. Nobody wrote, nobody read, nobody knew anything on earth about the books in every one's charge, and at one o'clock they locked up the library and went home, worn out with the day's labor, to refresh themselves with a siesta and a lounge upon the public place. And this is the life of the average Spaniard, rich or poor, unless he plays *pelota*, bicycles, or rides. The writers, on the other hand, are far too industrious in their ardor to prove the rule by the exception, and shuffle off coils of print with a lamentable and undiscerning facility, which explains the hopeless mediocrity of modern Spanish literature.

A Spanish habit that at first surprises and then charms is the immediate intimacy of address. Sir, Miss, and Madam are dropped beyond the Pyrenees. You are instantly saluted by your Christian name by persons you

see for the first time. "What is your baptismal name?" they ask, and forthwith you are plain John or Elizabeth. If you happen to be an isolated British subject in a remote and unfrequented part, they may dignify the John with the historic Don, and at once you feel draped in the cape of legend. But in *salon* and at table they will hail you Elizabeth at a first meeting. A Spanish writer of whom I had written, but who was a perfect stranger to me, meeting me during my last visit to Spain, accosted me quite naturally as if we had been brought up together, "Com' està, Hannah?" I should have replied, "Muy bien, José;" but insular perversity made it perfectly impossible for me to address a venerable, gray-bearded stranger and Academician as an old schoolfellow or a first cousin. We reversed the reproach of the play, where the lady says, "I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me Madam." Pereda continued to call me "Hannah," and I respectfully (and to his complete surprise, no doubt) addressed him as "Señor." Habit is a fatal thing in the intercourse of nations. When an aristocrat calls one who is not of his or her rank by his or her Christian name, it is a brevet of equality! In the fashionable clubs, where the scions of old houses are all José, Fernan, Joaquin among one another, the representatives of new nobility are scrupulously addressed as "Count" or "Marquis." To remember a man's title in social life is to dub him *parvenu*. The same simplicity in letter-writing. You address your titled friend, great of the first order, as "My dear friend," and he or she signs "Yours affectionately" (the Spanish equivalent being "I kiss your feet," if a man writing to a lady; "I kiss your hand," if a lady writing to a man or another woman), INÉS or JOAQUIN. All the formality is reserved for the envelope, upon which you are expected to be extremely punctilious in the matter of titles, of lords, of excellencies, of honors.

Nothing is at once more facile and more difficult than social relations in Spain. This is explained by the urbanity of the individual and an incredible national susceptibility. The urbanity is merely superficial, and in conse-

quence lures the naïve foreigner. Is it possible to be taken in by such candid and courteous advances? Unfortunately Spanish courtesy must be accepted at an enormous discount. As a rule it means nothing but empty words. A Spaniard would regard his own brother as a loafer if he came to dinner often. A friend could not do this, for the door would be politely shut in his face on the second occasion. No northern race could conceive anything to match Spanish inhospitality. I will give an example. A Spanish writer, with whom I have had a correspondence for several years, of as pleasant an intimacy as if we had been friends for life, begged me when next I went to Spain to visit him. I went to Toledo last year, and not once but repeatedly he urged me before leaving the Peninsula to come up to the north to see him. At last I consented. Instead of taking from Madrid the mail-train for Paris, I took the slow train up to the coast town where he lived, which meant a journey of seventeen hours, and added two days and three nights in all to my return voyage to France. I telegraphed to the man I naturally regarded as my host to announce the hour of my arrival. Sure enough, when I reached this remote town, the great man was on the platform, not with a member of his family (he was married, he had a wife, a daughter of twenty-two, a son over twenty), but with two strangers, men of letters, he introduced to me on the spot. I expected him to give my luggage in charge of a porter and show me to a cab, and then drive me to his house. No. He left me to settle everything, and told me to have my things sent to the *Fonda Europa*, that we would walk there, as it was close to the station. At the hotel he told me to settle about my room, and waited for me. Then he sat down, assured me he was enchanted to see me, and proposed to return when I had rested and lunched. He and his friends came back in the afternoon, and I was carried off in a steam-tram to make the acquaintance of a fellow-Academician along the coast. The illustrious man received us standing, showed us all his treasures, without offering us a chair, or tea, or even a glass of water, though

it was hot enough, heaven knows, and bade us good-bye with the most ardent regrets. My friend, who assured me repeatedly of his affection, his admiration, and sympathy, escorted me back to my hotel, and blandly wished me a good appetite for dinner and a good night's rest, hoping to see me again. I left next day without seeing him, and, having gone to the far north at his invitation, I neither entered his house nor drank a draught of water at his expense. He was amazed at my dissatisfaction at this extraordinary reception, and in several long and eloquent letters afterward protested that he had done all that it behoved a gentleman to do to show me honor and friendship. He had come twice to my hotel in one day, and he regarded it as the height of exigence to expect more. It never occurred to him that a five-pound note, two broken nights, and several unnecessary hours in a railway-carriage, constituted a big price to pay for two hours of his society, without even the compensation of a good dinner. An American, to whom I repeated the story, said it reminded him of the hospitality of a certain man of Kentucky, who said: "If ever you find yourself near my house, stay there." But here is revealed the superiority of American candor. At least the Kentucky man warned you of what to expect, whereas my illustrious Spaniard always called his house *my house*, and instead of advising me to "stay there" repeatedly urged me to "come here." The explanation is that he never for an instant thought I would go, and believed that he would have all the benefit of his fine protestations and mock hospitality for nothing. My telegram was probably a thunderclap, and he had not the courage to reveal his indiscretion to his wife. For poverty was no explanation, as the man belongs to what is called the *haute bourgeoisie*, owns estates, has a luxurious town residence, into which I penetrated several years previously, is rich and highly civilized; but, like nearly all Spaniards, understands hospitality as the freedom of the streets. "This your house," says the Castilian, and marches you along the public place. In his esteem the *plaza* was instituted for the *hidalgo's* reception of his

friends. I, in my early visits to Spain, spoiled by my experience of a Spanish woman as sincerely and cordially hospitable as a princess of Eastern fable, accepted hospitality on all sides with a lamentable lightness. I was charmingly received always, but, I have no doubt, left a reputation behind me of gross indelicacy in construing this Iberian compliment by the common rules of Anglo-Saxon speech.

I know not why the opinion prevails that the Spaniards are dirty. Their habit of spitting is, of course, appalling; but in every other respect, the middle classes are cleaner than the English or the French. Middle-class houses are scrupulously tidy and clean, and in Barcelona domestic luxury is so general that for £24 a year you may have a magnificent flat, with every latest sanitary improvement, lofty chambers, marble stairs, electric bells, and electric light. In the suburbs the £12 flats are large and charming, with gallery and terrace. I noticed in Valladolid also that the middle-class houses are quite modern and luxurious. As for the standard of bedroom cleanliness and personal linen, it is unsurpassable. Well-to-do people in England are content with coarse and common sheets, while a Spanish peasant offers you embroidered and lace-trimmed linen. The upper classes have the standard of our own—the daily bath, the daily change of linen. Nobody dresses for dinner, which robs the table of its decorative aspect; but the curious habit of dining with gloves is gaining ground in Madrid. In some houses dinner-gloves are placed beside the napkins, and the lady takes off her drawing-room gloves and puts on her table gloves as a matter of course. One seeks in vain the special attraction of this fashion, for surely the ungloved hand is more lovely far than a gloved hand any day.

Religion plays an inevitable but facile part in every phase of Spanish life. Morning mass is as regular as breakfast; but I doubt if the result be in the least spiritual. The virtues of the land are racial, the religion an impossible mixture of materialism and contented ignorance, with a remote and naïve strain of paganism, which keeps the modern traveller of tolerant views on

the edge of a smile, so quaint and hideous and sensual are all these forms of worship,—gorgeously dressed dolls, crucifixes decked out with the skirts of a ballet-dancer, and gold-fringed scarves, beads, medals, and processions. With their splendid capacity for devotion, their indomitable courage which in suffering turns the least intelligent and sympathetic Spaniard into a hero or Roman heroine, their innate dignity, one asks one's self if something of imperishable value might not be made of this decaying race by an austere wave of puritanism and religious intellectuality, the exercise of the untrained conscience, the blighted will. When you see a nobleman and his wife sit up to watch by the bedside of a sick house or nurse-maid; a selfish woman of fashion prolong her stay in the country because of a sick servant, and lavish the same expensive care on that servant as she would on a member of her own family; and see them elsewhere give proof of an inhuman indifference to the interests of their fellows, one has an instinct that this inconsistency might easily be rectified by education. For Spain cannot by the kindest observer be regarded as civilized or modern.

In her development, as well as in tradition and in national character, Spain has practically stood still since the death of the sixteenth century. This fact has ever been the triumphant delight of the mere artist, of the modern dreamer, of the lover of picturesque and romantic legend. But nations in those progressive and complex times cannot, with propriety or justice, be regarded from this exclusive standpoint, and can hardly be admired for living so resolutely up to a national character formed by times that have barely a connection with our vivid, vital, and moving present. Spain stands forlorn on the edge of history, draped in the cloak of futile regret, with glance unintelligently retrospective, blighted and empty, mind a blank, attitude a complete conquest of natural activity, the assertion of stupefied indifference. Hence the labored and exhaustive complaints of the modern traveller.

It is in the abstract no doubt a charming reflection that down there, beyond the imposing Pyrenean range,

a great people dwell in a state of comfortless despair, lamenting still the death of Felipe Segundo. But when you cross the Pyrenees, the proofs of this condition are less inspiring, and affect the modern temper most injuriously. You are continually beset with a burning desire to take innkeepers, shopkeepers, muleteers, canons, citizens, policemen, and every other official by the throat for the gratification of exasperated nerves. The trains drive you to despair. You wish wildly that there was more water and less electric light. You moan over the question of pesetas and reals, which so wantonly taxes all your arithmetical capacities, should you have any. The servants provoke thoughts of insanity, suicide, or apoplexy. Meanwhile the Don stands before you, imperturbable, gentle, indifferent. What on earth can you be so unreasonable as to expect from a people blighted by the death of Philip II.? If you choose to project yourself out of the comfortable, active nineteenth century back into the middle ages, that's your affair, only in heaven's name meet the surprises and experiences of your backward voyage like a man. You are wandering among a race of gentlemen, devitalized by regret, demoralized by a quietude you have not been taught to understand. Respect their repose, their traditions. Admire their sixteenth-century regard when you have the fortune to meet it, the hidalgo's lean dull visage so inappropriately set off by vulgar modern raiment. Do not insist that they shall know precisely the time of day, or see the sun in the mid-day sky. When the mail-train, already two hours late, chooses to waste another hour while the officials are dining or making love, swear not, but wisely go and do likewise, and let the good folk across the Pyrenees frown and fret over retarded correspondence.

These are the disadvantages for the tourist, a creature naturally of no account whatever in the regulation of national machinery. Not for his convenience are the public clocks set, not for his pleasure do the water-works play. Let him find what gratification he can from the study of alien habits and manners, or let him sulk in his

third-rate inn, and marvel that foreigners are allowed to exist, unfortunate and misguided as they are. But now and then even modern history may be relied upon to give us a taste of the sleeping qualities of the sixteenth century among the subjects of Felipe Segundo. In the trivial experiences of every day, Sancho may be prominent. He talks common-sense, quotes sound and humorous proverbs that reek of mother-earth and mother-wit, eats and drinks heartily, does as little as he can, and keeps his purse-strings tightly closed. But once let an ideal of chivalry, a principle of honor afloat, something lofty, intangible, for which he may give his life or his last penny, and there you have Don Quixote, careering wildly against windmills or the changing heavens, ready to defy giants and attack all powers single-handed. For deep down beneath this indifference and indolence, beneath this seemingly impermeable egoism, which in daily life are the salient characteristics of the race, is the unexhausted generosity, the rash unconquerable heroism of the adorable Knight of la Mancha. It has told in all great moments of Spanish history; and to-day the splendid sight of a poor and decadent nation, heroically armed to meet a wealthy and powerful people, reveals it in all its freshness and faith: Sancho when daily bread has to be earned and life lived meanly in its mean significance, Quixote when the drums beat, and the banners wave, and national honor is at stake. Then no thought of cheap interests. Quixote proudly and chivalrously cuts the strings of Sancho's purse, and the dollars, pesetas, and reals pour vigorously into the nation's lap. Quixote, brandishing his sword, while the bands play the "*Marcha Real*" or the "*March of Cadiz*," never pauses to ask himself if he is strong enough to meet the enemy. He brooks no murmur of reason or prudence. The life's blood of the nation must pour, if needs be, to the last drop—just as the last penny must be spent for honor's sake, and not for interest.

And this spirit of generosity can sometimes be exercised in an alien cause. When young America rose up against Great Britain, and shouted for

freedom, Spain offered to defray half the expenses of the war, and Lafayette sailed away from the picturesque little port of Pasaje, laden with Spanish dollars. "They repay us ill," said a Castilian Minister to me some years ago in Madrid, when the Cuban rebellion was younger than to-day. "We gave them money to win their freedom, and now they are encouraging the insurgents of Cuba." The Minister did not then anticipate the lengths to which that encouragement would go. Reason will retort that America is only playing the part in the Cuban rebellion that Spain played in the American rising. But Spain's assistance was spontaneous and perfectly disinterested, whereas it is nothing but sheer hypocrisy and humbug on the part of the Americans to prate of humanity, or a noble desire to punish cruelties they would be the first to imitate. The Indian brave and the nigger know something of American humanity, and the blacks of Cuba are not likely to fare better should they have the doubtful fortune to fall into their hard hands.*

The spectacle Spain offers us to-day in facing so unflinchingly a war brutally forced upon her, broken, ruined, and alone as she is, recalls her heroism in the beginning of the century, when she, alone in Europe, stood up boldly, and fought the tyrant of the hour. Bonaparte had ruthlessly trodden out all frontiers, and the whole Continent was under his sovereignty, when Spain, degraded and impoverished, made her gallant and glorious stand against him. Such heroism as that displayed in those immortal sieges of Zaragoza and Gerona is not a quality that even centuries can destroy. Many a blunder, many a folly, countless and lamentable stupidities marred the story of the Peninsular War, and the Spanish Government to-day proves itself quite as incapable as the military Juntas; but the fight to-day for national honor is not less heroic,

less desperate, than the long struggle with Napoleon. Force, wealth, and brains may be on the side of the people whom Pereda, the Spanish novelist, unjustly described to me in a recent bitter letter as "a nation of miserable merchants," but the Don is assuredly a sympathetic figure. His banner in the fray is a magnificent tradition of honor, a legendary valor that will stand to him in the deepest depth of degradation. Whatever faults history may lay to his charge, he is no cheap trickster, no mean braggart, no modern upstart new to arms, unacquainted with glory and victory. Above all, he is no tradesman. In whatever rank you find him, you may count on something of the gentleman; and the snob, that intolerable curse of modern civilization, is singularly rare in his midst. He may idle away his life in peace, but he does not brutally hustle his neighbor on the market-place in a lust of gold, with neither probity nor pride to regulate his transactions.

Most of us have been dazzled by the splendid effrontery of the Great Captain, when Charles Quint, with Teutonic meanness that affronted Castilian taste, demanded an account of his expenses from Gonzalvo of Cordova. "What!" shouted the indignant conqueror of Naples; "I win kingdoms for this fellow, and he comes with a beggarly demand for the bill! Well, he will get a bill that will be well worth the sending." In modern slang, he makes the sordid emperor "sit up," and the *cuenta del Gran Capitán* has passed into tradition as a stroke of genius in brilliant and picturesque extortion. In this method of doing business the Don may excel, belonging, as I have said, to the sixteenth century. He is quite ready, if he gets the chance or the provocation, to charge a million of dollars, as the Great Captain did, for hatchets, and sign the receipt with a gallant flourish and a gesture worth the price. But he robs as a soldier, a pirate, an adventurer, never as a tradesman. To-day he is alone in his medieval cloak, fine and distinguished, a figure of valiant futility.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

* Since the above lines were written, the tale of America's magnanimity and generosity, so recently recorded, compels me to admit the injustice of these lines. As an enemy America has won her spurs in the realm of chivalry.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE AT BAYONNE.

BY W. HILL JAMES.

It is related of Thackeray (with what truth I know not) that, before writing "The Virginians," he repeatedly asked a friend, who was supposed to know, to tell him all he could about Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. The friend at length, tired of the questions, answered testily, "What on earth do you want to know about him?" "Well," said Thackeray, "I should like to know what sort of breeches he wore." Precisely so; we do want to know what kind of clothes our heroes wore, or in other words, to picture what manner of men they were in every-day life.

Details of some interesting incidents have lately been unearthed by that indefatigable searcher in local archives, Monsieur Ducéré of the Bayonne Library, and are related in his articles on "Les Environs de Bayonne," which incidentally place forcibly before the reader the daily life and habits of Napoleon during his four months' stay, with Josephine, at that ancient fortress in the eventful year 1808.

But let us first see what brought Napoleon to the foot of the Pyrenees at the period mentioned, and in doing so, we shall perhaps discover some of the causes and objects of the great Peninsular War.

On October 21st, 1805, the battle of Trafalgar had been fought and won, and the genius of Nelson had once for all taught the lesson that an English fleet need not be kept forever cruising in the Channel to protect us from invasion, so long as our enemy's squadrons could be marked down and fought wherever they were found. The flat-bottomed boats and all the naval paraphernalia, so ostentatiously collected on the opposite shores of the Channel to transport Napoleon's two hundred thousand men, vauntingly called the Army of England, to quarter themselves in Lombard Street, had been dispersed, and the armed host directed against Austria, instead of crossing that little silver streak, the command of which Bonaparte perceived, two months before, that he could never obtain so

long as England possessed men of the stamp of Nelson.

But although Napoleon was obliged to abandon his project, put up with failure and divert his forces, he never for a moment gave up his intention of humiliating the English nation. She had neither the territory nor the population of other great European nations; but she had wealth, and wealth requires trade for its accumulation. Bonaparte saw that her commerce and her carrying-trade were the sources of her riches and of her naval power; to attack them, then, was his fixed determination, and although he sneered at us as a "nation of shopkeepers," it may well be said that his first care was to see that we had no customers. By his decrees all commerce with the British Isles was forbidden to Europe, of which he was dictator; and, to use a latter-day expression unknown at that period, England was boycotted by Napoleon's command. She retaliated by orders in council blockading the Continental ports; the customary luxuries from abroad, and even the necessities of life, could be but with difficulty obtained, and friends and foes alike were equally inconvenienced.

Now at this time, the weak kingdom of Portugal, although trembling at Napoleon's alarming victories, was friendly toward England, whose trade with her and, still more, through her with Spain, was considerable. Both countries being thus bound together by the ties of mutually beneficial commerce, Portugal was, as Napier puts it, "virtually an unguarded province of England," and, what was more, could be invaded overland by marching through Spanish territory. By what appeared to be a most fortunate combination of circumstances, Napoleon, whose lucky star seemed to be in the ascendant, was willingly induced to embark on an undertaking which in the end proved to be his ruin.

That extraordinary man Manuel Godoy, who, from a gentleman-trooper of the Royal Guard, rose to be Prime

Minister of Spain, to command armies, and to receive the still more extraordinary, though real, title of Prince of the Peace, notwithstanding the fact that he was a soldier and the principal instigator of war, at this time made proposals to Bonaparte which exactly suited the ambitious designs of the latter. The suggestions were, to take Portugal, depose the reigning family, and divide the country into three principalities, of one of which he, Godoy, was to be the acknowledged ruler as he then was the virtual ruler of Spain; for Charles the Fourth, by means of the Queen's influence, was completely under this adventurer's control. Godoy's propositions, if carried out, would not only throw open the road to Portugal by way of Spain, but also offered the assistance of the Spanish armies to aid Napoleon, who, seeing how much his own plans, which embraced, as it turned out, great dynastic projects over Spain itself, would be advanced by the arrangement, accepted the proposals, and they were embodied in the secret convention of Fontainebleau, ratified by Napoleon on October 29th, 1807.

But this was not all; the Spanish reigning family itself, with singular infatuation, seemed bent upon its own ruin, by seeking Napoleon's arbitration in their own private quarrels. On October 11th, 1807, Charles the Fourth's eldest son (afterward Ferdinand the Seventh and father of the ex-Queen Isabella*) wrote to Napoleon, complaining of Godoy's influence over his father in the affairs of the nation; and, as a bribe to so powerful an arbiter, proposing himself as a husband to a princess of the emperor's family. Hardly had his letter been read, when King Charles himself also sought Napoleon's arbitration, accusing Ferdinand of intended matricide.

Spanish affairs were naturally in a very distracted condition, for the *liaison* between Godoy and the queen seems to have been well known, and to have become a great public scandal, with the result that Ferdinand, the

heir to the throne, became the popular favorite of a proud and aristocratic nation, who resented being ruled by a *parvenu* through the influence of an abandoned queen's infatuation and her dominating power over a weak and imbecile husband.

The French troops had already entered Spain, in anticipation of the Fontainebleau treaty; and the first step had been taken in that Peninsular drama which was to be fruitful in many a bloody fight, to exile an emperor and one of the mightiest warriors the world has ever seen, to dethrone three reigning sovereigns, to replace rightful, if in two cases incapable, rulers on the thrones of Spain, Portugal, and France,* and lastly, to cover with undying glory that British army which at its commencement was, strange as it may now appear, despised at home and absolutely ridiculed abroad.

The chief *rendezvous* of the French armies was Bayonne, in the southwest corner of France, near the Spanish frontier. This interesting old town, under the shadow of the Pyrenees and within five miles of the now fashionable Biarritz, is a place of considerable strength, commanded by an important citadel on an eminence overhanging the right bank of the tidal Adour, which washes the walls of Vauban's fortifications surrounding the town itself on the opposite shore. Here Napoleon came on April 14th, 1808, but he did not stay here long; "I am horribly lodged," he wrote to Josephine, "and I am going in an hour to instal myself in a country-house half a mile away." This country-house was none other than the celebrated Château de Marrac, in which took place so many curious events in a singularly eventful period. It is now a ruin, having been gutted by fire in 1825, and the picturesque grounds are occupied as a park for the artillery of the garri-

* Ferdinand the Seventh was afterward restored to the throne of Spain, John the Sixth to that of Portugal, and Louis the Eighteenth placed on the throne of France. Napoleon himself, on his way to Elba, was hooted and attacked by the populace in the south of France, so much so that he had to be disguised in an Austrian cavalry uniform. Eleven months later he was again received with open arms.

* The abolition of the Salic law by Ferdinand in favor of this daughter Isabella, to the exclusion of his brother Don Carlos, was the origin of the two long Carlist wars which have taken place in Spain.

son. Here it was, on the banks of the silver Nive, that the scene occurred, a little later on, when the King of Spain, his queen and Ferdinand, having been decoyed into visiting the emperor at Bayonne, found themselves his prisoners. The last named was called upon to renounce his claim, as the king had already done, to the Spanish throne in favor of Napoleon; but had refused to obliterate his name and race from the sovereignties of Europe. Thereupon King Charles, Godoy, and the queen, who were but puppets in the emperor's hands, were introduced to brow-beat Ferdinand into submission; and there and then it was that the shameless queen, probably in fear of Napoleon's punishment of her husband, her paramour and herself, if his wishes were not complied with, outraged all decency in a scandalous harangue addressed to her son, telling him to his face and in presence of her husband, a younger son, and those assembled, that although he was her son, he was not the king's offspring. She accused him of intended parricide, and demanded of Napoleon the punishment of the "traitor" and his associates.

Napoleon presently stopped this disgraceful scene, when it had gone far enough for his purpose of bringing the royal family still further into contempt among the Spanish people, with these words: "I confer on Ferdinand the crown of Naples, and on Don Carlos [a younger brother of Ferdinand] that of Etruria, with one of my nieces in marriage to each of them; let them now declare if they will accept this proposal." Don Carlos replied that he was not born to be a king, but an Infant of Spain. Ferdinand hesitated, whereupon the emperor sarcastically remarked, "Prince, your choice lies between compliance and death." Ferdinand was given six hours for consideration; but with such an invitation it is hardly to be wondered at that he signed his abdication in Napoleon's favor.

Little can be said for either Ferdinand or Charles; nevertheless it should be remembered that there was no chance of fighting for their kingdom, for the French had already, by various tricks and devices, hardly worthy of a

friendly nation or even of an honorable foe, taken care to seize all the important fortresses in the north of Spain which lay between them and the capital, and furthermore, rendered the escape of the kidnapped king and his son impossible.

But with all these new schemes on hand, Napoleon had by no means abandoned his original design of striking at England through her commerce, and humiliating her as a nation. He ordered our friend, the prince-regent of Portugal, to close his ports to British trade, to dismiss the British minister, to confiscate the possessions of all Englishmen in his country, and to imprison the merchants, with the alternative of instant war if he disobeyed; and in order to emphasize the demand, he placed an embargo on all Portuguese ships in French ports, until an answer should reach him. What was the prince to do, with a mixed French and Spanish army even then knocking at the gates of Lisbon? The ports were therefore closed, all English property sequestered, and Lord Strangford, our minister, embarked in one of the ships of a British squadron, which at once carried out a rigorous blockade of the Tagus.

The prince regent, however, soon discovered that although the emperor had forbidden him to leave his dominions, he had no intention of allowing him to continue to rule over them. A sentence in the *Moniteur* warned him of his fate: "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign," he read one morning, and forthwith, accepting the inevitable, he took the hint by claiming the protection of his former allies. He embarked and sailed for the Portuguese possessions in Brazil,* escorted by four men-of-war belonging to that British nation against which he had, but some hours before, closed his ports. As he dropped down the wintry tide of the Tagus, on November 29th, 1807, he saw his country's flag torn down from the citadel, and replaced by the emperor's eagles.

* Some years afterward, he returned from Brazil to reign over Portugal as John the Sixth, but his son was created Emperor of Brazil, from which position his grandson was quietly removed by a bloodless revolution so lately as 1889.

In the year 1808, then, when Napoleon was at Bayonne, he had by stratagem or force become arbiter of the fate of the two kingdoms, for his brother-in-law Murat, with a brilliant force of cavalry, was by this time master of Madrid, which he had occupied on the ridiculous plea of being on his way to Cadiz to embark his troops on board the French fleet. But although Napoleon was all powerful on land, the sea, thanks to the British navy, was still free, and fortunately the Peninsula possessed a long coast line, on which succor could be thrown to aid Portugal in her struggle for freedom, and eventually for the assistance of the whole Peninsula, when the Spanish nation should at length awake to a sense of her own humiliating position and a perception of who were her real friends. English gold in profusion, arms, equipment and stores had already been despatched to Portugal, and a force of nearly thirty thousand men accompanied the British fleet which hovered off the coast from the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar. Such was the state of affairs when Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of all the troops embarked (some nine thousand being under his immediate orders) without any definite direction as to where he was to land, or what he was to do. He disembarked at the mouth of the Mondego river, about half way between Lisbon and Oporto, on August 1st, 1808, but ere this had taken place, he had, by some extraordinary vacillation or confusion in the government, been deprived of the chief command, which was given to Sir Hew Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore also placed above him, leaving him fourth in order of seniority. Nevertheless, he pushed inland, got in touch with, and drove in the French pickets at Brilos on August 15th, and two days later won his first Peninsular battle, by defeating part of Junot's force at Rorica, inflicting a loss of six hundred men killed and wounded, including the French general commanding among the latter, and taking his position, with a loss of nearly five hundred of his own force, which numbered but four thousand men! Four days after this, having being reinforced, he won the important battle of Vimiera,

defeating Junot himself and capturing thirteen guns, a general, and several hundred prisoners. During this action, an untoward circumstance, naturally to be expected from the contradictory orders of the government, occurred. Wellesley was superseded by the arrival of Burrard, and he again by Dalrymple, the best results of the victory being lost by the change of command and consequent abandonment of Wellesley's plans. The Peninsular war was now well launched.

Such was the prelude of that great struggle which, after six years and a hundred fights, forced its author to abdicate, and resulted, a year later, in his giving himself up a prisoner to the nation which he had by every means in his power endeavored to humble and to ruin.

But let us return to Bayonne. While Napoleon was apportioning Europe, dethroning sovereigns and giving away kingdoms at will, besides having one European war on his hands and another in immediate prospect, it might reasonably be thought that this marvellous man had enough to do; but, as we shall presently see, he managed to find time to enter into much local business, and some pleasure, while staying at that ancient Lapurdum where in the third century a Roman cohort had also amused itself. Unfortunately there was no newspaper published at Bayonne in 1808, except an unenterprising Spanish sheet which was entirely under Napoleon's control; otherwise French journalism would probably have furnished us with the customary details of his dinners, and we should possibly have learned also the color of his pantaloons as well as of the rusty old great-coat in which he took his constant walks about the quaint old town, with its narrow, tortuous streets, high houses, and parti-colored jalousies swinging from the many windows.

Our own Black Prince had a hand in the building of the handsome cathedral, in which his coat-of-arms (three leopards) still appears on the groined roof of the nave. A simple bridge of country boats, at the junction of the smoothly flowing Adour with its more beautiful and rapid tributary the Nive, then connected the citadel with the

town itself, while the green glacis without the walls then, as now, furnished the usual promenade for the border townfolk, both Basque and Bayonnais, Labourdin and Navarrese. Napoleon had reached Bayonne on April 14th, 1808, and Josephine had joined him from Bordeaux a fortnight later. Not a day passed that he did not make a tour of the streets and environs, sometimes mounted, often in a carriage accompanied by her, and always attended by an imposing staff and glittering escort. He pursued the most unexpected routes, invariably returning by a different road, and keenly observed all he saw.

The village of Boucau, on the right bank of the Adour about two miles below the town, was a favorite resort, and here, as at the *Chambre d'Amour* near Biarritz, he used to play with Josephine like a school-boy in holiday-time, chasing her along the sands, and pushing her into the sea at the edge of the tide, until she was up to her knees in water; and this, too, often in view of the boatmen, or others who happened to be watching their light-hearted gambols. Happy himself in those moments of innocent enjoyment, it is but a sorry reflection that at this very time he was also employed in dethroning kings and destroying the happiness of nations. But little recked the crowd of golfers which frequents the high plateau of the lighthouse at Biarritz to day, that early in the century the dictator of Europe and his wife bathed and played together on the Plage below; or, that the English Guards, in pursuit of his army, threw out their pickets, a year or two later, on the very ground where now they tee their golf-balls.

In front of the *Chambre d'Amour*, which was a cave (now no longer existing) in the cliff where two lovers were said to have been surprised and drowned by the advancing tide, Napoleon and Josephine, also to all appearance lovers, passed many a pleasant hour together. "He," says Lieutenant Niegolewski, of the Polish Light Cavalry of the Imperial Guard, "used to hide her satin shoes on the sands while she was in the water, and not allow us to bring them to her, but make her walk from the beach to the *calèche* bare-footed, which

gave him immense delight."* She, too, although no longer in her first youth, for she was then in her forty-fifth year, being six years his senior, was equally full of fun, as an amusing little incident, which occurred at the time, will well illustrate. A harpsichord in the Château de Marrac requiring to be tuned, a man arrived one morning to attend to the instrument. Josephine, simply attired, entered the room, watched him at his work, and, leaning with her elbows on the harpsichord, entered freely into conversation, to which the tuner was nothing loth. She asked him many questions about his work, in which she seemed to take much interest. Gradually the conversation warmed into compliments on the gallant tuner's side, who, thinking he was captivating one of the lady's-maids, assured her that the empress (whom he had never seen before) was not half as pretty as she was, and was on the point of following this up by proceeding to embrace her, when suddenly the door opened and the emperor entered. Both he and the too-daring young tuner took in the situation at a glance, the latter promptly escaping without his tools as fast as his legs could carry him, and followed by peals of joyous laughter from Napoleon and the empress, who essayed in vain to call him back from the balcony.

Although the divorce of Josephine, which occurred in the following year, had probably long ere this suggested itself to the emperor's mind, as a probable means of leaving a direct heir to his throne, there can be but little doubt that he still retained much of his original affection for the attractive woman who had, in the early days, first noticed the almost unknown General Bonaparte, introduced him to a grade of society (such as it was) higher than his own, sympathetically encouraged him in all his ambitious projects, and taken a real

* Half a century later another gentle Empress of the French, who is happily still among us, fixed upon a spot within half a mile of the *Chambre d'Amour* as the site of her bathing villa, which soon brought the fishing-village of Biarritz into notice as a fashionable watering-place. The visitor may now take up his abode in this villa, which has been converted into a large hotel.

interest in every success he attained. Scandals there were and had been, such as Monsieur Masson tells us of in Egypt, when Napoleon's unblushing infidelities were flaunted before the eyes of his staff (on which served his step-son Eugene Beauharnais), his army, and the world, in the most public manner. But for all this, and in spite of his monstrous cold-bloodedness in love or war, this man of iron had yet kept much of his early regard for her who had helped him in many a difficulty and soothed him in many a trouble in times past.

Napoleon's energy was prodigious. Nearly every morning at an early hour he might be seen, dressed in an old top coat, with a bundle of papers under his arm, threading the narrow streets of Bayonne, intent on some business which most men in his position would have been content to leave to those officially charged with its conduct. But we know that in no art more than in that of the soldier "is completeness of detail the perfection of work." A few buttons missing from the proverbial gaiters may cause the loss of a great battle; and we have only to look into the Duke of Wellington's despatches, or into the writings of the great soldiers of our own day, such as Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book," or Lord Roberts's "Forty-One Years in India," to see that the smallest detail is not too small for their attention and forethought.*

Ferdinand of Spain and his brother Don Carlos arrived on April 20th, 1808, and were lodged in the Place d'Armes, the chief square of Bayonne. They were soon followed by the Prince of the Peace, who occupied a villa at Beyris in the suburbs; while for King Charles and his queen, who quickly joined him, the Maison Dubrocq (a name still familiar in Bayonne) had been prepared

by the emperor, than whom, says our chronicler, no one was more particular as to etiquette, as the following letter to General Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, will fully bear out.

Bayonne, April 30th, 1808.

Give orders that the troops shall be under arms from the town gate to the quarters of King Charles the Fourth. The Commandant of the town will receive him at the gate on his arrival. The citadel, as well as the ships which are in the river, will fire a salute of sixty guns. You will receive King Charles at the door of his house; the aide-de-camp, Reille, will act as governor of the king's palace; one of my chamberlains will also wait for the king, as well as Monsieur d'Oudenarde, equerry, who will have charge of the carriages; Monsieur Dumanoir, chamberlain, will place himself at the service of the queen. You will present to the king and queen those of my officers who are on duty near their Majesties. Nothing should be missing, and let them be provided for at my own expense and from my kitchen; one of my stewards and one of my cooks will be detailed for this duty. If the king has cooks, they will be able to assist mine. The governor of the king's palace will take his orders every day; there will be a piquet of cavalry and guard of honor; there will be placed at the gate two mounted cuirassiers.

P.S.—The civil authorities of Bayonne will also go to the gate of the town to receive the king.

Here again we have the man who was then called the Ruler of the World condescending to the veriest details which might have been intrusted to an equerry or adjutant of the day; and yet this is the man who ten years earlier, writing to his brother Joseph from Egypt, declared himself weary of life—*A 29 ans j'ai tout épuisé.*

Thus were the poor Spanish royalties received with every outward mark of distinction that courtly attention could bestow, little dreaming midst the plaudits of the Bayonnais, who thronged the streets and crowded round their cumbrous old Spanish vehicles to salute them, that they were making a last royal progress from a throne toward a

* A capital instance of this may be found in a long letter addressed by Napoleon, two days after his arrival at Bayonne, to Vice-Admiral Decrès, his Minister of Marine, relative to the port and shipping at Bayonne, to the coasting-trade to Bordeaux and to Lisbon, and to other naval and commercial matters. As the letter is much too long for quotation I must refer such of my readers as may feel any curiosity on the subject to M. Ducéré's work.

paltry state of pensioned prisonership in France; or that Napoleon had, prior to their arrival, sent for the editor of the only newspaper and given him his cue in these words, with regard to Ferdinand: "He is very stupid, very vicious and a great enemy to France. You feel that he has the habit of managing men; his twenty-four years' experience has not, however, been able to impose upon me, and a long war would be necessary to make me recognize him as King of Spain."

After his first visit of etiquette, Napoleon cleverly described his royal guests to Josephine in these pithy words, which of course the lady's maid, Mademoiselle Avrillon, heard quite by accident, as also did the valet Constant: "The king has the Bourbon type of face, and the air of a really good stamp of man; as to the queen, she is very ugly, and with her yellow skin she looks like a mummy. She has a false and wicked expression, and one cannot imagine any one more ridiculous, for although sixty years of age, she wears her dress *toute décolletée*, and short sleeves without gloves; it is disgusting. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, resembles a bull, and has something of Daru about him."* On the other hand, the lady's maid considered the royal *protégé* a fine man, a favorable female opinion which is qualified by General Marbot, who says, "He was small of stature and of no distinction, although he lacked neither elegance nor ability." Charles of Spain, when he returned Napoleon's visit, displayed no nervousness as the emperor met him with all ceremony at the foot of the steps of Marrac. The king descended from his lumbering old Spanish coach, drawn by mules, with some trouble, for he had an ailment of the leg; nevertheless he stood for some time receiving, and pleasantly returning, the respectful salutations of the crowd with that easy air which is born of high position and so well became this good-natured old gentleman.

"One was struck," says our narrator, "with his commanding stature, the look of kindness imprinted on his fea-

tures, and the polished manners of a man who felt himself a king wherever he was. Any one would have known him as a Bourbon and a Frenchman, in the middle of Spain." He was, however, almost as foolishly infatuated with Godoy as the queen herself. When dining at Marrac, he at once observed and commented on the absence of the Prince of the Peace, whom the emperor had purposely excluded from the list of guests, whereupon Napoleon turned with a slightly contemptuous smile to the Prefect of the Palace, and directed Godoy to be sent for. Charles enjoyed the frequent banquets given by Napoleon, and on these occasions ate largely of everything that was offered to him, although, as Constant remarks, he had the gout. He would call out to the queen, as each dish was approved, "Louise, take some of this—it is good," which much amused the emperor, who had a very moderate appetite. The king took exception to vegetables, remarking that grass (*l'herbe*) was only good for beasts. He drank no wine, but had three glasses, filled with hot, tepid, and cold water, placed near him, the contents of which he mixed and drank, when at the proper temperature for his palate. In the evening the queen's appearance was peculiar in the extreme from her extraordinary toilette; and Josephine, out of kindness and with a hope of making some little improvement, proposed to send Monsieur Duplans, her *coiffeur*, to give the queen's attendants some lessons in hair-dressing. This was accepted, as also many necessary little gifts for the toilette, and on her majesty's reappearance she was much improved, but hardly attractive, for that, we are told, was impossible, with her short, stout figure, hard, rasping voice and badly chosen dress.

The Château de Marrac was the centre of a brilliant circle in those days; every room was occupied, and lights glittered in every window. On Josephine's arrival there was a grand illumination, the town was thronged with Spanish notables and court-officials, while dinner-parties, balls and receptions were of nightly occurrence. The emperor was surrounded by a brilliant staff, and court-functionaries and ladies-in-waiting attended the empress on all

* Count Daru was the Intendant of the Imperial household.

occasions. Pomp and show were everywhere in the ascendant, and side by side with the downfall of a monarch gayety reigned supreme. The beautiful park of Marrac was full of life and movement from an encampment of Imperial Guards and local guards of honor, which closely surrounded the house; for it was thought that being so near the Spanish frontier (only fourteen miles away), a sudden attempt to carry off the emperor might be made, in the same way as he had himself carried off the Duc d'Enghien from neutral territory but four years previously, and shamefully executed him in the ditch of Vincennes, after a mock trial at the dead of night.

To watch this camp beneath the windows of the *château* was one of the chief relaxations of the naturally light-hearted Josephine and her attendants. The camp-cooking, the duties and the amusements of the soldiers were all novel and interesting to her, especially the game of *drogue*, much affected by the men of that time, which consisted of balancing, while standing on one leg, a washerwoman's clothes-peg on the tip of the nose. To vary the scene, in both dress and language, soldiers of the Mameluke cavalry, which Napoleon had embodied in his guard, were not wanting. Roustan, his favorite Mameluke orderly, was there, four of whose compatriots had been chosen, four years before, to strangle the unfortunate General Pichegru in his Paris prison, which they effected in true Oriental fashion by tightening his neck-cloth with the leg of a broken chair. Consequent on the soldiers being so close to the *château*, a laughable occurrence took place one evening. There was a ball at Marrac, and the windows were thrown open to admit the cool night air, when suddenly the music ceased, and two sentinels, who were pacing their beat below, saw a beautiful young lady run out into the balcony in her ball-dress, evidently to enjoy the refreshing breeze without. She was quickly followed by an officer in the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, who, placing himself beside her, affectionately saluted her, when he suddenly became aware that the two sentinels, transfixed with amazement at perceiv-

ing that it was the emperor himself, had seen the incident. "Shoulder arms!" shouted the Little Corporal, in a tone of instant command, "right about turn;" which was mechanically obeyed, and the two soldiers remained immovable with their backs to the balcony, looking into space, long after Napoleon had returned to the ball-room. They were so found, fixed and immovable as statues, when the relief came round an hour or two afterward. The idea of these two soldiers of the Guard standing motionless in the night, with their backs to the *château* and gazing steadfastly at nothing, because they had been the accidental witnesses of an emperor's indiscretion, is irresistibly comic, and savors more of *opera-bouffe* than of real life.

It was in this park that Napoleon delighted to review these same troops, and others on their way to Spain, for the amusement, and indeed instruction of his visitors. On these occasions his face would light up, and his whole manner change into that of the born soldier in his true element; and he instilled, as if by magic, into the men before him the extraordinary personal enthusiasm and confidence which he himself felt in their presence. It is on record that at this time, when his soldiers, who disliked the war in Spain, which was justly unpopular in the French army, arrived at Bayonne in a discontented condition, they would, the very day after being reviewed by him, march across the frontier to Irun singing merrily in the ranks and apparently perfectly happy. As the French put it: "His presence was by itself enough to revive courage; a single one of his words could kindle the love of glory in every heart."

How greatly have the glories of Marrac fallen from those brilliant days! The creeper-covered ruins of the *château* have lately become the hiding-place for the petty pilferings of an insignificant thief. Nevertheless, no visitor should leave Biarritz without seeing the remains of this historical building, which, originally erected by Marie-Anne, widow of Charles the Second of Spain, was occupied four years before Napoleon's arrival by the celebrated French Marshal Augerau, Duke of Castiglin-

one, when Marbot was his aide-de-camp.

Napoleon, having wrested the crown of Spain from its rightful owners, as we have seen, lost no time in despatching them to the respective residences which he had selected for them in France as prisoners of State. In less than a month after his arrival in Bayonne, Ferdinand was escorted to Valençay, and on the following day (May 12th, 1808) his unprincipled mother, King Charles, and the Prince of the Peace left for Compiègne.

In the meantime Napoleon had peremptorily sent for his brother Joseph, who, reluctantly quitting his books and his quiet life as King of Naples with many just forebodings, reached Bayonne four weeks after the Spanish royal family had left it. The emperor met him in great state on the road, and conducted him to Marrac with every sign of distinction likely to impress the Spanish visitors with his high estimation of their future king. Joseph spent a month in forming his court and household, receiving deputations, consulting the members of the Junta who had been brought to Bayonne to meet him, and generally making arrangements, under his brother's guidance, for taking up his arduous and unsought position as King of Spain. On July 9th Napoleon accompanied Joseph and his imposing cavalcade of guards, grandees, counselors, and courtiers along the royal road to Spain as far as Bidart, the well-known and picturesque village near Biarritz, where, five years later, the author of "The Subaltern" fought with our gallant 85th Foot under Wellington at the battles of the Nive. Here he bade adieu to Joseph, taking from his uniform the cross of the Legion of Honor which he had worn at Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and fastened it on to his brother's breast. The members of the Spanish Junta accompanied Joseph in three detachments, one party each day in advance, one always with him, and one bringing up the rear, while French troops, from the several garrisons on the way, met him and lined the route. So long as Joseph was near France and the emperor, he was well received by the Spanish people; but the further he

travelled from the French frontier, the less was the welcome displayed and the more his *cortège* dwindled, until July 11th, when he entered Madrid without a single Spaniard in his train except the Captain-General of Navarre. The very next day he wrote thus to Napoleon: "There were two thousand men employed in the royal stables; all have left, and from nine o'clock yesterday I have not been able to find a single postilion. The peasants burn the wheels of their vehicles so that they cannot be used; and my servants, even those who were supposed to wish to come with me, have deserted."

But it is not my purpose to follow further the eventful fortunes of King Joseph, or of his illustrious brother, who, after visiting St. Jean-de-Luz with Josephine, where he looked into everything, and ordered many public works to be carried out, quitted Chateau Marrac and Bayonne on the day on which Joseph entered Madrid. The emperor and empress passed through Puyoo and Orthez to Pau, where, in contrast to the new King of Spain at Madrid, they were received with the utmost enthusiasm, to which the triumphal arch at the entrance to the town bore testimony in this inscription, *Hommage de la ville de Pau à Napoleon le Grand.*

Napoleon had sent his armies into Spain with these grandiloquent words. "Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, you have passed with rapid steps through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard* contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal: in terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the Pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors, but a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all." These promises were not quite

* "Leopard" was a common expression of Napoleon's to denote the English, and originated in the three leopards (now called lions) forming part of the Royal Arms of England.

fulfilled. On the contrary, that despised British army, which was thought at the commencement of the campaign to be totally unfit to meet any French force, valiantly aided by the Portuguese, and with some assistance and much obstruction from the Spanish, swept the French, as every one knows, out of the Peninsula. Speaking generally, of the results of Napoleon's designs

against Great Britain, it may be noted in conclusion that, though his Army of England did not quarter itself in London, the English army did encamp in the Bois de Boulogne, where, as Lord Palmerston was himself a witness, the men did some damage to the beautiful trees in the Hyde-Park of Paris.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A CALL FROM THE SEA.

BY J. WINDER GOOD.

GREEN waves under her fore-foot,
Gray meadows dim on the lea;
We have done with joy and sorrow,
Swing round her head to the sea!

Nine men of the schooner Annie,
Bound out of the bay again,
And the old songs die behind us
In the clank of her mooring-chain.

For the East and West are calling,
A wind blows out of the South,
And the winter stars lift brighter,
And the brine stings salt on the mouth.

Nine men of the schooner Annie
(Love is as a tale long told),
We go to the mother that bore us
And the things we knew of old.

The song of wind in the rigging,
The drumming rain on the sail,
The swing of the roaring chorus
As they lay her head to the gale.

Ah! Love, will ye deem us cruel
That we leave ye here alone?
But the wide sea calls her children,
Each goes at last to his own.

Green waves under her fore-foot,
Gray meadows dim on the lea;
We have done with joy and sorrow,
Swing round her head to the sea!

—*Speaker*.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

BY P. A. SILLARD.

ACCORDING to the biographer of Lord Macaulay, a person need possess but a very moderate reputation, and have played no exceptional part, in order to have his memoirs written. How comes it, then, it may be asked, that so considerable a personage as Croker has not had what Carlyle styles "posthumous retribution" paid to him? It is true that a mass of his correspondence has been collected and published under the editorship of his friend the late Mr. Louis J. Jennings; but the biographical thread which connects the letters in those volumes is of the slenderest description, and although "the true life of a man is in his letters," we would fain have a complete biography of the great reviewer, a biography which would forever dispel the calumnies that grew around his name, and made it in some men's mouths a synonym for all that was base and contemptible. Whether for good or ill, Croker early in life made it a rule never to reply to any attack that was made upon him, no matter how vile or slanderous it might be, but to live it down; and from this rule he never, with one notable exception, deviated. From one point of view this had for him an advantage, for so numerous were the attacks made upon him and the slanders hurled at him, that were he to have replied to them, he would have had his hands so full that he would have found but little time for literature and politics, to both of which his life was devoted. The disadvantage at which his self-imposed rule placed him was the sufficiently obvious one that the slanderer mistook the silent contempt with which he was treated, and was reinforced by various smaller fry, who repeated and spread what they either knew to be false or did not trouble to investigate. Thus we find him variously described as "one of the most murderous critics that ever lived—a veritable assassin, who used pen instead of dagger." "The man who killed Keats by his violent attack on him in the *Quarterly Review*." "The wick-

edest of reviewers." "A man of low birth and no principles." "A defamer whose path was paved with dead men's bones." "A bad, a very bad man," wrote his enemy Macaulay in his diary, "a scandal to politics and to letters."

That all these statements were at variance with the truth a few facts will go to show. His father, John Croker, was descended from an old Devonshire stock, and held the position of Surveyor-General of the Excise and Customs in Ireland. Edmund Burke described him as "a man of great abilities and most amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally respected and beloved in private life." His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Robert Rathbone, of Galway, and was a lady of culture and refinement. It was in the town of Galway that their son, John Wilson Croker, was born on December 20th, 1780. Having a slight stutter, he was early sent to the school of the great elocutionist James Knowles (father of Sheridan Knowles), in Cork; but although an improvement was effected, he never altogether conquered the impediment. From here he was sent to another school in the same city, kept by a French family, with whose language he acquired a great facility. He then was sent to Mr. Willis's school in Portarlinton, where at twelve years of age he was "head of the school, *facile princeps* in every branch, and the pride of the masters." So great and retentive was his memory that he had Pope's "Homer" by heart. From Mr. Willis's he went to the more advanced school in the same town presided over by the Rev. Richmond Hood (who in later years became the second Sir Robert Peel's classical tutor), and he then passed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered in November, 1796. During his four years' residence there he won a distinguished place among brilliant contemporaries, was conspicuous as a speaker in the Historical Society, and gained several gold medals for essays. He left Trinity (which he later had the honor of

representing in Parliament) with a B.A. degree, obtaining that of LL.D. in 1809.

Being destined for the law, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn in 1800, and for the two following years devoted himself to legal studies. He varied these labors by contributing to periodicals of the day, and collecting a vast mass of literature bearing on the French Revolution, a subject which deeply interested him, and to the study of which in all its aspects he gave so much attention that he came to be considered about the best-informed man in all England regarding it.

He returned to Dublin in 1802, and two years later created a sensation by publishing (anonymously) a sort of imitation of the "Rosciad," entitled "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq., on the Present State of the Irish Stage." It was in octosyllabic verse, and although having both point and sparkle, was vastly inferior to Churchill's masterpiece. Jones was, it may be mentioned, lessee of the Crow Street Theatre, and Dublin society raved about the book. One journal said the author was an "infamous scribbler," while another declared it was evident that he was "a well-educated gentleman." With characteristic coolness, Croker published in the successive editions (it went through five in a year) an abstract of the conflicting praise and abuse lavished upon his book. A few extracts will serve to show the nature of the satire :—

Next Williams comes—the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff,
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
He scorns each fine and easy motion;
Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
And dabbles with his hands like fins;
Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast and points his toe;
Is merriment to be expressed,
He points his toe and slaps his breast;
His turns are swings—his step a jump—
His feeling fits—his touch a thump;
And violent in all his parts,
He speaks by gusts and moves by starts.

The acting-manager, Fullam, was thus dealt with :—

Come, then! lead on the rear guard, Fullam,
Who with deputed truncheon rule 'em;
And tho' the buffo of the band,
Tower the second in command
(Thus, as old comedies record,

Christopher Sly became a Lord).
Cheer up! nor look so plaguy sour—
I own your merit, feel your power;
And from my prudent lips shall flow
Words as light as flakes of snow,
For should I vex you, well you might
Repay't by playing every night,
And—furnished with most potent engines,
Gubbins or *Scrub*—take ample vengeance.
But truce to gibing, let's be fair—
Fullam's a very pleasant player;
In knavish craft and testy age,
Sly mirth and impotence of rage,
He's still, though often harsh and mean,
The evenest actor of our scene.

Montague Talbot, famous in light comedy parts, was highly praised :—

He reigns o'er comedy supreme—
By art and nature chastely fit
To play the gentleman or wit:
Not Harris's or Colman's boards,
Nor all that Drury Lane affords,
Can paint the rakish *Charles* so well,
Or give such life to *Mirabel*,
Or show for light and airy sport
So exquisite a *Doricourt*.

The phenomenal success of this book induced him to publish another, and in 1805 appeared "An Intercepted Letter from J—— T——, Esq., written at Canton, to his friend in Dublin." This was a vigorous satire on Dublin city, and recalls to mind Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," which, however, lives, while Croker's work, having run through seven editions in twelve months, is utterly forgotten.

These, however, were but the recreations of a busy man, for, having been called to the Irish bar in 1802, he joined the Munster circuit, and soon enjoyed a considerable practice, which was in a measure due to the important position held by his father. This brought him into contact with O'Connell, with whom he had, as he told his friend Charles Phillips,* a "sharp encounter of wits" at their very first meeting; but no ill-will followed, and when they met some years afterward in London they greeted each other cordially.

* Author of *Recollections of Curran*. When Phillips was writing this book he wrote to Croker for reminiscences of the great Irish orator and advocate. Croker replied: "I have never, even in my youth, been able to sit down to remember. Conversation breaks through the surface that time spreads over events, and turns up anecdotes, as the plough sometimes does old coins."

In 1806 he married Miss Rosamond Pennell, daughter of William Pennell, afterward for many years British Consul at the Brazils. This marriage was the happiest event in his life, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding just a year before he died. In a letter to a friend, written shortly after his marriage, he thus describes his wife, who was his junior by nine years :—

Don't indulge yourself in fancying my dear wife to be one of those fine and feathered ladies who have a little learning, a little language, a little talent, and a great deal of self-opinion. She is nothing like this. She has none of what Sir Hugh Evans calls "affectations, fribbles and frabbles." She is a kind, even-tempered, well-judging girl, who can admire beauty and value talent without pretending to either, and whose object is rather to make home happy than splendid, and her husband contented than vain. In truth, she is all goodness, but for literary tastes she has, as yet, none, and her indifference on this point becomes her so well that I can hardly wish for a change.

He now turned his attention to active politics, and on the collapse of the "Ministry of all the Talents" he stood for Downpatrick, and was elected. Thus early he advocated the Catholic claims for Emancipation, which at the general election in 1810 cost him his seat for Downpatrick; but he was returned for Athlone. He advocated similar views in his "Sketch of Ireland Past and Present," published in 1807. This was a brilliant success, speedily going through twenty editions, and, remarkable to relate, seventy-seven years afterward (*i. e.* in 1884) its lustre was found sufficiently undimmed to justify its republication.

This sketch contains a fine passage on the character of Swift, which Sir Walter Scott copied when he came to write his memoir of the immortal dean. It is worth while quoting it :—

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry, her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a Churchman; his gown entangled his course and impeded his efforts. Guiding a

senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the Government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

On the night that he first took his seat in the House of Commons he made his maiden speech. Something which had fallen from the lips of no less a person than Grattan on the state of Ireland stimulated him into replying, and notwithstanding that he spoke after so illustrious an orator, his speech elicited warm commendation, and was the means of his becoming acquainted with Canning, who asked to be introduced to him, and together they walked home to his lodgings. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, which ended only with Canning's death. It may not be out of place here to mention that among several poems which Croker published, and which are not devoid of merit, his lines on the death of Canning are considered very fine.

Among the many able speeches which the famous Duke of York case called forth, none were better or more effective than Croker's, who had in a short time made quite a name for himself in parliamentary debate, and was a formidable opponent, as Macaulay afterward found out, and grew to hate him for it.

With the outbreak of the Peninsular War came the necessity for Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterward Duke of Wellington) to take up the command, and as he was at the time Secretary of State for Ireland, Croker was recommended to him by Perceval as the most competent man to look after the duties of the office. So well did he discharge the duties imposed upon him that when, in 1809, on the reconstruction of the Cabinet consequent upon the duel between Canning and Castlereagh, Perceval became Premier, he appointed Croker Secretary to the Admiralty. At first Croker hesitated about abandoning his profession, which was now yield-

ing him a fair income, but as he was pressed to accept the position (to which was attached a salary of £3500 a year) he consented, and held the secretaryship for twenty-one years, retiring in 1830 with a pension of £1500 a year, having in the meantime been made a Privy Councillor. His tenure of office at the Admiralty was memorable in the history of that department. Gifted with a quick eye, marvellous powers of mastering details, and untiring industry (he used to be at his desk at nine in the morning, often working until four or five in the evening), he kept affairs in a state of efficiency not common in those days. Within a month from his accepting the office he felt constrained to resign, being unable to gloss over a series of defalcations discovered in his department in the accounts of one of the King's personal friends. His resignation was not accepted, and his reasons for tendering it being inquired into, none more highly appreciated his zeal and rectitude in the public service than George III. himself.

These twenty-one years during which he was at the Admiralty were also the busiest in his literary life. He had shared the councils of Sir Walter Scott, Canning, and George Ellis in arranging for the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in February, 1809. His first article was a review of Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life," and it appeared in the third number. He did not contribute to it again until the tenth number, in 1811, but from that until 1854, except for an interval in 1826 and 1831, scarcely a number appeared without one or more papers from his pen. In all he wrote for it upward of two hundred and sixty articles.

During those forty-three years innumerable books came before him for review, and very many he most undoubtedly severely handled; but in no instance did he adversely criticize any work that on its merits (or demerits, rather) did not deserve it. The reviews of the *Quarterly* were so severe, and so numerous were Croker's contributions to it, that it is not to be wondered that he sometimes incurred odium for scathing articles that were not from his pen. For instance, Gifford, its editor, hated Leigh Hunt, and he abused Keats be-

cause he was his friend, and Croker had this article ascribed to him. When occasion or friendship called for it Croker could be silent. Thus, when Alison brought out his "History of Europe," which, as everybody knows, is not remarkable for its unvarying accuracy or breadth of view, Lockhart (who had succeeded to the editorship on the death of Gifford, in 1826) asked Croker to deal mercifully with it, as its author was a near neighbor and friend of his. Croker, finding that he could not conscientiously praise it, abstained altogether from reviewing it. In the light of this fact, it is rather amusing to find Alison (in a letter to a friend) complaining of "the want of kindness on the part of the editor of the *Quarterly* in neglecting his work."

Like W. S. Gilbert's "King Gama," Croker "could tell a woman's age in half a minute—and he did," and by the term "female Methusaleh" so enraged Lady Morgan that she vowed she would put him in her next book, which she did as "Crawley" in "Florence MacCarthy." *Apropos* of this, Peel, who was then in Dublin, wrote to Croker:—

Lady Morgan vows vengeance against you as the supposed author of the article in the *Quarterly*.^{*} You are to be the hero of some novel of which she is about to be delivered. One of her warm friends has been trying to extract from me whether you are the author of this obnoxious article or not; but I disclaimed all knowledge, and only did not deny that it was to be attributed to you because I thought you would be indifferent to Lady Morgan's hostility.

The shaft, as far as Croker was concerned, missed its mark, for he never read any of her novels, though it is not true that he ever boasted that he never read a novel in his life; for he told Charles Phillips that he had Scott's novels almost by heart, and that he dated his distaste for novel reading to Theodore Hook's "Gilbert Gurney," which, from knowing its author, he tried to read, but gave up the attempt after two or three efforts. In this way he missed Disraeli's "Coningsby," in which, under the transparent fiction of "Rigby," Croker is caricatured with Disraelian mercilessness.

^{*} A review of her *France*.

Sir Robert Peel, whose letter has just been quoted, was, from 1812, when he became Irish Secretary, down to the period of his Corn Law measures, Croker's intimate friend, and was god-father to his only child, a son born January 31st, 1817. This child, christened Spencer Perceval, was the joy and the hope of his parents during his short life: he only lived three years, dying May 15th, 1820. The blow was a severe one to Croker, and the grief to which he at first gave way unnerved him, and gave a color to his whole later life. It was only the fear of mischief to health of mind and body that kept him from resigning his office, for he feared to be idle and unemployed; and although he continued to prosecute his literary labors, the chief incentive to exertion was gone—all his hopes were buried with his son. While his grief was still fresh upon him he wrote the following lines to be inscribed upon the tombstone when he himself and his wife* should be laid to rest:—

Oh, pity us, who lost, when Spencer died,
Our child, our hope, our pleasure, and our
pride,

In whom we saw, or fancied, all such youth
Could show of talents, tenderness, and truth,
And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers
Would keep the promise they had made to
ours.

But God a different, better growth has
given—

The seed we planted here now blooms in
Heaven.

A poignant sorrow, when it does not
chasten, often embitters, and the death
of his son did nothing to diminish the
acid which not infrequently ran through
his writings.

It was about this time that the Earl
of Yarmouth, afterward the third Mar-
quis of Hertford, became intimate with
Croker, and formed so high an opinion
of his abilities, shrewdness, and sound
common sense, that from seeking his
advice and assistance on matters of
business, he eventually entrusted to
him the entire management of his es-
tates and business affairs generally, his
almost constant residence abroad ren-
dering this peculiarly convenient to
him. For this Croker accepted no
salary or remuneration of any kind;

* She survived him three years, and died
November 7, 1860.

but in his will the marquis bequeathed
him his cellar of wine and £21,000.
His position in the house of this noble-
man laid him open to some imputa-
tions, the truth or falsehood of which a
complete biography can alone clear up.
It did not affect his social position in
the slightest degree, although it afforded
Disraeli the opportunity for the carica-
ture already mentioned, and furnished
Thackeray with material for a more
delicately drawn but equally untrue
portrait.

Croker's position in the world of let-
ters was now a most important one.
His long connection with the *Quarterly
Review* had brought him into relation
with the literary lights of the day, who
numbered him among their friends.
"He was," says Sir Theodore Martin,
"the friend and confidant of many of
the best and ablest men of his time; a
pattern of sincerity, consistency, de-
voted loyalty, and unselfishness." Sir
Walter Scott, who was associated with
him on the *Review*, gave him most cor-
dial assistance with his "Boswell's
Johnson" (of which more anon), and
owed the idea of his "Tales of a Grand-
father" to the "Stories from the His-
tory of England," which Croker wrote
for an adopted daughter.

When Southey brought out his im-
mortal "Life of Nelson," he took occa-
sion to dedicate it to Croker, "who,"
he wrote, "by the official situation
which he so ably fills, is qualified to
appreciate its historical accuracy, and
who, as a member of the Republic of
Letters is equally qualified to decide
upon its literary merits."

And Mr. John Murray did not hesi-
tate to offer him 2500 guineas for a
"History of the French Revolution," a
work which Croker had often medi-
tated, but never found leisure to finish.
However, his numerous scattered essays
on the subject, which, as has been men-
tioned, was a special one with him,
were collected and published. There
is no need to enumerate the many
works which he wrote and edited, most
of which are of great historical value,
or to more than refer to several transla-
tions of important works by foreign
authors, but his great work—the one
on which his chief claim to literary
recollection rests—is his edition of

"Boswell's Johnson," which he brought out in 1831.

The idea of this book had for a long time occupied his mind, and he first proposed it to Mr. Murray in a conversation he had with him on January 8th, 1829, and then more fully explained in a letter written to him the next day :—

As Dr. Johnson himself said of the *Spectator*, a thousand things which everybody knew at the time have, in the lapse of years, become so obscure as to require annotation. It is a pity that Malone did not apply himself to this line of explanation—he could have done with little trouble what will cost a great deal to any man now living. I know not whether there is any man who could now hope to do it well; but I am also satisfied that I should, at this day, do it better than any man, however clever or well-informed, will be able to do it twenty years hence.

If, however, there be any of your literary friends whose greater leisure or better information would enable him to do the work earlier or more satisfactorily, you are quite at liberty to make use of my hints and employ him to carry them into effect. I shall be glad to see the thing done, but I have no great desire to be the *doer*. So you are quite at liberty on that point.

Murray at once replied, offering him 1000 guineas for the work. There is no doubt that he was probably the only man then living who was capable of doing it, for his knowledge of the political and social history of Johnson's time was perhaps second to none, and, besides, he knew the most celebrated survivors of the generation which could remember Johnson and Boswell; and his social position enabled him to prosecute his researches in every direction. The work cost him two years of laborious and painstaking research, and that, undeniable faults apart, he did it well is attested by the fact that his successors have been able to add but little to what he has done.

That he was engaged on it was of course well known in the literary world, and so bitter was the feeling of Macaulay toward him, that he expressed his determination to destroy it if he could. In the House of Commons passages of arms between the two were frequent and fierce, and not always was the victory with Macaulay. Impartial critics declare that Croker was often more than a match for his opponent, as he certainly was on the occasion of the

Reform Bill debate, when, in an elaborately prepared speech, Macaulay attacked the House of Lords, pointing to the downfall of the French nobility as a warning of what might result from a want of sympathy with the people. Croker in reply pointed out the baselessness of the analogy (the passage is really eloquent, but too long to quote), and contemptuously referred to "vague generalities, handled with that brilliant imagination which tickles the ear and amuses the fancy without satisfying the reason."

It is quite clear from Macaulay's own letters that, from being irritated with Croker, he grew to hate him. "See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the 'Blue and Yellow.' I detest him," he wrote in July, 1831; and again he wrote to Macvey Napier,* "I will certainly review Croker's 'Boswell' when it comes out." In September the "review" appeared, and opened with several pages of abuse of Croker "which," said the *Athenæum* of May 17, 1856, "reads in our calmer days so much bad taste and bad feeling." Macaulay, however, gloried in his achievement, and went about declaring that he had "smashed the book." This was hardly true, however, as upward of 60,000 copies were sold.

Croker would not condescend to reply to his assailant, or to refute his charges of inaccuracy, but his friend John Gibson Lockhart did it for him in one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ;" and his detailed answers to Macaulay's charges were so conclusive that they were subsequently reprinted along with the charges in the later editions of the work. This refutation further angered Macaulay, who had cultivated his animosity until it became a morbid passion. He again attacked Croker for "literary incapacity," "inaccurate writing,"† and "slender faculties."

* Then editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

† In this connection it should be noted that when Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* it contained the startling statement that "it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith's true powers by such a pot-boiling piece of drudgery as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" His attention having been drawn

It is little to the point in Macaulay's defence that he was, as he himself admitted, "addicted to saying a thousand wild and inaccurate things, and employing exaggerated expressions about persons and events." This does not excuse or cover entries made in a diary. The truth is, he was himself a living illustration of his own saying, "How extravagantly unjust party spirit makes men!" How paltry was the spirit which actuated him may be seen from his describing as a "new cant word" the term "Conservative," which, in an article in the *Quarterly* in January, 1830, Croker had used for the first time toward the Tory party.

It is refreshing to turn from this acrimony to pleasanter episodes in Croker's life. When Crofton Croker (of "Fairy Legends" fame) migrated from the Irish Athens to the modern Babylon, the Secretary to the Admiralty, to whom he bore a letter of introduction from Tom Moore, appointed him to a clerkship in his department, which he held for nearly thirty years, retiring in 1850 with a pension. It was at his instance that his friend Peel came to Maginn's assistance when misfortunes had encompassed that reckless genius. And Thackeray, always a child-lover, was quite touched on one occasion when he learned how Croker had had the school-children in his neighborhood over to his house for a Saturday to Monday holiday. "They'll destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands," said Croker to his wife; "but we can help them more than they can hurt us."

Literary men will not think unkindly of him for having founded the Athenæum Club; and the acquisition of the Elgin marbles for the British Museum must always redound to his credit.

Having, after twenty-one years at the Admiralty, retired from the secretaryship, he likewise retired from Parliament on the passing, in 1832, of the Reform Bill, which he had strenuously and consistently opposed, finding himself, as he said, "unable spontaneously

to take an active share in a system which must subvert the Church, the peerage, and the throne—in one word, the Constitution of England."

Although pressed by Peel to re-enter Parliament and take office under him when he came into power in 1834, he adhered to his determination, but gave him his full and cordial support in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. It was under Peel's direct inspiration that he wrote the long series of Protection articles in that review during the Corn Law agitation, and when, from having placed himself in a false position, the Minister found that he had to destroy the system which he had been returned to power to preserve, Croker was perfectly consistent in maintaining his own position, and for this he has been charged with "leaving the munificent hospitality of Drayton Manor, only to cut up his host in a political article." "Calumniate boldly," it has been said, "for some of it will stick," and truly Croker had more than his share of misrepresentation. Peel was merely the victim of circumstances which he had to a great extent created for himself, and Croker's high sense of duty would not permit him to abandon principles which he had thus far vigorously and consistently upheld. The friendship which had existed between these two men for upward of thirty years was now broken, and its severance caused considerable pain to Croker, who wrote to Peel a letter which can only be described as affectionate; but Peel was bitter, and replied coldly. They never met again.

Another and still more painful episode in Croker's life had yet to come. His friend Moore, whose acquaintance he first made when, as a boy of sixteen, he went to Trinity College, died in the spring of 1852. To Lord John Russell, whose friendship Moore had enjoyed almost from the time he went to London, he bequeathed the task of editing his "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence." Now, Maginn in his portrait of Russell in *Fraser's Magazine* accurately described him as a compound of "pride, pertinacity, and frigidity, with a taste for attempting departments of literature foreign to his nature." When we add that he was

to the singular ineptness of this criticism, he changed it in the collected edition of his *Essays* to the very different opinion that "it would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by the 'History of Greece.'"

strangely oblivious of the truth of Pascal's saying that "if everybody knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world," it is not surprising that his performance displayed evidences of defective judgment, not to say bad taste.

When the book appeared Croker learned for the first time that his friend, "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," had been slandering him in his letters and in his diary, the while he had been asking and receiving favors at his hands. This was too much for Croker, who had disdainfully borne the attacks and the calumnies of his enemies, but could not silently suffer this stab in the back. He indignantly repelled the charges brought against him, not so much for what had been published, but that Lord John Russell had made the *suggestio falsi* that there was more behind, but so damaging that he dare not publish it. Croker deliberately challenged him to publish anything more, stating his firm disbelief that there was anything reserved half so vile as had been given to the world. The controversy which ensued was exceedingly bitter, and resulted in the complete triumph and vindication of Croker, who was deeply grieved at the pain which, through the *mala fides* of the biographer, had been inflicted on the poet's widow.

"By his warmth of declamation," said Lord John Russell, "and by his elaborate working out of details, he was a formidable adversary."

The life of a writer has been said to be a warfare upon earth, and Croker's experience was largely in support of the proposition. From his first appearance in literature to his last he was the object of unjust and unsparing attack. Political differences largely accounted for this, as did also the fact that he was frequently on the winning side. "His sarcastic sallies," said the *Quarterly Review*, writing of him some years after his death, "and pungent wit made him many enemies . . . but it is not to be endured that the authority of Macaulay should be evoked in order to support false and railing accusations against the private life of a writer who for fifty years rendered important services to letters and to literary men."

His alleged sins of criticism in the *Quarterly* were not more grievous than those of the "Blue and Yellow,"* many of the criticisms in which have been food for the mirth of a later generation. As a critic, Croker was perhaps somewhat *borné*, but as an active political life hardly conduces to the soundest judgment on literary subjects, this would be his misfortune, and not his fault. He reviewed "Waverley" in the *Quarterly* for July, 1814, and "Guy Mannering" the following January, and also "The Antiquary," when it appeared a year later; and each of these reviews was full of warm yet judicious praise. This may seem little at this late day, but it must be borne in mind that these immortal works appeared anonymously, and had to be judged solely on their merits, to which not all critics were equally alive. "When the reputation of authors is made," says Sainte Beuve, "it is easy to speak of them *convenablement*: we have only to guide ourselves by the common opinion. But at the start, at the moment when they are trying their first flight, and are in part ignorant of themselves, then to judge them with tact, with precision, not to exaggerate their scope, to predict their flight, or divine their limits, to put the reasonable objections in the midst of all due respect—this is the quality of a critic who is born to be a critic."

In criticizing a poet he would

Insist on knowing what he means—a hard
And hapless situation for a bard;

and although, as has been shown, he was not the writer of the article on Keats, the poetry of the school to which Keats belonged was especially distasteful to him. The fondness which he had shown when a boy for the poetry of Pope grew into admiration as his judgment ripened, and the task which he set himself in his old age was a collected edition of this poet's works, the notes for which he was engaged upon up to the day of his death.

His judgments on literary and political matters, even after his retirement from parliament and public life, had great influence. As a politician he was always at least consistent, and Irishmen

* That is, *The Edinburgh Review*.

especially should remember that he advocated the Catholic claims nearly a quarter of a century before the passing of the Emancipation Act by a Government of which he was a member. He sometimes held extreme views, and supported them with vigor, and occasionally with bitterness. Had he imparted less of a certain arrogance of tone into his speeches, he might have made fewer enemies; and his manner toward strangers or those who did not know him certainly savored of harshness; but, as was said of Dr. Johnson, there was "nothing of the bear about him except the skin."

As depicted by Maclise in *Fraser's Magazine*, he is shown to have had a fine, intellectual head of the type of Canning, with a kindly and slightly melancholy expression of face. The

same impression is conveyed by the fine portrait of him painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and when we add that he was slightly under the middle height, slender, and well knit, the reader has a faithful presentation of the outward appearance of this most remarkable and much maligned man. Forty years have passed away since he died, on August 10th, 1857. Let us hope that we may not have to wait many more years for that complete biography which all who love justice will be glad to see; for calumny need only fear the truth. Let us also hope that his biographer, whoever he may be, will approach his subject in the right spirit, and will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A GUTTER MERCHANT.

BY HARRY HESFORD.

"UMBRELLA ring, sir?"

It was a gusty day in early March. The east wind tore with hurricane force along the Strand, filling the loose cover of my umbrella until it resembled a half-open parachute.

"Key rings! Laces!—Yes, sir; umbrella ring—one penny, sir; thank you."

I slipped the ring over the handle of my refractory umbrella, and felt that even a penny at times could save a vast amount of inconvenience.

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!"

You cataracts and hurricanes——"

I looked up sharply; it was the gutter merchant who thus quoted the bard.

There had been something in his manner of speech which had arrested my attention from the first moment I heard his voice. There was a refinement in the tone that seemed to be in ill-keeping with the man and his occupation. But to quote "Lear," and correctly!

My umbrella was now kept in bounds safe beneath the restraining rubber.

"Let winds be shrill, let wave roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind."

Again the gutter merchant. Byron, and "Childe Harold"!

I scanned him curiously, carefully tucking the new edition of the *Rubáiyát* I had just purchased under my arm to excuse my hesitation.

"Omar Khayyám, I see, sir!" He smiled and nodded toward the book. "A sweet singer—aye, a sweet singer," he added softly, almost reverently.

I was startled. What manner of man was this to sell boot-laces and such trifles in the gutter of a London street?

His clothes were old but clean and tidy. No two buttons of his coat or vest were alike in pattern, but there were none missing. There were numerous patches in all his outer garments, but no holes, no tatters. His boots, moreover, were polished till my own looked dingy by comparison. I was becoming interested. I raised my hand to my clean-shaven chin and looked at him boldly but curiously. His eyes followed mine; intelligent eyes, with just the suspicion of a merry twinkle in their brown depths. Then

my eyes fell till they rested on his shaggy, straggling beard. I saw his hand—a white, refined hand, I had time to notice—go up to his beard and tug at it sharply.

"Beards are an abomination, but shaving is a luxury," he said.

"Omar Khayyám is a luxury, too, my friend," I responded.

"Yes, for such as I," came the reply, with just a tinge of bitterness.

I felt sorry I had spoken so carelessly.

"It swallowed up the profit on a lot of umbrella rings to buy it," he said, pulling out of his coat pocket another copy of the *Rubáiyát*.

"A week of short commons, since repaid by a continual feast," he said, tapping the cover lovingly; and then, with the glitter of the poet enthusiast in his eye, he quoted:—

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness.
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

"Laces! key rings! umbrella rings!" He had moved on to fresh customers.

"I thought for a moment and then reluctantly went on my way.

* * * * *

"This world is a curious place, Louis," I remarked to my friend Lambert as we sat smoking after dinner that same evening.

"Queen Anne is dead," he murmured, blowing out a cloud of smoke and watching it as it curled and weaved above him in steel blue rings.

I ignored the sneer. It was Louis' way: he, the smart junior of an old firm of lawyers, was sometimes too smart to be pleasant.

"I bought an umbrella ring from a gutter merchant to-day who quoted Shakespeare, Byron, and Omar Khayyám while I waited."

I paused to give Louis the opportunity of showing an interest in my curious "find."

He yawned.

"My dear Hal," he said slowly, "London is full of such commonplace people. The real curiosity is the man who is not a curiosity." He lay back in his easy-chair to give me a chance of reflecting on his paradox.

After a short pause he went on:

"Find a man who *always* fits his place like the round peg in a round hole—a man with one nature, with not an idea or attribute above or below his environment—then label him 'valuable,' and place him in a museum of rare curios. He would be worth it, my friend—he would, indeed."

"I deny," I said sharply, "that my 'find' is commonplace. Just reflect—a poetical gutter merchant!"

"Ah! it is only a question of degree; he may not be so common a type as the caddish nobleman, the lying parson, or the studious scavenger, but he is commonplace nevertheless."

There was another pause. Then Louis sat up in his chair.

"Do you know, Hal, I have long wished to meet a fool?"

"Most lawyers have the same desire," I interrupted.

"A fool," he went on undisturbed, "who is always a fool. I have met a few really capital fools, but sooner or later they have all, save one, ceased to interest me, because they inconsistently had sensible intervals. The consistent one-natured man is a rarity."

"You admit finding one?"

"Yes, a client of ours. Don't reply that that proves the case; it is too obvious a retort and lacking in humor."

"He commenced life early as a fool," Louis resumed. "persevered, and is still in the same line of business, if I can judge from our experience of him. A man named Withington. In his very young days he fell madly in love with the most notorious flirt in the Midlands. He was too great a fool to realize that she was fooling him. In due course he proposed, but she laughed his love to scorn."

"Still consistent, he persevered till she killed his hopes by marrying a flash adventurer with little money and less character. Had Withington had but one sensible interval he would have gayly laughed and become 'an intimate friend of the family.' He left England, however, confiding his affairs to my firm. We heard occasionally from him, and having realized all his assets by his instructions, forwarded, from time to time, remittances to his Continental quarters. He evidently went the pace, for the comparatively large

sum we had held rapidly dwindled under his repeated calls. At last he returned. His foolishness was still with him, for his first inquiry was for the woman who had ridiculed his love.

"The cruelty of her husband had weakened her mind, until, when he died a felon, she became mad and was confined in a pauper lunatic asylum.

"This we told him, but the fool immediately instructed us to find a private home for her, and to invest and take in trust such of his capital as would provide this for her till her death.

"There was little or nothing left for Withington after this had been settled. We never hear from him now, but we occasionally send him reports as to her well-being under cover to an address we have."

"Now I call that man a consistent fool," Louis said decisively; "a greater curiosity than your pedler, and a man with one nature."

"Yes," I answered, "a nature to be envied."

We drifted into other matters and the pedler was forgotten.

For many days I stopped, as opportunity came, to speak with the gutter merchant. He resented curiosity, I soon discovered, but was willing, nay, eager, to speak of books—always books—never of himself.

It was a strange acquaintance, but it ripened as my inquisitiveness grew. For his part he saw in me only a fellow-lover of books, and not a spy into the mystery surrounding him.

One day, with much misgiving, I ventured to ask him to dine with me. The flush that came into my face did not escape his notice, for a cloud came into his eyes and a momentary frown appeared on his brow. He smiled faintly the next minute, and, looking somewhat slyly at his clothes, thanked me and declined.

Then his eyes rose to mine clear and steady, and, looking at me intently, he said—

"You are welcome to my attic, sir, if you would like to see my library."

There was an unmistakable emphasis on the concluding words that left no doubt as to his meaning.

I paid many visits to his attic in one

of the courts off Drury Lane, and the first feeling of wonder at the numerous and select books which littered his tidy one room never left me. The pedler was a man of taste and education; beyond doubt a man sadly out of place in that attic off Drury Lane and the Strand gutter. But he never satisfied my ever-growing curiosity. Once he answered the inquiry in my eye as I looked first at him and then at a squalid crowd in the court below, by quoting his beloved Rubáiyát:—

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

I eagerly seized the opening he gave me.

"How came—these ashes—Mr.——" I paused.

"Tom," he said.

"Mr. Tom," I corrected.

"No, plain Tom," came swiftly in cold tones; "that is *quite* sufficient."

I bit my lips. I understood the rebuke and said no more.

I have been with him when he dined. Ye gods! dined! Bread and cheese, never more, washed down with water, and I dared not offer him the means for better fare.

Truly he was a strange fellow, but a *man*, if ever one lived.

The summer came with its stifling heat, and went; the autumn too was rapidly giving place to winter's chill, that horror of the half-clad gutter merchants. Tom, as I had got to call him, changed not, neither did his clothing.

Through heat and cold he wore the same, a proof he had none other.

I had occasion to leave town for a month in November, and on my return passed down the Strand to chat with Tom. He was not there. I turned that way again on the next day and on the next, but he still was missing. I stood on the curb and pondered. Was he ill?—perhaps dead!

"Yer a lookin' fer Shakespeare Tom, ain't yer, guv'nor?"

I turned and saw the grinning face of a paper boy whose "pitch" was next to Tom's.

"He's a injying of 'isself, 'e is," the

boy laughed outright. "Bin drunk fer a week, lor luv yer."

I could have struck that boy in the face as he thus shattered my idol.

Slowly I made my way to Tom's attic. Even as I reached his door I heard him quoting Omar Khayyám, but the voice was thick, the tone changed; there was a hiccup here and there which sadly destroyed the "sweet singer":—

"Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;
To-morrow's silence, triumph, or despair;
Drink! for you know not whence you came,
nor why;

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
where."

I opened the door. Was that Tom who, with all the fire and clear light of intelligence in his eyes quenched by drink, bade me enter?

"Pryin'—hic—as—usual—hic—eh?"

I turned on my heel and left him, nor returned again till a week had passed.

God forgive me for being such a coward! I might have saved him, for now he was dying.

"A spell of hard drinking on a half-starved stomach," was the doctor's comment, shrugging his shoulders, as he and I together watched the wasted gray face of Shakespeare Tom.

"He won't last till to-morrow."

Tom opened his eyes and saw me. A smile flickered across his lips, and in a scarcely audible voice he murmured:—

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the
best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath
prest,
Have drunk their cup a Round or two be-
fore,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

He put out his hand and faintly

gripped mine—the grip of friendship he meant it for—and I turned away my face so that no one might see it. Hour after hour I watched the shadows deepening; the gray mask of death coming slowly; and his hand was still in mine.

Once I watched his lips move, and then I caught a soft murmur:—

" . . . Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing."

Then a long sigh, and I knew the bird was truly on the wing—the soul of Shakespeare Tom had taken flight.

"William Withington is his full name, I believe," said the doctor at my elbow with open notebook in hand.

I said, "Yes." I knew not why, but with the flood of light that seemed to suddenly illumine that dead body and the attic, came conviction.

On my way home, pondering over that strange man, I fell in with Lament. He stopped me.

"You remember that consistent, curious fool Withington, I told you of?"

I nodded wearily.

"His old flame died a month ago."

"Oh!" I simply said.

"We have sent him the balance of the 'trust.' I'll bet you a fiver he will still be consistent, and play the fool with the money."

"No," I said, moving away, "he's dead!" and in my mind rose still one more stanza of the Persian:

"Why all the Saints and Sages who dis-
cuss'd
Of the two worlds so wisely—they are
thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words
to Scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt
with—Dust."

—Temple Bar.

A RECENT BUSINESS TOUR IN CHINA.

BY C. A. MOREING.

EARLY this year, in the February number of this Review, I ventured to draw attention, in an article entitled "England's Opportunity in China," to the magnitude and importance of our relations with that Empire, and I

indicated some of the more pressing reforms called for in her interests. The discussions in Parliament and the public press which have since taken place have shown no disposition to belittle the momentous character of our

interests in the East : on the contrary, the British public appear to me to have manifested a strong and nervous anxiety that their country should not only maintain her unquestioned supremacy in the commercial race, but should also adopt a definite line of policy strong and consistent enough to prevent her being forcibly elbowed aside by unscrupulous rivals. The inherent difficulty in the situation has been lack of precise information regarding China generally. We have British Consuls and Chinese Commissioners at the treaty ports, who issue annual reports on trade statistics ; while at the capital, at Shanghai, and at a few minor places there are newspaper correspondents who send occasional items of information to the London press. But to the home public generally the geography, the economic condition, and the government of China are as yet quite unfamiliar, and it may be owing to this that our democratically governed country, feeling that its sources of information and knowledge of China are out of all proportion to its business interests therein, has been unable to indicate sufficiently clearly to the British Government the precise policy that would find most favor in our country.

It was to supplement this partial knowledge of China in my own case that I determined to visit the country and see things for myself at first hand. I wished not only to visit Shanghai, that wonderful emporium of foreign trade and microcosm of Western civilization, dumped down inside the entrance gate of the most conservative people in the world, but I was anxious to see the capital also (a more inaccessible and immeasurably more backward city), and I was also desirous to see something of the interior and less known but nevertheless important places in the north. I have conversed with many gentlemen, foreign and native, holding high and responsible positions under the Chinese Government, and have inspected the only railway and the principal coal mine in the country. The positive information I have collected is both suggestive and valuable ; but, better than this, I have gradually been enabled to form a strong

opinion as to the political course that Great Britain ought to pursue in the troublous imbroglio in which affairs in the Far East are now involved.

It is impossible for an Englishman dealing with the subject of China, from his own country's point of view, to omit mention of Shanghai. In a sense it is doubtless, as I have already remarked, the threshold of the Chinese Empire ; but in another sense it is outside of it, as the city is certainly more European than Chinese in its excellent municipal arrangements, its electric lighting, its handsome buildings, public gardens, band, and other amenities of civilization. Shanghai is, however, undergoing a revolution in business matters, which it behoves one to take note of, especially as it has been foreshadowed in more than one recent Foreign Office Report. I refer, in the first place, to the threatened gradual elimination of the British merchant. The old order of " hong" is plainly changing, when merchants used to conduct a lucrative British trade with China, and when their spacious houses of business were both offices and residences (of the old-fashioned English type) for the manager and clerks. The first modification of this *régime* ensued from more frequent mails and the institution of the telegraph—an important change which called into being the commission agent. The conveniences of the new system caused rates to be cut finer, and drove the old merchants more and more into company and other business to enable them to maintain their position. But more powerful than this has been the development of the "compradore system" to a pitch that has seriously affected the profits of those merchants, banks, and houses who have found themselves compelled to resort to it. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be mentioned that "compradore" is a Portuguese word, and in the early days of European trade with China was applied to a functionary who was something between an interpreter and a steward, and to whom was committed the business of bargaining with the natives in smaller matters. By degrees, however, the compradore has made such good use of his linguistic advantage in being

able to deal direct with Chinese, whom the European firm could not understand, that he has come to monopolize a greater part of the business with the natives. The result may be seen in the following suggestive passage at p. 94 of Mr. F. S. A. Bourne's recent and interesting report to Lord Salisbury on the trade of Southern and Central China :

"An Englishman of experience in the interior, to whom I was talking about the compradore system, told me he believed that for every dollar a leading British firm in Hong Kong made in the foreign import trade, their compradore and his friends made two dollars. In Hong Kong I met the Honorable Ho Kai, a Chinese of that colony educated in England, barrister-at-law and a doctor of medicine, and a member of the Legislative Council of Hong Kong. I quoted to him the above remark and asked him his opinion. He doubted whether the compradore made double the profit of the firm on imports, but he certainly made as much. British merchants would do much better than this if they had trusted employés who could speak Chinese. As things are now, the compradore tends to become the merchant and the English head of the house his agent. An up-country merchant wishing to do business with the firm had to accept the compradore's terms or do nothing. If he approached the Englishman he was referred back to the compradore. None of the Englishmen in the house could understand him, and Chinese who might interpret were all in the compradore's pay."

The result of my own observation is in thorough agreement with what Mr. Bourne says, and I certainly concur with him as to the crying need of some organization for training in the Chinese language English youths selected for their business capacity. The knowledge of the language ought to be commercial, rather than classical, and such as would fit youths to act as business agents in the interior. Such a step would in the end conduce greatly to the rehabilitation of British trade, and in any case is most necessary, not only in the interests of English merchants, but of manufacturers as well.

On the subject of the competition of other nations much might be written, but I will only notice some main facts that struck me. As regards the Japanese—who, being such near neighbors, may be noticed first—the signs of the times are curious. Two gentlemen

commissioned by Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P., and myself to visit Changsha, the capital of Hunan, a province which has enjoyed the reputation of being most violently opposed to foreigners, and Hangchow, the capital of Chekiang, have commented on this. The gentleman who traversed Hunan writes to me regarding one well-known Viceroy :

"He is hand and glove with the Japanese, and some months since accepted an offer of assistance from Japanese military instructors. Apparently the Chinese are beginning to adopt Marquis Ito's suggestions of some years back. That the two yellow races are friendly is evident."

As regards the European countries, we all know that they are vying with one another in their efforts to profit by the opening-up of China. But their methods are different. Russia's proximity and vast size give her an opportunity that she has not scrupled to turn to her advantage in her well-known way. It is perhaps unnecessary here to particularize her methods, because the various steps which have marked her policy since the close of the Japanese War are familiar to all of us. But it is well that we should bear in mind the curious parallel between her advance in Central Asia and her present movement on Manchuria. In the former case, in spite of reiterated assurances and pledges, her progress toward Afghanistan was one ceaseless advance until a fixed international frontier had been demarcated, to cross which was a *casus belli*. Since then Russia's march has been arrested, matters have settled down, and, although Afghanistan itself has been far from quiet, we hear nothing of Russian aggression—for the frontier is respected. I cannot help thinking it will be absolutely necessary for some similar strict international arrangement to be arrived at regarding Manchuria. At present there is a quiet but persistent development of influence, if not absorption, that is producing increasing and dangerous friction. The longer the settlement is deferred, the more acute will the crisis be.

The French method, as seen in the south, is not very different from the Russian, aiming as it does at the crea-

tion of political and military rather than commercial influence. It is natural perhaps that, with Tonquin sandwiched in between Burma and Hong Kong, rivalries and conflicts of jurisdiction should arise in the hinterland; but it is significant that the French are pushing their way in other directions as well. I do not refer to the mission of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce—which is an industrial inquiry on much the same lines as our Blackburn mission—but to such an expedition as has been recently exploring Hunan. The gentleman I referred to above as having been deputed by us to that province writes to me that it is urgent no time should be lost in opening the three principal towns there to international trade. The same recommendation is made by Mr. Bourne in his report to Lord Salisbury which reached Shanghai soon after the return thither of our own emissary. The latter in his report to me dated the 2d of July says:

“For some time past the French have cast longing eyes on Hunan, and I am convinced that they are anxious to enlarge their sphere of influence in China by including it among what they already consider as theirs. A glance at the map will show you that with Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Hunan, Kwei Chau, and Szechuan in their hands, a French barrier will be erected between British India and the Yangtze Valley. That they are very active I am aware. French commissions of exploration are operating in those very provinces; and when I was in Hunan, three weeks ago, a French commission crossed into the province from Kwangtung. They travelled slowly and, I learned, were roughly surveying a contemplated line of railway into Hunan. The commission was composed of three civil members, and one military officer, and I may mention that the latter *always* wore his uniform. They were protected by an escort of over 100 Chinese soldiers, and they likewise were accompanied by Annamites. They worked down the Siang Valley and proceeded to Hankow, where they arrived shortly after me, and I learned that they intended to explore the province of Kiangsi.”

These movements in a sphere which the British Government have clearly and openly declared to be inalienable appear to me very significant, and to merit the serious attention of Ministers with the view of taking some counter-acting measures so as to assert our influence. As I mentioned above, the opening of the town of Hunan and the

Siang river is officially upheld by Mr. Bourne, and he further states that the province is one of the most promising fields for the development of the Lancashire trade.

With regard to German influence in China, matters stand differently. Leaving out of sight for the time the question of Shangtung, I could not help being struck by the progress and energy displayed by the Germans. Everywhere I found them settled and doing well; they have their own clubs, which they loyally support, but at the same time they are quite as often to be found in the English clubs, speaking excellent English, even in their own establishments and in conversation among themselves. Three of the directors of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation are Germans, and the chairman next year will probably be a gentleman of that nationality. Over and over again German gentlemen told me that they find they get on excellently under the British flag; that our institutions, our practices and our laws are easy to work with and make money under. And this opinion received a significant corroboration while I was in China, for I was told that Prince Henry of Prussia in a speech made to the German club at Tientsin warmly commended our work in the East, and strongly exhorted his fellow-countrymen for their own sakes to co-operate with us therein.

I am very firmly convinced that this appeal, coinciding as it does with the views of the English Cabinet as expounded by Mr. Balfour in his speech on the 5th of April, ought to meet with loyal response from both nations, and that herein lies the true policy for England, Germany, and China, as well as that most conducive to the peace of the world. It is useless to expect assistance from France or Russia in maintaining the principle of the open door. I came out to China with a strong persuasion that a *modus vivendi* might be hammered out which would enable Russia's designs in China to be reconciled with England's policy of free commercial intercourse, which, while it has proved so beneficial to its author, has also benefited other leading nations. In fact, even before I

started for the East I made efforts through friends who are in close relation with Russian financial houses to induce them to join with English firms in exploiting the mines of Manchuria which have been examined and reported on fully by several mining engineers deputed thither by me. The reply was an absolute refusal; and this attitude has been accentuated during my sojourn in China by a great many incidents and evidence tending to show that Russia and France are irretrievably committed to the principle of spheres of influence and exclusive tariffs—in fact, protectorate and quasi-annexation under thin disguise—as opposed to the integrity of China and equal commercial advantages for all nations alike. The former policy I am firmly persuaded spells ruin for China and for British trade with the East. No doubt there are British spheres of influence in China, in the sense that there are tracts and regions where British settlers and British capital are more concentrated than elsewhere; but I entirely deny that there are *any* parts of China, not excepting even Manchuria, where foreign capital and foreign merchants are more in evidence than our own. Thus, while it may have been necessary perhaps to indicate the valley of the Yangtze as a region of great importance to Great Britain, the earmarking of this particular river-basin as one of the conditions of the loan has had the most unfortunate effect of leading some of our public writers and speakers to describe it loosely as constituting the “British sphere,” thereby, of course, conveying the inference to our own and other nations that regions outside the Yangtze—say Northern China, for instance—were not so much within the British sphere, and might in case of necessity be relinquished to more pressing interests and more determined claims.

I unhesitatingly declare, from what I have seen of it, Northern China is a region of very great resources, where Englishmen have freely invested capital; that it is capable of very great development; and that it is impossible for us to go back or deny the fullest measure of protection and encouragement to those of our fellow-country-

men who either have embarked or wish to embark their fortunes there, in reliance on the provisions of the Treaty of Tientsin. Northern China is as much our sphere of influence, every whit, as the basin of the Yangtze; and the sooner this axiom is thoroughly grasped by all, the less the risk of misunderstanding and international unpleasantness.

The two principal directions in which British enterprise may be expected to flow are mining and railways. Both of these are in their infancy in China; but for both the field is almost unlimited, and for both the principal object lessons so far are to be found in the province of Chi-li in the north. The railway that runs from the environs of Peking to some forty miles beyond Shan-hai-kwan is a creditable monument to the industry, skill, and especially to the perseverance of Mr. Kinder, the engineer-in-chief. It is unnecessary for me to go over here and in detail what has been told before—how this energetic Englishman managed, in spite of persistent official opposition, to build a railway for the conveyance of coal from the collieries of Tongshan to the sea; and how this modest beginning has developed into an important line, nearly 300 miles in length, connecting the capital with the sea and running eastward to join the forthcoming railway that is to link the Russian Siberian system with the Yellow Sea. I wish rather to say how thoroughly the enterprise seems to me to have fitted in with the idiosyncrasies of Chinese life, and how encouraging it is to watch the crowds of orderly people who throng every station along the line and fill the trains to repletion. The gloomy prognostications so confidently made years ago as to the rooted aversion of the Chinese to railways have been quite falsified. Moreover, we were warned that the ubiquitous graves, which were scattered broadcast over the whole face of the country, would prove an insuperable obstruction to any railway line, for it would be impossible to remove or interfere with these without outraging the well-known and profound ancestral veneration of the Chinese. Yet the “grave” difficulty has proved to be easy of adjust-

ment, in spite of the vast number of these tombs which undoubtedly crowd every landscape. The Chinaman has shown himself to be not only ready to part with the resting-place of his forefathers for a consideration, but even disposed to increase the supply of so valuable an asset in the rural economy of his country. An old resident of China told me that in the laying-out of the Shanghai-Woosung line the engineers were much pressed for compensation in a case where certain graves would have to be removed to make way for the construction of the road. The suspicions of the police were, however, aroused, and a surprise visit paid by night led to the discovery that the graves were mere sham sepulchres with nothing inside!

It is now clear that the opposition to railways was not that of the people, but of the governing class; and one can now see for one's self that the common people are as truly alive to the advantages of railway travelling as are the Japanese. It would have been strange indeed had it not been so, for Chinese roads are terribly bad, especially in the north. Anything worse than the track uniting Peking with the railway station it is difficult to conceive; and the antiquated system of chairs or cumbersome mediæval carts become a necessity if the traveller is unable to cover the ground on horseback. People who judge of Chinese roads in the interior from the trim macadamized and well-lighted roads of the treaty ports are prone to misjudge the paramount necessity for reform in this direction; yet we must bear in mind that the full fruit of railway extension will not be seen till a network of good roads be spread over the face of the country which shall act as feeders to the railway and media for local intercommunication. There is one conspicuous exception to the rule of bad roads. Nanking (though it boasts but few European residents and no foreign settlement) has a wonderfully smooth macadamized road, many miles in length and prettily bordered with dwarf willows; and hence we are presented with the curious spectacle in this picturesque former capital of China, now almost deserted and grass-

grown, of neat carriages plying backward and forward, and patronized as freely by the Chinese as they are in the foreign settlement of Shanghai.

I cannot refrain from pointing out here that a great change in the flow of trade must certainly result from the approaching completion of the Siberian Railway. At present it is a little over a month's journey from London to Shanghai, and at least five weeks to Tientsin or Peking. It is obvious that if the first of these cities can be reached in twenty days, and Tientsin or Peking in seventeen days, such a fact must exercise a profound change in British trade with China and the Far East. No doubt heavier goods destined for China and Japan will continue to go by sea; but the mails and passengers, to say nothing of lighter and more perishable goods, will be sure to travel by the Siberian Railway, and thus save from ten days to a fortnight in transit. In the case of Tientsin and Peking the distance will be covered in just half the time that it takes at present.

I do not think the public have fully realized the importance of this pending revolution in the development of communications; but as it will bring Tientsin as near to us as Bombay now is, and Shanghai as near as Calcutta, it must materially increase the British stake in China and Japan. Herein lies a strong additional reason for carefully considering our present policy and safeguarding our interests in these northern regions.

A detailed review of the railways required to open up China is too lengthy for the scope of this paper, though the subject is tempting and I have collected data for the purpose. I may deal with it at a later opportunity, when some of the more important projects now afoot have assumed a more practical shape.

I pass on to the question of the utilization of the mineral wealth of China, a matter of great importance and urgency. I mentioned in my previous article how necessary it is for China to develop her resources in order to enable her to find money for the interest on her loan and pay her way generally. It is well known that rich mines exist in several of the provinces; but hitherto foreigners have not been permitted to work

them, with the exception of the recent case of the Shansi and Hunan coal, iron, and petroleum deposits, which may form both a new departure and a precedent. In any case, however, exhaustive expert examination must precede any systematic working of the mines on the best European and American methods, and this prompted me during my recent visit to make detailed proposals to the Chinese Government. I proposed that a Mines Department under a high Chinese official should be constituted with a European mining adviser, and that a Geological Survey and a Geological Museum should be organized for each province, the expenses being defrayed from royalties from the mines. The difficulties in organizing such a department arise chiefly from the want of cohesion between the central and provincial Governments. The Tsung-li-Yamen are reluctant to create such an organization without being set in motion by the provincial authorities, on whose co-operation so much would depend; and the latter are shy of taking responsibility, and possibly laying themselves open to the suspicion of being hand and glove with the foreigner, without some strong expression of opinion and pressure from persons of influence in the locality. I have, however, laid my detailed proposals for consideration in the proper quarters, and am hopeful of the result.

Next to Shanghai, Tientsin is the most considerable place in Northern China from a commercial point of view, and its importance seems likely to increase. The element of uncertainty arises from the bar at the mouth of the Pei-ho river and the silting-up of the river itself. At present steamers drawing more than thirteen feet of water cannot cross the bar at the highest tides, and even those drawing less cannot ascend higher than the village of Tongkew, whence goods are conveyed by rail or by lighter to Tientsin. This, of course, is a great change for the worse since the old days when steamers were able to proceed right up to Tientsin, and any aggravation of the evil points to the possible extinction of the port. This would be a very serious matter, for the population of Tientsin is about a million souls—

larger than that of either Peking or Shanghai. The danger has awakened local enterprise, and a sum of 250,000 taels has now been subscribed to provide locks at the head of the chief canals which branch from the Pei-ho into the surrounding country. Hitherto the flood tides have driven the water back into the canals, to the detriment of the waterways; but the forthcoming measures—for which plans and estimates have been prepared—will undoubtedly regulate the flow of water, create a better scour, and benefit riparian trade along both the canals and the river. A further much-needed reform will be to straighten the serpentine course of the river itself by cutting directly across two of the main loops, and this will be taken in hand as soon as funds are available. These funds, being partly derived from wharfage dues, depend on the development of the trade itself; so it may be said of the chief port of Northern China that its future is in its own hands. I myself have little doubt that this future will be progressive and fruitful within the next few years.

Eastwards the trade of Tientsin will naturally be borne along the railway toward Shang-hai-kwan and Newchwang. The latter port has the drawback of being ice-locked in winter; but it remains to be seen whether ice-breakers might not be procured and prove as efficacious as they have been found to be at Vladivostock, which lies a good deal further north. In any case, the development of the country around the Gulf of Pechili and the completion of the railway must benefit Newchwang; and if our Government be watchful and energetic, they ought to insist that Newchwang gets its fullest share of the benefits attending the opening of the line that will eventually connect Manchuria with Port Arthur. The latter is not and never can be a commercial port, as we all know; so nothing but sheer neglect of our interests in Northern China, which I refuse to contemplate as likely, will render it possible for the important treaty port of Newchwang to be given the go-by and, so to speak, left out in the cold, when once the railway takes definite shape.

Another interesting sight in these parts is the Kaiping Colliery, which I made a point of visiting in June last. I descended the mine and inspected the workings, and was much gratified at what I saw. The number of persons employed underground is about 3000, and the output from the Tong-shan pit alone was 446,000 tons in 1896 and 425,000 in 1897. The coal is mainly used by the steamboat traffic and for internal consumption. None can be spared for export; and were the output twenty times as great as it is, it would find ready market, for its quality is better than that of Japanese coal. The colliery has its own foundry, machine shop, brickmaking, and other works, and altogether is a very significant instance of what Chinese enterprise is capable of. A new shaft—as good a piece of work as any I have ever seen—has just been sunk, and the aggregate output will be largely increased in a few months.

Pekin struck me as extraordinarily backward after the evidences of progress I had seen and heard of in other parts of China, even in such places as Chang-sha, the capital of Hunan, where no European resides. In the latter town electric light has been installed by the Chinese themselves in several dwelling-houses. In Pekin the best thoroughfares are practically unlighted and almost impassable for pedestrians; while the dust, mud, and stenches defy description. It would almost seem as if diplomatic indifference and Chinese corruption had conspired together to make the capital as loathsome and repellent as possible, for fear that if rendered attractive the invasion of foreign enterprise would on the one hand give the European representatives of the Powers a deal of extra trouble, and on the other hand open the eyes of the people and seal the doom of Chinese official corruption. The contract for lighting the public streets is, so I am told, a most lucrative one, and brings in vast profit to the concessionaire, and a large sum is no doubt netted similarly by the Mandarin responsible for the main sewerage. A yearly official inspection is made of the *Cloaca Maxima* of Pekin in a characteristically Chinese manner. The in-

spector rides up to one end of the sewer, which, as every one knows, has been blocked up with filth for scores of years, and a coolie is solemnly despatched to enter and proceed right through, so as to demonstrate visibly the practicability of the passage. The inspecting party then ride round to the further end, whence a coolie is seen to emerge! No more searching examination or infallible test could surely be required, and the majesty of Chinese officialdom rides away perfectly satisfied. Again, the roadway inside the Tartar city is lined on both sides with many hundreds of booths where Chinese families reside and keep shops. This encumbering of the public highway is contrary to law, and is only winked at by the police in consideration of heavy blackmail being forthcoming, extorted from the tenants. Whenever, however, the Emperor announces his intention of riding abroad, a complete clearance is made, so that no unauthorized structures or other obstructions may offend the imperial eye. When his Majesty re-enters his palace, all the booths and stalls are replaced *in statu quo*.

The extraordinary thing about Pekin is that the Foreign Ministers seem quite content, if not to prefer, that the capital should remain in its present disgraceful condition. Not long since some correspondence took place between the Tsung-li-Yamen and the Foreign Ministers on the proposal that Legation Street and its vicinity, which amounts to about one twenty-fifth of the aggregate superficial area of the city, should be made over as a foreign concession, on the condition that one twenty-fifth of the revenue raised from the people for the up-keep of the street should be handed over to the Ministers to devote actually and legitimately to that object. The Chinese authorities favored the idea, but had to confess that the money was not really spent on the object for which it was raised, and nothing was done in consequence; but it is impossible to believe that a compromise could not have been hit upon, if Ministers had been in real earnest to improve matters and bring the condition of the capital of the largest Empire of the world up to the level of the

humblest of its treaty ports. Even the modest proposal to start a water-cart for Legation Street by means of voluntary subscriptions had to be abandoned because only one contribution was obtained, *i. e.*, £2 from the German Minister! Water is very bad and dear in Pekin, yet it is easily obtainable from the hills thirteen miles away; and the remains of the old works, as well as the ruins of the sewers, which were all in good order 350 years ago, are still to be seen, and could be utilized again if it was anybody's business to see to the matter.

The truth is that corruption in China is so rank, and the vested interests that have grown up are so widespread and all-embracing, that the policy which would seek to reform effectually must come from without and have, as well, a strong international backing. There are, no doubt, here and there honest Chinamen high in office, but they are almost lost and powerless amid those who, while their official salary is about equal to that of a junior clerk in Europe, manage to amass a vast fortune by "squeezing."

To cleanse this Augean stable must be a work of time, but I am perfectly convinced that an important beginning might and should be set on foot at once. The aim should be to strengthen, develop, and enrich China through the instrumentality of those Powers who will suffer most loss if she be permitted to fall a victim to the rapacity of others. To do this, England, the United States, and Germany—the nations most interested in keeping the door open—should make common cause, as I have contended above. China has already availed herself of German military instructors to drill and reorganize her army in some of the provinces, and she has applied to England to reorganize her navy. The two Powers, if united in this purpose, are quite strong enough to carry this reorganization of armaments into effect throughout the Empire, and thus ensure that the territorial integrity of China shall be respected against further inroads. In this I do not wish to imply that the cessions of Port Arthur, Kiao-Chow, and Wei-hai-wei are steps involving inexcusable violations of ter-

ritory and calling for revocation. I do not look upon these leases or quasi-annexations as altogether unmixed evils. It was necessary in the first instance to bring forcibly home to the Chinese mind, to the perception of the *litterati**—who, I believe, constitute the nucleus of the future public opinion of the Celestial Empire—the gravity of the danger that menaces their independence, and at the same time to furnish *points d'appui* and visible evidences of the *locus standi* of those Powers who are most interested in the future of China; but it would be a grave mistake, in my judgment, to extend the experiment to the point of creating spheres of influence, which would merely mean partition in disguise, and which could not be determined without the arbitrament of war. As I have remarked before, Great Britain's sphere of influence in China is co-extensive with the whole of that Empire, and she could not in honor relinquish her treaty rights therein, or abandon those of her subjects who have embarked their capital in provinces now coveted by other Powers. It would be well for Germany in her own interests to follow the advice tendered to her by those of her people who have most knowledge of the East, and throw in her lot with us in our Chinese policy. But, whether or no, I have no fear for the result, if only "England to herself be true."

Our policy is the only one by which the commercial world may hope to build up a trade with China; and Germany and the United States are our natural auxiliaries in the furtherance of that policy, which has in addition the cordial approval of Japan. In the case of the United States the value of their trade with China has nearly trebled since 1890, and we may rest assured that this development is still in its infancy, especially as the annexation of Hawaii and the proposed

* In connection with this it is very significant that an Imperial Edict has been recently issued enjoining the Board of Examinations to set papers of practical utility in future, instead of the abstract literary theses formerly propounded. The reform is one that will probably be far-reaching in its effects.

acquisition of a coaling station in the Philippines, to say nothing of Cuba and the Ladrones, shows the expansion that the United States are about to undergo. Westwards this expansion is destined to bear important fruit, for the trade between the fast-growing communities on the Pacific coasts of Canada and the United States with China and Japan bears evidence of rapid growth, as well as that between Australia and China. In the latter the United States will probably participate if she decides to retain the Philippines, for these islands occupy a most advantageous intermediate position between Australia and the Far East. It is not necessary here to dwell on the question of an Anglo-American alliance, because the details of a political union or understanding of that character are best evolved automatically, in obedience to the promptings

of the national sentiment that is working so powerfully on both sides of the Atlantic. But, whether such a closer union is destined to be speedily fulfilled or not, there can be no doubt that, for the sake of her unborn millions and marvellously expanding country, America is bound to see that the great markets of the world are not shut against her, and to support our commercial aim and policy in China. And in stipulating for a renunciation of the mistaken notion of creating "spheres," whether of influence or interest, and resolutely adhering to the principles of the Treaty of Tientsin—re-stated as that of the "open door"—and equal commercial advantages for all alike—we are gaining strong sympathies that may ripen into alliances and make our views and policy prevail sooner than the world thinks.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE: THE COMPANIES.

GOLD and furs have colonized the Americas. Wherever they were to be found or sought, Europeans have subjugated or exterminated the native races. In the quest of gold the Spanish conquistadores led the way in the torrid south, and De Soto in his hunt after the fabled El Dorado found a grave in the waters of the Mississippi which he had discovered. He was followed by Raleigh and the English adventurers who went to Guiana on the same bootless errand. The gains of the later gold-seekers were great, and they enriched the world at the cost of cruelties and sufferings unspeakable. Since Pizarro pillaged the Incas and Cortez freighted the galleons with the treasures of the Montezumas, down to the shooting at sight in the mining-camps and gambling saloons of the Far West, the gold hunters have always held lives cheap, indifferent to their own and careless of those of others. But perhaps the great fur trade has been at least as lucrative, and there is a broader variety of wide romance in it. Certainly it has done more for civilization and exploration, for it was the making of the great Canadian Dominion, as it

opened up America west of the Mississippi to settlement by the States of the south and the seaboard. From the first, the fur-hunters have pursued a gainful but desperately speculative traffic, in the face of unparalleled hardships and perils. As the capitalists who financed the trade staked their hopes of fortune on contingencies they could neither foresee nor control, so each separate career of the retainers in their service was one of suffering, cheered and enlivened only by adventure. Familiarity with death became second nature. For the fur-bearing animals were to be found only in regions of lonely desolation, stretching northward toward the Arctic circle, where the musk-ox barely got a living in the winter by scraping for lichens beneath the snow; or, farther to the south, in a wilderness of mountains and waters, swarming with hostile savages, who fiercely resented their intrusion, where they scaled stupendous ranges, threaded gloomy gorges almost impracticable, or in frail canoes followed the course of rivers raging over an alternation of shoals and cataracts. We say nothing now of the rigors of

the northern climate, though sometimes, so far south as the Saskatchewan, the temperature falls to -62° , or 94° of frost—and the blast of a blizzard is sudden death.

It was the French in Canada who originated the fur trade. We must own that France has had ill luck in colonization: she did much in days when her population was more redundant, and she has some reason to be jealous of British successes. We shouldered her out of India, when, with the genius of a Dupleix, the result of the struggle seemed a toss-up; and after Montcalm had fallen gloriously on the Heights of Abraham, we entered into the fruits of her spirited enterprise in the Canadas. Colbert and other French Ministers at home, with such statesmen as Talon and the Marquis de Frontenac, when sent abroad to administer the great transatlantic colony, saw that the Indian traffic must be the foundation of its prosperity. Agriculture was to come in due course, but for long it could be barely self-supporting. Meantime the sole exports from the unexplored Indian country were its peltries. There are no more exciting or pathetic stories of adventure than those of the exploring missionaries of the French occupation. La Salle, after a hundred years, re-discovered the Mississippi. Joliet and Marquette had traced the chain of the Great Lakes, and Father Hennepin had been the first European to hear the roar of Niagara. La Salle confidently believed that the Mississippi would lead him to the Californian Gulf, whence he could sail to China, which shows how little these daring pioneers knew of the adventures they courted. There were two conflicting influences ever at work, and it is hard to say which of the two inspired the more indomitable resolution. The Church had asserted its supremacy over the State both at Quebec and Montreal. The priests had Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, and the zealous rivalry of contending orders behind them. Like modern French missionaries in China, they went to America—or at least the rank and file—with a single-minded longing for the conversion of the heathen. It is true they were content with faint

signs of Christianity; but for themselves they were vowed to self-sacrifice, and rather ambitious than otherwise of the crown of martyrdom. Not a few expired in cruel tortures, chanting with their last breath the litanies of their Church, and praying like their Saviour for the forgiveness of their tormentors. Yet it must be remembered that all those Catholic missions were supported by the profits of the fur trade. The convents and their generals, with the governors of the State, were active promoters of fur companies. On the other hand were the secular adventurers, pure and simple, of whom La Salle was the least selfish and the most ambitious. Perhaps we may compare him to Cecil Rhodes, for he chiefly valued wealth as the stepping-stone to power or fame. But the missionaries and statesmanlike heroes alike paved the way for the trafficking explorers, as bold as themselves, who trode emulously in their footsteps. The governors, who looked to the furs to fill their coffers, and who were in a manner responsible for the lives of those adventurous men, began to establish fortified posts on the lakes for their protection and for the due regulation of the trafficking. The commandants had a difficult and dangerous task. For when the whites and the half-breeds met the savage Indians, bringing canoe-loads of peltries from distant regions, among the first articles of barter were spirits, powder, and knives. The carouses beginning in good-fellowship were apt to end in bloodshed, and so there were endless vendettas beyond the frontier, which were forever renewing the eternal strife.

The trade was virtually a close monopoly. The licenses were to be obtained from the governor, and they were granted on his own terms, either for hard cash or from political considerations. At first they were given only to traders who personally conducted the expeditions, afterward they came to be sold to the middlemen, who retailed them at an enhanced price. But the result was that all the manhood and spirit of the colony either hired themselves to the capitalists or went adventuring on their own account. Agriculture and lumbering were almost

brought to a standstill. It was even a more serious consideration that the settlements around the cities were left exposed to the attacks of the Indians. The Government was driven to severe measures, yet arbitrary legislation only made matters worse. Moreover, other causes were simultaneously at work. The Catholic Church has generally been supposed to encourage gayety and innocent dissipation. But it is a curious fact that at that time the rule of the priests in Quebec and Montreal was almost as austere as that of the Puritans in Boston and Philadelphia. Chiefly, and not without very good reason, the Church set its face against the drinking habits, which were universal among men suffering habitually from cold and hardships. License was only tolerated, and involuntarily tolerated, in Montreal at the great annual fur fair, when all the townsfolk with their savage guests had been in the habit of getting drunk from time immemorial. But neither the trappers when they came home to squander their gains in holiday-making, nor the loafers of the cities to whom they willingly stood treat, could suffer these intolerable restrictions. Consequently, and in spite of edicts and penalties, there was a general stampede of the male population to the woods. It was then, as we are inclined to believe, that for the first time the French trappers, hunters, and canoe-men got the name of *coureurs de bois*, which they retained ever after when in the service of the companies. In fact, the woods and the back-waters began to swarm with bands of lawless vagabonds who were literally bushrangers, and who dare not show their faces in the settlements under pain of arrest and punishment. Outlawed and desperate, they infested the precincts of the frontier posts, uniting the worst vices of civilization to the savagery of their Indian allies. So it was that French Canada had been rather embarrassed than helped by her best manhood when Montcalm succumbed to Wolfe, and England effected the conquest. Then began the embittered rivalry of two great fur companies, when free-fighting went on far beyond reach of the law, and crimes could be perpetrated with practical impunity.

When the settlers of La France Nouvelle were developing their fur trade under official encouragement, the Hudson Bay Company had been established. Charles II. had granted a charter to his cousin Prince Rupert, giving away a vast territory which was not his to bestow. In 1670, when the Company was founded, Charles had no legal rights in America. By the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye in 1632 the English had conceded to the French all their claims on New France. So late as 1697, by the treaty of Ryswick, the cession of these claims was confirmed. It is true that "spheres of influence" beyond the Atlantic were little respected in those days, for France herself had encroached on the rights of Spain, though solemnly sanctioned by papal bull. Virtually, nevertheless, the Hudson adventurers were trespassers. Yet for a time the Government of the Canadas did not move in the matter. With limitless territories of their own to *exploiter*, with a European population of scarcely 60,000 souls, it could hardly have seemed worth while. The cold of the Canadian winter is intense, but it is little to that on the inhospitable shores of Hudson Bay, enveloped in fogs and darkness for three-fourths of the year. The very name was of sinister omen, for Hudson had come to unknown grief in the gulf he had discovered. Wonderful were the courage and self-denial of the handful of hardy pioneers who first stockaded a fortalice on that forbidding coast, where they had to fetch the timber by ships from afar and bore into the frozen ground with gigantic gimlets. The illimitable wastes around, still known as the Barren Grounds, were intensely depressing. The silence was seldom broken, save by the screams of the seafowl flying landward before a storm. The musk-ox—more of a sheep by the way—was the only animal of any size that made its home there. The wolf, the moose, or the reindeer would sometimes stray thither in the short summer, but they were always prompt to quit with the first sprinkling of the snows. The settlers had cut themselves loose from society and civilization. Still the communications with the depots at Fort York, Fort Albany,

and Fort Moose are only kept up by a single annual vessel, and if the arrival is unduly delayed, the lonely garrisons in fear of starvation are in a fever of anxiety. Even as fur-preserves those heaven-forsaken territories could not compare with the wealth of the vast sub-Arctic forests lying farther to the south, which stretch northward from the Saskatchewan, down the valleys of the Mackenzie and Fraser rivers, with their swamps and muskegs, where all fur-bearing animals, from the beavers and gray foxes down to the musk-rats, had from time immemorial multiplied in security.

Yet from these small beginnings the Company expanded till it had annexed a territory as large as Europe. That is, of course, but an approximate guess, for those wastes will never be surveyed. But when compelled to transfer its domains to the Canadian Dominion, it owned everything from the Arctic circle to the Red River, including Labrador, Prince Rupert's Land, what are known now as the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island. The expansion and the display of British spirit were in some respects more marvellous in their way than that by which another great commercial company gave England the empire of India. Clive and those who followed in his footsteps, stiffening their native levies with mere handfuls of disciplined troops, scattered countless hosts of warlike Orientals. The fur-hunters had to contend with the forces of nature, with immense distances, with utter desolation, and the cruel severity of the climate. Yet the wilderness was not absolutely unpeopled—when the Company sold their territory the other day they were believed to have 100,000 native subjects in that vast expanse—and the natives were naturally inclined to resent their invasion. As they advanced their undefined frontiers, they had to intrench their positions. The Hudson Bay post was not only an outlying trading station, but the symbol of the strong Company's continuity. It was backed up by an unknown and mysterious power; and it was by prestige that the two or three whites, with some half-dozen of half-breeds by way

of bodyguard, held their own among the scattered tribes. To begin with, two of these posts were established on the shores of James and Hudson Bays. These were to be the permanent bases of operations. In 1869 there were upward of 150, occupied and garrisoned by fifty chief factors and chief traders, 150 clerks, and 1300 inferior servants. The posts were more or less formidable according to the importance of the district trade and the value of the contents, but all were of much the same character. The foreign luxuries—the powder and spirits—stored in the magazines were inestimable treasures in the eyes of the Indians, who were freely admitted under certain conditions. These posts were safe against surprise, and could stand a prolonged siege against enemies only armed with bow and tomahawk. A parallelogram was surrounded by stockades of tree-stems about thirty feet in height. There were bastions pierced for guns at the corners, like the turrets of the old Scottish embattled castle. Galleries loopholed for musketry ran all around the fortification. The only entrance was by a gateway strongly secured, raked and commanded by light pieces of ordnance. Within were the magazines, the residences of the men, and sometimes a piece of garden-ground where hardy vegetables were raised. The victualling was necessarily precarious at best, and sometimes the inmates were reduced to dire extremity. In the far north, where game was scarce, it was always an ascetic life, and when not actually constrained to fast, the garrison had often to fall back upon a fish diet. Farther to the south the living was luxurious enough in a fair hunting season, and the lonely men revelled in rough plenty. The rude tables of rough-hewn planks groaned under a superabundance of good cheer—buffalo humps, ribs, and marrow-bones, saddles of the moose, and haunches of venison. The less choice portions of the meat were sundried and stored up against the winter. But there were seasons when the roving herds of buffalo stopped short and turned back in the periodical migration, when moose and deer were scarce and shy, or when the savages spoiled the

white man's chase. These men of enormous appetites and incredible powers of digestion took up hole after hole in their belts, till they were wasted to walking skeletons, and had barely strength to shoulder their guns. As for what we call the essentials of civilization, they loved them passionately, but learned often to dispense with them. Coffee, sugar, and salt came once a year with the letters and papers from the annual ship, and there was no reckoning with possible accidents to the canoes or the dog-sledges. For tobacco, which was even more indispensable, they found an unsatisfactory substitute in birch-bark or the insipid leaves of a shrub, which tantalized them by provoking painful comparisons.

Latterly all the *employés* were caught young: only lads born in the solitudes of the Highlands could habituate themselves to the life of loneliness; only constitutions of iron, hardened under hereditary conditions, could endure so tremendous a strain. It was essential that the brain-power of the factors should be unimpaired, and that their energies should rise superior to the depressing surroundings,—in fact, that the man must be all there when a sudden call was made on his mental resources. It may be assumed that the first adventurers consisted chiefly of Englishmen, although the Scottish invasion of England had set in with the accession of King James. But it is certain that afterward, both with the Hudson Bay Company and its great Canadian rival, the names of factors, traders, and prominent partisans, with scarcely an exception, were Scottish. The story of trade and discovery in the North-West reads like a muster-roll of the clans, and mainly of the northern clans of the second order. There are MacTavishes, MacGillivrays, M'Kays, M'Lellans, M'Dougalls, with Frasers and Stuarts and the French Frobishers. A Mackenzie, a Fraser, and a Thompson gave their names to as many mighty rivers. That came in the natural course of things. The Company found its best recruiting-grounds in the Highlands, and enlisted the martial spirit of the mountaineers for a country where local feuds were forgotten. It was

different altogether when civil war broke out between the companies, and then the clansmen fought like fighting-cocks. But for the youth from Assynt or Applecross solitude had few terrors, as hardships had always been familiar. He had been born in some isolated glen and cradled in the mountain mists. He changed the soil but scarcely the climate, and as for the new circumstances, they opened a career to his ambition. He looked forward to promotion and increasing pay: in the North-West Company he drew profits on the co-operative system, and so he cast in his lot for life with the land of his adoption. He had little inducement to ask leave of absence for home, and such a request would probably have been answered by summary dismissal. Naturally a young man will turn to thoughts of love, but in that country there were few maidens of his own blood. And if he desired to be well considered by his superiors, he could do no better than get hand-fast with a native. The Company, though chiefly Scottish by race and Presbyterian by religion, winked at these illicit connections, for settlements removed several thousand miles from headquarters were not what Mr. Squeers would have called the shops for morals. But the managers encouraged mixed marriages on commercial and political grounds, for they deemed that an agent could do better business as a family connection of some Dogrib or Loucheaux chief.

The territory was autocratically administered, and the subordinates, within well-understood limits, had almost absolute discretion. Removed beyond the reach of the law, they were a law unto themselves. The agents were not partners, as in the North-West Company; but they were assured of advancement and a competency if enterprising and resourceful. And it is admitted that their government, though arbitrary, was admirable, so far as the Indians were concerned. It contrasted very favorably with that to the south of the international line, where parties were organized and sent out on the war-path, with premiums offered for the Indian scalps, irrespective of sex or age. In the north the innocent were

never made to suffer for the guilty, but any criminal was relentlessly sought out and hunted down. Consequently outrages came to be almost unknown, and latterly the posts might almost have been left unstockaded. But being commercial, the Company's policy was based on commercial selfishness. No intrusion was permitted on their boundless preserves. Only a portion had been guaranteed by charter or trading licenses, but the monopoly was everywhere secured by distances and desolation. To the west of the great lakes, down the Mississippi and up the Missouri, the solitary *voyageur* or *coureur de bois* might live by his gun and by barter, if he chose to risk having his hair raised by the savages with whom he traded. In the barren north he could only make sure of supplies at the posts of the Company, where the gate would most probably be closed against him. Even now that the charter has been resigned, exclusion is as stringent as ever, for the same conditions exist.

For more than a century the Hudson Bay Company flourished and expanded in comparative peace, although their forts at Albany and Moose were occasionally threatened by parties of Canadian hunters from Montreal. The transfer of Canada to the British in 1762 might have seemed likely to secure them from all further trouble. In reality it raised up their most formidable rival. For a few years the Canadian fur trade was utterly demoralized. It was transferred to British subjects who knew nothing of the ropes, and it degenerated into a ruinous competition. The sale of spirits to the Indians had been forbidden by the French; now they were debauched by adulterated fire-water, and swindled into shameful bargains when intoxicated. Murders and outrages were of constant occurrence, and bloodshed was speedily avenged by bloodshed. Then some of the principal Montreal merchants combined, and the English, or rather the Scots, entered into partnership with old French colonists to save the trade from destruction. The result was the formation of the North-West Company, in which the names of the leading partners were MacGillivray, MacTavish, and Frobisher. For long it exer-

cised undisputed authority over the woods and waters to the west of the Canadas. Thanks chiefly to the French element, it soon rallied to its flag the scattered hordes of *coureurs de bois* who had been trapping for their own hands since the conquest. These men became devoted to their new masters, and served their interests with the same unreasoning and unswerving fidelity as the clansmen of a Highland chieftain or the spearmen of a Border chief. But for half a generation they had been used to bushranging, nor was it easy to break them in to the loosest discipline. Moreover, the tribes in the districts where they trapped were numerous and warlike. So the Company established a chain of forts through the lake district, otherwise armed and defended from those of the Hudson Bayers. Here it was no case of a few sturdy Scots trafficking with a handful of pacific barbarians. The headquarters of the Company were established at Fort William on Lake Superior, and it was a really formidable sylvan fortress, with regular works and a heavy armament. There every year was held a solemn meeting, when the wealthy lords of the flourishing corporation made a demonstration to terrorize their savage allies and dependents. Washington Irving has described it graphically. The pomp and luxury of the city met the feudalism of the wilds. Wealthy partners from Montreal ascended the rivers in state barges, freighted with wines and delicacies, and carrying cooks and confectioners. Descending the rivers from remote stations came weather-beaten Highlanders dressed in deerskins, with moccasins that were masterpieces of bead-work. These hardy veterans had mustered their Celtic tails, and came in equal but more barbaric state with their pipers. They met for business, like shareholders in the Cannon Street Hotel, but the chief business seems to have been revelry. In a lofty baronial hall, with rough wooden walls and rafters, the ponderous tables were laden with sylvan and civic dainties, and with wines mingling with Scottish whiskey and old Jamaica: they kept it up till most of them slipped down. Irving, who assisted at some of those

carouses, speaks of the old Scottish songs, chanted in voices cracked and sharpened by the northern blasts. Outside the merriment was at least as boisterous, where bushrangers and boatmen, Indians and half-breeds, were regaling without stint, though upon coarser fare.

It was inevitable that the competing companies should clash sooner or later. They were divided by blood and religion as well as by trade jealousy. The *employés* of the Northern company were Scottish almost to a man; those of the Southern association were chiefly French Canadians or half-breeds, and superstitiously Catholic. When they did come together at last, they were always ready to fight, employing all the arts of Indian warfare. That most of the partners of the North-West were also Scottish did not tend to ameliorate matters, as they showed when Lord Selkirk's unfortunate Highland settlers on the Saskatchewan were ground to pieces between the upper and the nether millstone. It was on the Saskatchewan that the companies first came to blows. The case was something like our present troubles with pushing foreign neighbors in Africa. The North-Westerns were in actual possession of the Saskatchewan valley, and claimed, besides, the legitimate succession to the old French explorers. The Hudson Bay Company held to a sort of hyperborean Monroe doctrine, which gave them all the unsettled territory they could grasp. If forgotten graves could give up their secrets, they could tell many a tale of violence or treachery between Fort Garry and Jasper House, on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Naturally neither company cared to keep records of that ignominious and discreditable warfare, when ambushes, surprises, and slaughter swelled the balances and paid the dividends. Forts were fired and fur-stores destroyed or emptied. But we can surmise something of it from the historical accounts of the unprovoked assaults of the North-Westerns on the Selkirk colonists. Then men were massacred, and women were never spared, by ruffians, subsidized, commended, and rewarded by merchants of position and unquestioned "respectability." The

settlement was broken up for a time, solely to preserve the fur monopoly, and its founder died at Pau of a broken heart.

In the beginning of the century, except for the Russians in Alaska, the American fur trade was still a British monopoly. The North-West Company, in possession of all the borderland, had been pushing their enterprise far into territory belonging to the United States. Only nominally belonging, for beyond the Mississippi the States had done nothing to explore their dominions or assert their rights. When commercial treaties had been signed with Canada, the Americans turned their attention seriously to furs. The Mackinaw Company was formed, and it did a brisk import business. But it was the German emigrant, Jacob Astor, who had the idea of making himself a millionaire, and of developing to the profit of his adopted country the vast internal trapping-grounds of the unknown west. He had started as a shopkeeper in a small way of business; a chance meeting on a sea-voyage with a retail furrier suggested a venture in Canadian peltries, which paid him well; and then he began to cherish dreams of his destiny as a prince of commerce. The profits of his fur trading were invested in building lots in New York, and so he gradually built up a gigantic fortune. But Astor, though a keen man of business, had nothing of the pettiness of the trader. He was a patriot and ambitious; his audacious schemes were matured with cool calculation; and, like Louis Napoleon, he knew how to wait, for he had more than his share of disappointments and reverses.

Before 1804 the Californian coast was separated from Manhattan and Boston by something like a six months' voyage round the Horn, supposing the weather to be favorable. The land route over country marked "unexplored" had never been attempted, and was considered impracticable. Trappers and hunters had penetrated within sight of the Rockies, visible for many hundred miles in that transparent atmosphere, and had brought back evil reports of the stupendous barrier. Imagination peopled it, like the

mythical Mountains of the Moon, with fabulous horrors. If the horrors were fabulous, the perils were real enough, as Lewis and Clarke found in 1804, when, ascending the Missouri to its mountain sources, they forced the passes and descended on the Californian Gulf. But now that the way had been pioneered, and the vague terrors of the Unknown dissipated, future communications became possible, and only a question of time. Astor was the first to realize that, and it induced him to enlarge a daring enterprise he was meditating. He had meant to organize a fur trade on the Pacific, establishing regular connections with the lucrative markets in Canton. Captain Cook, among his many discoveries, may be said to have discovered the sea-otter. It is only to be found on the shores of the Northern Pacific, and its fur is the most valuable of all, not excepting the silver fox. The Californian gold deposits were as yet unsuspected, and the wealth of the sea furs had only been precariously *exploité* by the Russians and by some enterprising mariners from New England. Astor founded a company, with a capital of a million dollars—said to have been mainly provided by himself—and he obtained a charter from the State of New York. He was to establish his Pacific headquarters in some safe anchorage. An annual ship was to bring supplies from New York, and transport the furs to Canton. The freight was to be collected by a flotilla of tenders, touching everywhere along the coast and landing agents to traffic with the Indians. A great company would have the advantage of its petty rivals, and he proposed to get rid of Russian competition by offering what was virtually a sleeping partnership. He undertook to supply their Alaskan posts, for the difficulty of victualling was their great drawback; they, on the other hand, were to carry his furs direct to the northern Chinese ports, where they were chiefly in demand. Thus he would be spared the cost of land-carriage from Canton, which was the sole distributing centre for other European traders. His plans promised to work out satisfactorily; he had almost come to an understanding with

the Russians; he had already floated the Mackinaw Company, and was making overtures to the great corporation of the "North-West," when these, after long hesitation, were rejected. The North-West Company had already been throwing out feelers toward the Columbia river, and now they decided on attempting to anticipate Astor and secure the Pacific trade for themselves. Probably it was that unexpected refusal which provoked him into extending his schemes. He would no longer be content with trading along the coast, and picking up what furs were consigned at the mouths of the rivers. He would embrace in his operations the unknown expanse which had been penetrated at the centre by Lewis and Clarke; his posts should extend from the Oregon estuary to St. Louis, and be scattered about the upper waters of the Columbia on the one side, along the Missouri and its innumerable tributaries on the other. And to a great extent he realized his dream, although obstacles unforeseen delayed its fulfilment. The opposition of the North-West Company he must have anticipated. When they rejected his overtures it was a declaration of hostilities, and he knew what such warfare meant among fur-hunters. But he was not prepared for the quarrel between America and Great Britain, which broke out at a most unlucky moment for him, nor could he reasonably have counted on the exceptional catastrophes which must have daunted a less determined man, and drained less ample resources.

He had the spirit of enterprise in excess; he had provided the capital, but he had to hunt up agents with practical knowledge. There the hostile Association came to his aid. The North-West Company was a close corporation, and necessarily a limited one. Some of the best men they had trained were disappointed and resentful. These officials had either thrown up their engagements or been dismissed. Several of them had come to the American States in quest of occupation. Impecunious or in debt, and shut out from the Canadian monopoly, Astor found it easy to come to terms with them—the rather, that he behaved with great generosity. They signed on

as partners in his new undertaking, but they contributed little but their experience.

Had there been confidence and cordiality between the promoter and his partners, his enterprise would still have seemed speculative almost to folly. His scheme, as we have said, was twofold. He looked forward to opening up America west of the Missouri to his trade; but at first his settlements on the Pacific were to rest on a sea-basis. The region where he intended to establish his headquarters was still in dispute between England and the States. When at length his plans were matured, war appeared inevitable. He was bound to come to an understanding with his Russian rivals, who ruled in Alaska with a military despotism. The supplies of his settlement and the articles which were the currency of his commerce depended on the safety of the single ship, which had to weather the storms and icebergs of the Horn and run the gauntlet of the perils of the coast from the Straits of Magellan to the sand-bars of the Columbia. Failure to arrive after prolonged suspense might lead to disorders, desertion, or mutiny.

But assuming that all went well, and the season's trading was prosperous, the whole profits of each year must be staked on a single hazard. We have always thought that Monte Christo was unduly venturesome when he stowed away all the treasures of his grotto in a tiny bark and steered out upon a sea infested by pirates; but the shrewd Astor proposed to do much the same year after year. The priceless furs can be packed in small bulk; and the ship that was to stand across once a-year from the Columbia to Canton would be almost as well worth plundering as a gold-laden galleon homeward bound from Carthage. Yet the vessel carrying the fortunes of the Company only incurred extraordinary sea-risks, and might have been insured at proportionate rates. As for the adventurers who took the untrodden overland route, we doubt whether a first-class insurance company would have granted them life policies upon any terms.

The enterprise was floated in Sep-

tember, 1810, with the sailing of the *Tonquin* from New York. The *Tonquin* is described as a fine ship, yet she was only of 290 tons burden: she mounted ten tiny guns, and was manned by twenty men. Laden almost down to the gunwale, she carried all the elements of trouble. There were swaggering Canadians, soon prostrated by sea-sickness, and regarded with supreme contempt by the seamen. When the *voyageurs* got their sea-legs, squabbles were incessant. There were American artisans who sided with the sailors. The American captain detested the Scottish partners, and the troubles came to a head when he threatened to put his employers in irons. In short, a comedy of cross-purposes had nearly turned to a bloody tragedy when the *Tonquin* cast anchor off the shores of the Columbia. The land of promise gave no hospitable welcome. There was a rush of conflicting currents, like the roosts of the Shetlands, and the breakers were raging furiously on the bar. Nevertheless the passage must be attempted, and two boats were sent in to take soundings. One was never heard of again; the other was swamped, and most of the crew perished. But at last a landing was effected, after more than the usual quarrelling, and a site was selected for the fort. It was stockaded, armed, and slenderly garrisoned, and the natives, though pilferers, were not unfriendly. The future of the little settlement was to be a checkered one, and the fort was more than once to change proprietors; but the fate of the *Tonquin* was soon decided. Soon after she sailed for the north sinister rumors alarmed Astoria, to be confirmed on the return of a native interpreter, the sole survivor of a lamentable catastrophe. The *Tonquin* had come to grief in a harbor of Vancouver's Island. Though the natives in these seas were notoriously treacherous, they had been permitted to board the vessel in considerable numbers. More foolishly still, though their bearing was insolent, the knives which were in special demand were freely bartered for furs. Too late the captain took alarm, and ordered the ship to be cleared. He was answered by a war-

whoop, followed by a massacre. The seamen though surprised fought desperately, and four escaped to barricade themselves in the deck-cabin. They opened a musketry fire that cleared the decks, and then, manning the deck-swivels, they scattered the canoe fleet. Had they stuck to their ship they might have saved themselves, but, seeking to escape, were overtaken in the darkness and put to death with horrible tortures. One man, mortally wounded, had remained on board: he had foretold the fate of those who abandoned him, assuring them at the same time that they should be amply avenged. With daybreak the savages were seen again putting off from the shore. Then Lewis managed to drag himself to the bulwarks, and with friendly signals invited them on board. Greedy for pillage, they accepted, and once more the decks were crowded. Then the train that had been laid to the powder-magazine was fired, and the air was filled with shattered timber and corpses. The calculated vengeance was complete, but it did not facilitate Astor's trading operations.

The garrison at Astoria detached parties up the river to establish connections with the Indian tribes. These parties were so many forlorn hopes, who courageously faced the dangers they vaguely realized. A single example may give an idea of the hardship of the ventures. One of the partners with eight followers had established himself in the far interior. In the autumn a canoe arrived at Astoria, bringing back four of the adventurers. The news were good; the trade was promising, but food was scarce and hard to come by. With famine staring him in the face, the leader calculated that five men might struggle through where nine must starve. So rather than abandon the enterprise he decided with only four companions to brave the rigors of the winter, and risk the probabilities of massacre.

That post was 700 miles from the fort. Remote enough, the distance was relatively nothing to that which had to be traversed by the land expedition through regions for the most part unexplored. We can only rapidly trace its fortunes. The chosen leader

was a certain Mr. Hunt, who seems to have shown on a small scale the qualities of a great captain. It was not the least of his difficulties that he had to deal with undisciplined men, who had betaken themselves to the wilderness in sheer recklessness, and whose fiery independence resented control. The recruiting-ground and the point of departure was Montreal. Reckless as they were, the *voyageurs* and free trappers were slow to enlist for an enterprise which was hazardous beyond their experience. The older companies did all in their power to discourage them. By incredible exertions, by flattering their vanity and discharging their debts, Hunt at last got the necessary number together, and a motley and turbulent crew they were. He stiffened them afterward by some good men he picked up, returning from solitary trapping expeditions on the mountains. From Montreal they made their way by water to St. Louis on the Mississippi, then the capital of western pioneering and the real basis of operations. Thence, what with hard drinking and excitement, the adventurers started in exuberant spirits. So they began the ascent of the Missouri, which runs a course of 3000 miles from its sources in the mountain water-shed. As the stream was strong, the progress was slow, and the boatmen, toiling with oars and poles, were in constant peril of shipwreck from shoals, snags, and drifting timber. Often the navigable channel swept round beneath overhanging bluffs, where they were at the mercy of wandering bands of savages, armed with guns as well as bows and arrows. More than once they were in imminent danger, and only escaped by negotiation and paying the river dues. For even when they were entertained in villages nominally friendly, the chiefs laid the traders under contribution, like the old robber barons of the Rhine. Moreover, it became a race with other whites for the hunting-grounds of the Pacific slopes. An agent of the Missouri Fur Company had followed close on their heels, and although amicable relations were ostensibly kept up, he missed no opportunity of intriguing against them.

When compelled to winter in a vil-

lage of the Aricaras, they had done little more than make a fair start. Hitherto though the boating had been toilsome, the travelling had been relatively safe, and they had needed neither guides nor interpreters. Now they were to exchange their boats for horses, and strike into the unknown. It was like venturing without compass or rudder on an ocean swarming with pirates. Immediately before them lay the country of the warlike Sioux; beyond these were the Crows and the Blackfeet, who lurked in the gorges and ravines of the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. All these savages were equally eager for scalps and plunder; all fiercely resented the intrusion of the whites on their hunting-grounds. The obstacles interposed by nature were to the full as formidable. First came the great American desert, stretching from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies. Even in the spring the streams begin to shrink or dry up, and as the herbage withers the game shifts its quarters. Fuel there is none in that treeless waste; and any cooking, when there was anything to cook, depended on the chance of finding buffalo-dung. Beyond the desert and the outlying range of the Black Hills was the barrier of the Rockies. By dint of indomitable perseverance and resolution that barrier was at last surmounted. After quelling mutiny and counterplotting treachery by a judicious mixture of tact and determination, Hunt struck a stream flowing toward the Pacific, and looked down upon a chaos of bleak desolation. A dreary outlook it was; nevertheless their exhilaration was great, and they had little foreboding of the troubles in store for them. It was now the end of September; they had been travelling for fourteen months, and another winter was approaching.

Time was precious, and yet haste was impossible. Their horses were well-nigh worn out with hard work and low feeding, and when they reached a river that seemed fairly navigable they were inclined again to betake themselves to canoes. So it was decided, and it was an unhappy mistake. Invaluable time was lost in getting the timber and building. Then

they neglected the warnings of friendly Indians, and launched their frail craft upon the Mad river, which well deserved the name. It brawled between precipitous banks, plunging down here and there in impracticable cataracts. The canoes had to be abandoned, and the party, reverting to land travel, regretted the horses left behind. Fortunately, perhaps, the numbers had been considerably reduced. It was characteristic of the hard conditions of the fur trade that when the adventurers, as they hoped, were within reach of their goal, the arrival of some of them should be indefinitely delayed. Sundry couples were detached with traps and guns to hunt in the hill tributaries of the Columbia in valleys hitherto untrodden by Europeans. If they saved their lives and the trapping was successful, they were to find their way as they could to the fort of Astoria. What the difficulties were may be surmised from the experiences of their comrades, under capable leaders and comparatively well equipped. The main party started again with provisions for only five days. They must have been at least 1200 miles from their destination, and autumn was drawing on toward winter. They cached their goods to lighten the loads, keeping only a little for occasional barter. But for two hundred miles they did not meet a living soul. They separated in search of bare sustenance, only to come together again when both parties were reduced to extremity of emaciation. When they did happen upon scattered bands of Indians, they found them in little better case than themselves. All were half-starving; they had buried their dried salmon, and their first proceeding was to drive away the horses which they could not be tempted to part with. At a critical moment the expedition was only saved by taking a camp by surprise and forcibly seizing half-a-dozen of horses. Some days they supported nature on diluted portable soup; other days they went altogether without food; now and again they had such a stroke of luck as to trap a beaver, which they stewed down with hips and blackberries. It shows wonderful vitality and powers of endurance that they were

still struggling forward when the snow-storms set in with December. At length they struck the Columbia river, where Indian settlements were more frequent. Even then their sufferings were not at an end, as they had fondly fancied. For days as they followed its sinuous course, as it flows between precipitous banks, they were on the point of perishing of thirst within sound and sight of the water. Finally they succeeded in hiring a couple of canoes, and paddled down-stream to the mouth of the river, where they were welcomed as men who had been given over for dead. The journey from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific had lasted for nearly two years.

A few sentences must bring the story of the companies to a close. The North-Westers reached the Columbia soon after Hunt's expedition, and they had suffered similarly, though somewhat less, thanks to greater experience and better organization. The war between Britain and America had broken

out. To anticipate capture by a British squadron, the partner in command at Astoria sold stores and furs to the North-West Company for less than a third of their value. To the disappointment of our officers, who had been hoping for prize-money, they found nothing but the dismantled fortalice to take over, when it changed its name from Fort Astor to Fort George. In Columbia and Oregon the North-West Company reaped what they could of the harvest for which Astor and his agents had been sowing the seed, till by the treaty of Ghent in 1818 Fort George again became American, and was once more known as Fort Astor. Then most of the Canadian traders returned to the Saskatchewan and the Lakes, and three years later, on the death of Lord Selkirk, the rival northern companies buried the war-hatchet. They amalgamated in 1821, when the North-West merged its name in that of the older association.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE CARLIST POLICY IN SPAIN.

BY RUVIGNY AND CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

THOSE of us who contend that in Don Carlos alone is any hope left for Spain, can desire no stronger corroboration of our contention than that provided by the really remarkable article of "A Spaniard," in the August number of this Review. Written by a man who states at the outset that he has devoted the best efforts of his life to the service of the dynasty, his words are free from the reproach of coming from a clever special pleader, and have to be considered gravely as those of a serious and well-informed historian. For ourselves, we could not desire a more eloquent counsel to plead on behalf of Legitimism, or more striking testimony to the failure of the Alfonsist dynasty, than that which he adduces.

The language he employs is so pointed, so terse, and so scathing, that had it been employed by professed Carlists it would have been discounted as inspired by indiscriminating partisanship. His denunciation of the usurp-

ing dynasty as a hideous failure is so complete that we have practically nothing to add to it, but before carrying the story a little further by shadowing forth the policy that Don Carlos purposes to adopt in the probable event of his restoration, we should like to refer to one or two points which, to persons not well informed in Spanish methods and inclined to judge Spanish systems by the test of their British equivalents, may seem to possess an undue importance.

For instance, it is true that the Carlists accepted from the Government a few seats in Parliament. What is not true is that they asked for them. In this country, this might be described as a distinction without a difference, but not so in Spain, where free and independent election is an unheard-of thing. *Teste* "A Spaniard" himself, every Spanish Cabinet invariably does obtain a large majority at elections. Since 1876, at any rate, it has been the

practice of all Spanish Governments to manipulate the elections, but to secure a seeming representation of the electorate by giving a few seats to Carlists and Republicans, as well as to supporters of the dynasty who are opposed to the Administration of the day. The number of these seats is the subject of previous arrangement, and the conferences held for this purpose between the *Ministro de Gubernacion*, or Home Secretary, and the chiefs of the various parties are duly reported, as matters of course, by the Madrid papers before each election.

That "out of forty-eight Spanish bishops only ten are Carlists" is no objection, and in no way testifies to the decadence of Carlism. That originally, at the time of the first war, the proportion was quite different, is due to the fact that episcopal appointments were made without political conditions, whereas all ecclesiastical promotion now is very naturally conferred by the dynasty upon clerics favorable, or at least not overtly hostile, to their cause. But whatever the sympathies of the episcopal bench may be, the sympathies of the rank and file of the clergy are with Don Carlos. The curés and friars are with him to a man, and that this has great political significance is proved by the strenuous efforts the Government are making to induce the Pope to exert all his influence in favor of his godson by forbidding the clergy to take any part in politics.

What is more serious, inasmuch as it contains a misstatement of fact, is "A Spaniard's" suggestion that the Salic Law is the only point of difference between Carlists and Alfonsists, and that the former assert that it was only a proper determination to uphold it which called them into being, whereas history refutes the assertion by showing that it was opposition to the wave of Liberalism which swept over Europe in 1830. We are not aware that Carlists have ever asserted that the Salic Law was their only touch-stone. Indeed, to be quite accurate, it is only the quasi Salic Law that was a feature of the constitution which they were called into being to maintain. They were pledged to preserve intact the laws and constitution of their country,

and to oppose principles which, under the much-abused name of Liberalism, were then in vogue, and which they believed would involve the ruin of Spain. Their belief has been proved to be well founded. The principles which they deprecated have, according to "A Spaniard," "gnawed away the very heart of the Spanish nation, struck the army and navy with incurable paralysis, and delivered over the people, bound hand and foot, to their ruthless enemies." Carlism needs no better testimonial than this admission on the part of one of its opponents.

It may be not uninteresting to suggest the contrast between what has happened in Spain and what has happened in Prussia. The wave of Liberalism that flooded Spain in 1830 recurred in Prussia in 1848, but Prussia, unlike Spain, possessed one man who not only foresaw the danger, but was strong enough to cope with it. When Frederic William was on the point of giving way to the demands of the revolutionists, Bismarck came to his support, and boldly proclaiming his belief in the divine right of kings, stemmed the torrent by sheer force of character. Liberalism was rejected at his instance, and Prussia stands to-day in the van of the nations; but had she adopted the pernicious principle as Spain adopted it, there can be few who will venture to allege that the same effects would not have followed the same causes, and that Spain's plight to-day would not have been Prussia's.

We confess that we are puzzled by the attitude taken up by so many of the leading London newspapers in referring to Don Carlos. In our opinion it is utterly un-English, that is utterly lacking in sturdy common sense and in the spirit of fair play. Sympathy with Dona Christina, as a woman and a mother, we can understand. But one of the penalties that she pays for her position is forfeiture of sympathy as a woman if she cannot compel admiration as a Queen. As a Queen she has failed signally, completely, and admittedly. To a very large extent she is directly responsible for Spain's disasters. We can scarcely dare to hope to carry conviction into the minds of the individual gentlemen who con-

trol the policy of our great journals, but inasmuch as it is our experience when advocating legitimism to be confronted with the *obiter dicta* of Lord Macaulay, and to be told that in face of these we are out of court, we venture to adapt a passage from that most inaccurate historian which, *mutatis mutandis*, seems pertinent to the case. With the necessary alterations the passage reads thus :

The advocates of Christina, like the advocates of other malefactors, against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts and content themselves with calling testimony to character. She has so many private virtues ! And has Charles VII. no private virtues ? Is Sagasta, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues ? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Christina ? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of any other Catholic in Spain, and all the ordinary household accomplishments which every German hausfrau acquires as a matter of course. A good mother ! A good wife ! Ample apologies indeed for twelve years of incapacity and misrule !

We charge her with having broken her coronation oath ; and we are told that she has kept her marriage vow ; we accuse her of having given up her people to the merciless inflictions of the most unpatriotic and self-seeking politicians, and the defence is that she has kept the throne for her little son. We censure her for having betrayed the interests of Spain, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them ; and we are informed that she is accustomed to spend her days in prayer. . . .

We are aware that obvious retorts are not wit, and we have no desire to stoop to the *tu quoque* form of argument ; but the choice of weapons is not ours, and in face of the intemperate and injudicious epithets which daily are being hurled at Don Carlos by some of the great London papers, we find it difficult to refrain from taking this page out of the book of their own chosen chronicler, and asking them to find the flaw in it for themselves. If it be a question of the lack of economy

and the fatuous maladministration of the parish council of Little Pedlington they will devote whole columns to hysterical denunciations of the temporary majority, be it moderate or progressive, that is responsible therefor. But when it is a question of a kingdom, the incapacity and corruption of whose government are denied by none, they are no less hysterical in their denunciations of those who say that that Government was rotten from its inception and should be tolerated no longer. Their attitude is scarcely consistent and we submit that ours is. To call Don Carlos names is wholly beside the point, and unless his opponents have some undivulged interest in the maintenance of the present corrupt dynasty, we contend that their hearts are more commendable than their heads.

If they were seriously to contend that politics—local, national, or international—were altogether removed from the region of logic or common sense, and that affairs were to be managed only as expediency dictated and apart from any scheme of continuity or desire for civilization, or, as Taine defined it, for progress, they might conceivably advance arguments in favor of their proposition. But as it is they condemn Christina's government, which they cannot deny is incapable and corrupt, and in the same breath they declare that, were Don Carlos to intervene, and endeavor to save his country from absolute extinction, he would forfeit the sympathy of the entire civilized world.

From the language they employ it might be thought that Don Carlos was a bogey, and that the editors of our journals were children crying in the dark. It is accepted as a fact, however, that bogeys disappear when a light is turned upon them, and we think the statement will be found to be true in the case in point.

The supporters of the dynasty derive much satisfaction from the blessed word Constitutionalism, and they urge that Carlism is merely absolutism spelt a different way. Within limits, we accept this as true, and one historical fact which ought to impress Englishmen favorably, since, as a race, they approve of fair dealing, and of having

the cards on the table, is that Don Carlos might have become King of Spain twenty-eight years ago, when the crown was offered him by Prim, Sagasta, and others, on the condition that he would reign as a constitutional sovereign, and that he declined to accept it on terms which involved the sacrifice of principle. More clear sighted than the men who brought this offer to him, he knew what constitutionalism had meant to Spain in the past, and what it would mean in the future. To have sacrificed his principles, and accepted the crown on terms, would not have availed his country anything, and he preferred fighting for his rights, and running the risk of failure, to an immoral and impolitic compact involving a system which, according to "A Spaniard," "ought never to have been supported by any self-respecting monarch." On the other hand, Englishmen have an idea that all sovereigns ought to be constitutional, and that consequently, a prince who aspires to be the former without being the latter must necessarily be animated by some sinister motive. Imitation being reckoned the sincerest form of flattery the average Briton is inclined to view with complacency the more or less successful attempts which have been made since 1830 to introduce British parliamentary institutions into various foreign countries. Don Carlos, however, and the Carlist party take a different view of the question in Spain, and the first article of their programme is the absolute destruction of the present Spanish Parliament, and the restoration of the ancient Spanish Cortes, the composition and functions of which will be explained hereafter.

The King, according to Carlist principles, is not only to reign but to govern. Instead of Ministers responsible to Parliament, there will be Secretaries of State responsible to the King, who, in his turn, is responsible to the people. For the Carlist principle does not imply, as is too commonly supposed in this country, the idea of autocracy as understood in Russia, and the Carlist motto "Dios Patria y Rey," represents an order of precedence thoroughly understood by the people, and faithfully accepted by the sovereign. The

form of the oath of allegiance to Don Carlos, taken under the oak of Guernica by the Senators of Biscay, *after* he had sworn fidelity to the "fueros," begins thus: "We who are individually your equals, and collectively your superiors." The fundamental laws of the kingdom will only be altered by the sovereign with the consent of the Cortes, but the execution of the existing laws and the initiation of new legislation will rest with the King alone. The Cortes, however, will retain the power of the purse, and the King will be dependent on them for supplies. The mode of electing the Cortes, under the restored *régime*, may at first sight seem strange to an Englishman accustomed to regard "The Mother of Parliaments" as a model for all other political mothers at the moment of parturition. We are too apt to forget that our British constitution has been maturing for an indefinitely long time, and why we should expect other countries to give birth to adult institutions, passes comprehension. Be this as it may, Don Carlos intends to do away with territorial representation altogether. There will be no Honorable Members for this, that, or the other place, but, in lieu thereof, every class in the country will elect representatives. The clergy, the nobility, the universities and schools, the learned professions, agriculture, trade, commerce, industry and labor, and the army and navy will all send those whom they choose to elect, so that the Cortes will be a truly representative body in which no class can ever be unrepresented. The members will have what the French term the "*Mandat Imperatif*," that is they will always be liable to be called to account by their constituents and dismissed by them at pleasure. To insure their independence, they will be absolutely debarred from all official and remunerative posts under government, and even from accepting titles and decorations or rewards of any kind. It was neglect of this salutary provision that caused the decadence of the old Cortes, and the absolute corruption of the new.

Decentralization is one of the chief points of the Carlist programme. Local centres will take the place of the

present bureaucracy in all matters of local interest, and municipal authority over local finance will resume its power. The ancient *Fueros* of the Basque Provinces, Navarre, Aragon, Valencia, Catalonia, and Majorca, with the ancient customs of Galicia and the Asturias will be restored; and even in those provinces where no such traditional institutions exist the principle of what the British call local self-government will be established. To describe the *Fueros* fully would require a volume, but it may be said, briefly, that they provide for the establishment of public bodies not unlike the County, District, and Parish Councils in this country; but whereas in our small islands, where there is little appreciable difference in race, language, and customs, these bodies are all framed on one model, in Spain they will vary in composition, functions, authority, and so on, in accordance with the past traditions and present necessities of each province. Although the kingdoms and principalities into which Spain was divided during the Middle Ages gradually became, by a series of dynastic intermarriages, united under one Sovereign, nevertheless, each retained its own parliament and laws after the manner of England and Scotland prior to 1707. Nearly all these local parliaments declared for Don Carlos V. in 1833, and, as a consequence, on the triumph of the Revolutionists they were abolished, and all attempts on the part of the different provinces to recover them have been suppressed with great severity. This is one of the reasons for the vitality and popularity of Carlism in the north of Spain, for, as we have seen nearer home, national aspirations are hard to kill, and although they are all Spaniards, the inhabitants of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, Galicia, and so on, differ from one another in many respects, both in race and language, and in the case of the Basque Provinces the inhabitants belong to a totally distinct race, and speak a language which has no analogy with any other living tongue. It is maintained by the Carlist party that this reform, or return to ancient practice, will effect a great saving in the finances of the country

which are now wasted on countless swarms of paid officials.

The system of decentralization was also to have been applied to the Colonies which, though they would have been politically governed from Madrid, would have enjoyed the privilege of self-government in all local matters. An admirable scheme had been prepared for the pacification and development of the Colonies, but in the present circumstances it seems idle to dwell upon this, though we may perhaps say that the office of Viceroy was to have been revived, and that very stringent measures had been devised to prevent this functionary from abusing his position to make money as, with the one notable exception of General Weyler, has too commonly been done by the Governors-General in recent times.

This is not a financial article, and, moreover, we do not feel called upon to display so much ingenuousness as to reveal to the man in possession the details of the domestic policy deemed wise by the lawful tenant. The necessity for a radical financial reform is, however, very evident to Don Carlos and his advisers, and a complete scheme has been prepared by competent authorities. A prominent feature of this scheme, and one which seems to have much to commend it, is that the Secretary of State, who will act as Finance Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be made independent of such mere political changes as may necessitate the removal of his colleagues.

The labor question has had the attention of the party, and is one in which Don Carlos has particularly interested himself. The formation of guilds and friendly societies is to be encouraged, and great efforts will be made to reduce the burden of taxation, which at present falls so heavily and so unfairly on the agricultural population, and thus to stop the drain of emigration to America and Africa.

Reorganization of the law courts, general economy, beginning with the reduction of the civil list, revision of the scale of wages paid to workmen, and reduction in the price of food stuffs, are other items of the legitimist programme, of which we have thought

it wise to give this brief indication, inasmuch as it is a common supposition in this country that Don Carlos is only working for his own restoration, and that his practical policy is nebulous in the extreme.

Carlists in England have hitherto contented themselves with what may almost be described as an appeal *ad misericordiam*, that Don Carlos shall be permitted to make his bid for his crown without being harassed by veiled or open hostility on the part of Great Britain, and have suggested that however much this country is enamored of constitutionalism, it is not called upon to intervene on its behalf in Spain. Just as Great Britain has kept the ring in the fight between Spain and the United States, and by her firm attitude has prevented European intervention on behalf of the former, so she ought to keep the ring in the impending struggle between Legitimism and Constitutionalism in Spain. If neutrality, as between Spain and America, was her proper attitude, so it should be as between Don Carlos and Don Alfonso; indeed, in the latter case there can be no justification for anything but neutrality.

It might have been thought that this was a very obvious remark, but, unfortunately, it cannot be considered a superfluous one in face of the oft-repeated statement that Don Carlos is contemplating an offence against civilization. The moment is, however, opportune for ventilating the opinion that, in the interests of this country, it will quite possibly be well that the pseudo-Constitutionalism in Spain should give place to Legitimism, as it most certainly will be for that unhappy country herself.

A characteristic feature of the history of the end of this century, as it will some day be written, will be the extraordinary uncertainty, the nervousness, and the extreme sensitiveness of all the governments in the world. The international political situation is chameleon-like in its change of color. Affairs which at one moment seemed settled and assured, are unsettled and critical the next, and it is as difficult a matter to remember the sequence of crises as it is to remember the sequence

of French Ministries. It has now become generally known that, in China, Germany was, until quite recently, working on parallel lines with Great Britain. She is doing so no longer. Russia is working directly against us. We have declined the Japanese alliance, and our "splendid isolation" is no empty phrase in the East. In the nature of things we are opposed to Russia. We have left Germany. We have scorned Japan. In the East we are alone. Unless we conciliate the Latin races we shall be alone in the West also, and our splendid isolation will be complete. The Anglo-American understanding is so vague a phrase, and its practical political advantages, even if it became a clearly defined fact, are so problematical, that it is premature to consider it, except as an amiable sentiment. It is by no means to the interests of Great Britain that Spain should drop out entirely from among the Powers, which she will inevitably do if the present corruption that is eating away her vitals is not checked. This can only be done by the radical excision of the cause of the malignant disease, which cause is nothing more or less than the pseudo-Constitutionalism which the Spanish people do not want, and for which they are not suited. Spain sees this clearly enough, and all that is in question, now that the dynasty is doomed, is whether it shall be replaced by Carlism or Republicanism. If she decides in favor of Carlism there is no reason for Europe to object, still less to interfere.

As things are in the Peninsula today, there are only two parties, Legitimist and Republican. There is no Alfonsist party outside the aristocracy of Madrid which attends the court functions, and the little ring of professional politicians whose occupation would go with the present Parliament. Of the two parties, it is difficult to say which is numerically the stronger; probably in the large towns the Republicans outnumber the Carlists, while in the country districts the reverse is the case. But there is this material difference: Legitimism is a constructive force, and the Carlists have the advantage of perfect organization, thorough discipline, and absolute unity of pur-

pose. They have a great principle, which is very real to them, and not a mere abstraction, and it is embodied in a leader around whom they can rally. Don Carlos is a Spaniard of Spaniards, and the devotion and enthusiasm which he has inspired among his followers is only equalled by the dignity with which he has supported himself under adversity. Most significant is the unconscious admission of "A Spaniard," that a human wrong was done in the exclusion of Don Carlos V., and that to obtain divine consecration for it at the hands of the Pope, the existing dynasty are ready to pay any price; significant, as showing that the supporters of the dynasty are conscious that they are mere usurpers. This consciousness is an inherent weakness in all who are not *de jure* as well as *de facto* sovereigns, and is what caused Lord Stanhope, when commenting on the unfavorable change that came over the standard of manners in English public life after the revolution of 1688, to exclaim "How should this feeling warn the nations never lightly, nor without full provocation, to cast off the sway of their rulers! How does it show that, in many cases, a bad King with a good title may be happier for the State than a good King with a bad title!"

The Republican Party, on the other hand, whatever its numbers, is utterly inchoate. It has no leader and no organization, and, although powerful enough to overturn the monarchy, is quite incapable of building up any settled government, or of re-habilitating Spain.

In estimating the chances of success which Carlism has to-day, "A Spaniard" appears to attach too much importance to the church and too little to the army. The Pope is the father of all Roman Catholics, and he has always been careful to explain that recognition of an existing *régime* is not to be interpreted as recognition of its right to exist. Nothing that the Pope can do can save the usurping dynasty, and the restored Carlist dynasty having become an accomplished fact, will certainly meet with no opposition from the Vatican.

It is the army that is now, as it

always has been, the arbiter of the nation's destinies, and we have no fear as to the decision at which it will arrive. "A Spaniard" contends that the army will hold aloof for the good reason that the officers of the now disbanded Carlist army would expect to be reinstated in their former positions to the detriment of the officers of the present army. But this reason would only be good in the case of the military forces of the Principality of Monte Carlo, or of a comic opera kingdom where officers are numerically in excess of the rank and file. There are 200,000 professional soldiers in the Peninsula now, and when the army of occupation in Cuba is repatriated, there will be 100,000 more. Those 100,000 are discontented men, and, what is more, in no other body is there so large a proportion of Carlists. Their personnel is magnificent; they have been uselessly sacrificed; and they are perfectly aware of the fact. Had it not actually occurred, it might have been deemed incredible that the Government having however rashly embarked upon the war, should yield to the United States and sue for peace at the precise moment when they had nothing to lose and everything to gain by waiting. When the peace negotiations began the United States army was in a most perilous plight. To use the words of its commanding officer, if it was ever to return it must return at once; the only march it was capable of making was to the transports. The alleged justification for their suing for peace is that the war could only end one way, and that therefore the sooner it was ended the better. Unless this allegation is absurd, it is preposterous for right ever to attempt to withstand might. A nation is justified in defending its own, and the American argument that by giving way when she did, Spain has avoided the loss of many lives and so earned the approbation of the Christian world, beautiful as it is, loses some of its point when it is perceived that the lives so saved are those of the United States troops.

Both Spain's fleets have been wiped out, it is true, and she could send neither supplies nor reinforcements to Cuba, but these were not indispensable,

and if, instead of suing for peace she had determined to sit down and wait, America would have found herself in a very ugly position indeed. The idea of sending Watson to Spain may be disregarded, for the bombardments of San Juan, Matanzas, and elsewhere were completely ineffective, as we now know from independent sources. Morro Castle was repeatedly razed, and the other fortifications were repeatedly demolished; yet, even after these events, and after the destruction of Cervera's fleet, Sampson admitted to his Government that he could not enter the harbor until Shafter had first carried these same fortifications. Although it is conceivable that the bombardment of Cadiz and Barcelona might have been less ineffective, the risks attending the venture would have been vastly greater; the fortifications are indisputably stronger, and the responsibility which an admiral would have incurred by subjecting his ships to the danger of material injury, so far from any base, would not have been lost sight of at Washington.

By giving way when they did, the Spanish Government shed a lustre upon the American arms which it would have taken them a very long time to acquire for themselves. For Santiago was the only place to which the United States troops addressed themselves, and there can be no doubt whatever that the story of the siege of Santiago would have been the story of the siege of every other fortified town in Cuba. Moreover, by giving way when she did, Spain has imposed on America the part of a Frankenstein, who has created a monster that will not be too easily disposed of. Without suggesting that every statement in American newspapers should be taken quite literally, we are yet of opinion that none of

them should be entirely disregarded, and it will require all McKinley's undoubted ability and strength of character, to keep in check the dangerous spirit engendered by the jingoism of certain journals. Since the protocol has been signed, it is said that war is not nearly so dreadful as was believed, that the American army has shown itself invincible, and that in future it will be quite unnecessary to take into consideration the strength of any adversary, since a mere alteration in a stroke of the President's pen would raise ten million men as easily as it raised half-a-million. The same papers argue that with the birth of the Anglo-American understanding, the last obstacle which prevented Canada from entering the Union has been removed, and that, Cuba being now freed from Spanish rule, America must not desist until all the West Indian Islands are American as well. As we listen to them we are inclined to say with Job, "no doubt ye are the men, and wisdom will die with you," but even as we say it we have a consciousness, that with the expulsion of the Spanish army of occupation, America's work in Cuba has only begun, and that before she has completed it, she will modify her definition of humanitarianism.

The Government at Madrid has ended the war as it began it. The Spanish army in Cuba is coming home without having been blooded. Will it or will it not see how it has been bamboozled, insulted, and humiliated by the miserable political adventurers who have betrayed even the Lady and the Child whom they profess to serve? Upon its decision the destiny of Spain rests, and as we have already said, Carlists have no reason to fear what that decision will be; for brave men are not necessarily fools.—*Fortnightly Review*.

CHARLES READE AND HIS BOOKS.

A RETROSPECT.

BY W. J. JOHNSON.

IN the year of grace 1851 there was in London a hard-working young man of thirty-seven who ardently desired above all things to be a playwright. He was no mere Grub Street hack, but a man of good family and sound education. He came of an old Oxfordshire stock: he had had a distinguished career at the premier University of England, and was a fellow of one of its colleges: he had travelled on the Continent and seen a considerable share of the world. Yet here he was in London, with a brain full of grand ideas, and a drawer full of plays that no theatrical manager would accept on any terms, eating his heart out with vexation and ready to give up the struggle.

In his despair he wrote to an actress whom he had often seen and admired on the boards of the Haymarket theatre—wrote her a piteous note, telling her, no doubt, all about his ambitions and the merits of his plays, and asking for leave to read one of them to her. Mrs. Seymour was only an actress, but she had a kind heart, and she asked this unknown Shakespeare to come and see her. Next day he went to her house, armed with an original drama of his own composition, in which the loves and despairs of a noble lord and a noble lady, a struggling artist and a Newhaven fishwife were pulled into a beautiful tangle in the first three or four acts and deftly unravelled in the last. The young man declaimed his beautiful dialogue to the actress and her friends, and waited for her to fall on his neck in astonishment and delight; but Mrs. Seymour did not seem to be a bit impressed, and the poor author slunk away, heartbroken. The following morning, however, he got a note from her telling him that the play had merit, but advising him to turn it into a story. The letter concluded with a woman's postscript. She told him how sorry she was to see a gentleman of his obvious birth and breeding

so low in the world, and she begged to enclose a five-pound note—as a loan. This, to a Reade of Ipsden, and a fellow of Magdalen College, was a surprise, and the acquaintanceship thus begun ripened into a friendship that was of immense practical use to Reade in after years, and only ended with the death of Laura Seymour twenty-eight years later.

Charles Reade was a born storyteller. No English writer has ever been able to spin a yarn, pure and simple, with the directness and force, the terseness and dramatic vividness of this writer. In every one of his eighteen books he tells a story of fascinating interest, which grips the attention of the reader from the first line and holds it as in a vice until the last enthralling word is read. The man or woman who can read "The Cloister and the Hearth," or "Hard Cash," or "Griffith Gaunt," without having his knowledge of other men and other times vastly extended, his views of life broadened, and his sympathies and feelings stirred to the very quick, has a very thick head and a very cold heart.

But as it was the ambition of Scott and George Eliot to be great poets rather than great novelists, it was Reade's life-long struggle to gain success as a dramatist. It is said that he would willingly have given up all his fame as a novelist to have had one unqualified triumph on the stage—a triumph that never came. The comedy of "Masks and Faces" certainly did take London by storm in 1852, but Reade was not the sole author and could not claim all the credit. However, the best part of that play must be attributed to him. He conceived and elaborated most of the characters: Peg Woffington, the beautiful Irishwoman who could turn the men folk round her little finger, but was melted by the sight of her rival's tears; Triplet, the writer of unacted tragedies, the man who lived

in imagination in king's palaces and who could not fill the mouths of his starving progeny with bread; Mabel Vane, the sweet unsophisticated country girl who came to London town after a weak and erring husband. It was Reade who invented the story and most of the incidents; but Tom Taylor, his collaborateur, threw the whole into dramatic shape and gave the play its most sparkling passages of dialogue. A year later Reade turned his part of the work into a story, calling it "*Peg Woffington*." This is his first and one of his finest books. It is a model of artistic construction, containing neither a word too much nor a word too little. It tells a charmingly fresh and original story, the reading of which is like setting one's teeth in a juicy pear fresh from the warm sunshine.

It is related that in his early days Reade said: "I am like Goldsmith and others—I shall blossom late," and, true enough, he was almost forty years of age before his life-work began. He deliberately sets out in his diary at this time the plan that he intended to follow in the writing of fiction. He proposed never to guess where he could know; to visit all the places and experience all the sensations he intended to describe; to understand all that was possible of the hearts and brains of the people he intended to portray—in a word, to be a writer of truths instead of a writer of lies. "Now I know exactly what I am worth," he says. "If I can work the above great system, there is enough of me to make one of the writers of the day. Without it—no, no."

His first long novel, "*It is never too Late to Mend*," gives a lurid picture of prison life in England in the early years of the century, and brought about some important changes in the law with regard to the detention of prisoners. The atrocities practised on Tom Robinson by the brutal governor and his warders are written, as Reade himself said of another book, "in many places with art, in all with red ink and the biceps muscle." While he was writing this book he took the utmost pains to verify every fact and incident that is described. He visited many prisons, he put himself in the

convict's place, he did his turn on the treadmill, he turned the crank, he even submitted to incarceration in the dark cell, and suffered while there unspeakable torture. He supplemented the information gained thus by reading libraries of blue books, pamphlets, letters, and volumes dealing with prisons and prison life. In "*Hard Cash*" he exposed, with the same ruthless pen and the same strength of invective, the villainies and dark deeds practised on the unfortunate inmates of private lunatic asylums; and in "*Put Yourself in His Place*" he dealt in the same trenchant style with outrages committed by illegal trade unions. These three stories, if they are not distinguished by any subtle exposition of character nor by any abstruse psychological analysis of motive and conduct, simply reek with human nature and pulsate with life and movement from beginning to end. In the writing of them, Reade may have totally disregarded the canons of art (so called), but he did not mind any such puny limitation on his genius when he had a story to tell. In every one of his books the reader is sucked into the wild current of the narrative on the very first page, and carried with feverish haste from one scene of excitement, daring, terror, or pity to another, until he suddenly finds himself stranded on the last unwelcome word "*finis*."

After the publication of "*It is never too Late to Mend*," Reade's next important work was a story called "*Love me Little, Love me Long*," a "mild tale," in which our author discusses no social problems and indulges in no red ink. It is entirely a love story, relating the efforts of a big, simple-minded, fiddle-playing sailor to capture the somewhat elusive affections of Miss Lucy Fountain, a young lady with a complex mind, whose anxiety to displease nobody carried her too often into the neutral zone between truth and falsehood, and sometimes even beyond that territory on the wrong side.

But all these efforts were but the skirmishes before the real engagement. Reade had done good work, but nothing yet that entitled him to immortality. About this time an old Latin legend came under his notice which

told "with harsh brevity the strange history of a pair who lived untrumpeted and died unsung four hundred years ago." It was a touching story, with artistic and dramatic possibilities, and Reade determined to breathe into it the spirit of humanity. Accordingly, our author was to be seen, toward the end of the year 1859, in the Bodleian and Magdalen College libraries grubbing among the writings and chronicles of Froissart, Erasmus, Gringoire, Luther, and their fellows, and endeavoring to get an insight as to the state of society in Holland, Germany, and Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The pains that he took with this book, called first "A Good Fight" and afterward "The Cloister and the Hearth," were almost superhuman. His letters at this time are full of it. "I am under weigh again," he writes, "but rather slowly. I think this story will almost wear my mind out." Again, "I can't tell whether it will succeed or not as a whole, but there shall be great and tremendous and tender things in it." It is interesting to trace through these letters the gradual evolution of characters and scenes that have charmed millions of people since. In one of them he says: "Gerard is just now getting to France after many adventures in Germany. The new character I have added—Denys, a Burgundian soldier, a crossbowman—will, I hope and trust, please you." Never was hope better founded. Since those words were written, many and many a reader has lived over again the sayings and doings of this honest, true-hearted adventurer, with his everlasting "Courage, le diable est mort." Denys's "foible," as we are told, was woman. "When he met a peasant girl on the road he took off his cap to her as if she was a queen, the invariable effect of which was that she suddenly drew herself up quite stiff like a soldier on parade, and wore a forbidding aspect."

"They drive me to despair," sighed poor Denys. "Is that a just return for a civil bonnetade? They are large, they are fair, but stupid as swans. . . . A little affability adorns even beauty."

When "The Cloister and the Hearth" was published in 1861, it was accepted

by the critics and the public as a great work, but it created no burst of enthusiasm. However, that year was prolific in great works. A public that was reading "Silas Marner," "Great Expectations," "The Adventures of Philip," "The Woman in White," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and a new book by Anthony Trollope, had its powers of appreciation fully engaged, and had little attention to devote to a comparatively new author like Reade. Time, however, has stamped "The Cloister and the Hearth" with the seal of immortality. The pitiful story of Gerard and Margaret, "the sweetest, saddest, and most tender love story ever devised by wit of man," can never die. Here is how Reade tells the end of it all:—

"Thus after life's fitful fever these true lovers were at peace. The grave, kinder to them than the Church, united them forever; and now a man of another age and nation, touched with their fate, has labored to build their tombstone, and rescue them from long and unmerited oblivion. . . . In every age the Master of life and death, who is kinder as well as wiser than we are, has transplanted to heaven, young, earth's sweetest flowers. I ask your sympathy, then, for their rare constancy and pure affection, and their cruel separation by a vile heresy in the bosom of the Church; but not your pity for their early but happy end. 'Beati sunt qui in Domino moriuntur.'"

It is difficult to see how any one can approach this book in a critical spirit, although one writer has had the temerity to say certain disparaging things about it. It is entitled to nothing but the profoundest admiration, and its author to the most unbounded gratitude. Sir Walter Besant calls it the greatest historical novel in the language, and very few will be found to deny the justice of such praise.

In Reade's next book, "Hard Cash," which was written for Dickens's magazine, the author gives a vivid picture of himself at work, calling himself Mr. Rolfe, "the writer of romances founded on facts." He describes his library as one of note-books and indexes—great volumes, containing a classified collection of facts, ideas, pictures, incidents,

characters, scraps of dialogues, and letters. They were arranged and indexed under a multitude of headings, such as *curialia*, or man as revealed in the law courts; *femina vera*, or the real woman; *humores diet*, or the humor of the day; *nigri loci*, or reports of dark deeds perpetrated in prison and lunatic asylums; "the dirty oligarchy," which included reports of trade outrages and strikes. Such an insatiable thirst had he for facts of the very smallest importance that he even collected and classified the exclamations and colloquial expressions commonly used by women in real life. When he was writing a novel, he arranged in parallel columns, on thick pasteboard cards, each about the size of a large portfolio, all the facts, incidents, living dialogues, reflections, and situations that he intended to use in the book. On this pile of dry bones he breathed the breath of genius, and immediately there sprang into life and being those great books that have been the delight and comfort of many a wearied brain.

Reade reached the height of his fame and powers with "Griffith Gaunt," published in 1866. Although full of incident and action, this book is the nearest approach to a mere character study that Reade ever attempted. Kate Gaunt and Mercy Vint, examples of two very different types of noble womanhood, and Griffith Gaunt, the poor, weak, jealous hero, vacillating between the two of them, are as carefully and truthfully drawn as any characters in fiction. Altogether, as regards characters, incidents, and construction, the book is a triumph, full of noble passages and distinguished by the keenest pathos.

It has never been denied that Reade was a writer who, when he chose, could play on the terror and pity of his readers; but Sir Walter Besant has said that, although always cheerful and hopeful, he is wanting in fun and mirth. Certainly he has written nothing that will provoke noisy hilarity or unctuous chuckling; but, as it has been said, if the keenest humor is only a delightful sense of something perfect in allusion or suggestion, Reade's work does contain much that is humorous. Witness the sly passage in "The Double Marriage":

"She does not love him quite enough. Cure—
—marriage.
He loves her a little too much. Cure—
—marriage."

Reade's use of the English language, too, was eccentric, not to say ludicrous. In "A Simpleton," when he wished to signify that two people turned their backs on each other in a fit of temper, he wrote, "They showed napes." Describing the complexion of the Newhaven fishwives in "Christie Johnstone," he says:—"It is a race of women that the northern sun peachifies instead of rosewoodizing." In "Readiana" he describes a gentleman giving a lunch to two ladies at a railway restaurant as follows:—"He souped them, he tough-chickened them, he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other." (Brandy and cochineal, and brandy and burnt sugar, being Reade's euphemisms for port and sherry respectively.) While he was preparing his series of articles on Old Testament characters, he read what he had written to John Coleman on one occasion and came to this startling passage in his argument:

"Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

Coleman objected to this phrase.

"You don't like the hog, I see," said Reade. "Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understood of the people; but—yes, you are right; it's scarcely Scriptural—so out it goes."

Unlike Eliot and Meredith, Reade develops the individuality of his people, and shows their various thoughts, motives, feelings, and passions, by means of dialogue and action rather than through deliberate analysis. He himself said of George Eliot that her business seemed to him to consist principally in describing with marvellous accuracy the habits, manners, and customs of animalculæ as they exist under the microscope. Reade indulges in no introspection; he makes no pretence of being a psychologist; he assumes to be only a recorder of events and nothing more. When Griffith Gaunt left his wife in the wood, full of rage at her supposed faithlessness, and determined to look on her beautiful face no more forever, the

reader is told simply that he darted to the stable yard, sprang on his horse, and galloped away from Hernshaw Castle, with the face, the eyes, the gestures, the incoherent mutterings of a raving Bedlamite. With what pages and pages of reflections and philosophizings Eliot would have watered down this powerful scene. Reade describes it all in about two dozen sentences, and the reader knows intuitively everything that is passing in the minds of the three persons concerned. But then Reade's silences are often more eloquent than Eliot's wordiness.

Of the great gallery of portraits in Reade's books, no class has created such discussion as his heroines—Margaret Brandt, Christie Johnstone, Jael Dence, Peg Woffington, and the others. No one has been yet bold enough to deny that they are at least interesting creations; but, says Ouida, who leads the attack, none of them are gentlewomen: "Take, for instance, Zoe Vizard, who is described of good birth and breeding. She speaks and acts like a barmaid; giggles and cries 'La!'" But gentility is something more than merely skin-deep, and so Ouida's major proposition is fallacious. Besides, she has attacked so many other writers of fiction in almost exactly the same terms that her criticisms are not of much weight. Then Mr. W. L. Courtney makes a counter-attack by charging that Reade's heroines are not real living people at all, but only a series of monotonous types of womanhood—namely, the strong natural girl, the sweet simple lovable girl, without much strength of character, and the wicked passionate woman who has moments of grace. This form of criticism has been made to do duty very often. One ingenious gentleman has classified all the characters in Dickens's books, and reduced them to about a dozen distinct types. There is no doubt that the same thing could be done with Scott and Thackeray. And if Mr. Courtney were so wishful he could classify even Shakespeare's heroines under the same headings as he has assigned to Reade's. Kate, Portia, Rosalind, and Olivia would easily come under the classification of the strong natural girl. Ophelia, Desdemona,

Juliet, and Viola would represent the sweet simple loving girl, without much strength except where her love was concerned; while Lady Macbeth, Lear's two daughters, and Cleopatra are obviously Mr. Courtney's wicked passionate women. There are plenty of sweet and natural women in fiction, from Fielding down to Stevenson, but, as Besant points out, it is Reade who has found the true woman: the "average woman," with plenty of small faults and plenty of great virtues. Reade neither palliates the one nor unduly magnifies the other. Kate Gaunt is imperious and haughty; Lucy Fountain tells fibs; Christie Johnston mangles the Queen's English; even Peter Brandt's red-haired girl, the most lovable of them all, is not above some small deceits. But these shortcomings are nothing as compared with their good qualities—their staunchness and loyalty to their own, the depths of devotion and affection in their nature, their mercifulness and forgivingness. No writer in the English language ever showed the beauty of womanhood so truly, tenderly, and sympathetically as Reade has done.

It was the fate of Reade, as it was the fate of Shakespeare and Scott, not to be appreciated at his true worth during his lifetime. When he first came before the reading public with "Peg Woffington," Scott had been dead only twenty years, Dickens and Thackeray had already published the best portion of their work and were the idols of the hour, and George Eliot was getting ready to compete with them as a fiction-monger. The capacity of the public to digest mediocre work is stupendous, but its appreciation of the fruits of genius is limited, and for a time Reade's books did not get all the attention they deserved. However, in spite of Time's handicap they have now placed themselves in the affections of the public on terms of equality with the writings of the older authors, and "The Cloister and the Hearth" is almost as well known and appreciated as "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," or "The Newcomes." Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray are kings each in his own particular realm;

but if any one wants a good bracing story that will bring the color to the cheek and the brightness to the eye—full of plenty of pathos and humor, terror and pity, moving accidents by flood and field, and strong human nature—a dramatic story that will carry the reader along without a single interruption, written in honest English that says what it wants to say without any

circumlocution—a story exhaling the author's love of right and honest indignation at wrong, and inculcating with every sentence the eternal truths of Holy Writ—let him step for an hour or two into the wonderful world that Charles Reade has created, and he will not be disappointed.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

WHERE the stormy tempests blow, and the cold tides ebb and flow
O'er the rocks that far below make cruel bed,
There, grim and bare and grand, does the sea-lapped landmark stand
That, world-over, sailors know as Flamborough Head.

Oh! the summer days are long, and the hearts of men are strong,
And there's none may seek the living with the dead;
For many a fisher brave finds with winter gales a grave
In the stormy sea that lashes Flamborough Head.

When the murky night draws in, and the haven's yet to win,
And the waters roar like lions ere they're fed,
Then a light shines far and wide o'er the seething, surging tide
From the lighthouse standing guard off Flamborough Head.

Though the hamlet seems to sleep there are those that vigil keep,
And many an eye that brims with tears unshed;
There is sorrow on the sea, and a bitter weird they dree
Who tearless mourn the lost off Flamborough Head.

When the North Sea lies at rest, and the boats upon its breast
By the gentle breeze that fans it on are sped,
Ere the sky turns blue to green, speed you forth to "King" and "Queen"—
The wondrous sea-washed rocks off Flamborough Head.

But the fishers tell their tales of the wild October gales,
Of the minute-guns the bravest well may dread;
Of the sadness of farewell when the cry rides o'er the swell,
"Man the lifeboat!" and they launch her off the Head.

They are men of noble deeds, they are folk of simple needs,
And to danger and to toil their hands are wed;
And they ask no kinder fate than to serve and stand and wait,
And in God's good time to die off Flamborough Head.

THE COMING STRUGGLE IN THE PACIFIC.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

THE war with Spain has convinced America that the Nicaragua Canal will have to be constructed with all speed—no matter what may be the engineering difficulties and the financial obstacles. And the scramble for China should serve to convince Great Britain that no such canal ought to be constructed in which we have not a very decided share. In defeating Spain the American Union has become a maritime nation, and by annexing Hawaii and protecting the Philippines she will become politically, as she has always been geographically, one of the Powers of the Pacific. Toward the Pacific the balance of the world is now steadily setting. In that vast basin, stretching from the shores of the two Americas to the China Seas and the Indian Ocean, are brought face to face the two great races of mankind—white and yellow—each working out its own destiny. Within that great area Britain, America, Russia, France, and Germany are contending for supremacy in trade, if not for advantage in territory; Japan is establishing her claim to be ranked as a World Power; and China is awaiting a new birth that will revolutionize the West as well as the East. Where seven empires meet is the battle-ground on which will be fought out the great racial struggle of the future, as well as the economic struggle of the present. Where Europe and America impinge on Asia we behold already the beginning of a series of the most interesting problems known to human history. The foremost is the commercial one, because everybody says that but for its commercial potentiality China would not be worth a Foreign Office dispatch. And a primal factor in the commercial problem is now the Nicaragua Canal.

When she gathered Hawaii into the Federal fold, the American Republic precipitated herself into the Pacific arena, of which she had hitherto only held the gate on one side. When she sent her fleet to the Philippines she

committed herself to an international policy "at the gateways of the day," which she had previously only dallied with in Samoa, and had tried to commercialize in Japan. Henceforward, for good or evil, the United States takes her place among the nations as one of the Maritime Powers of the Pacific. Does she then abandon the principles of the Monroe doctrine, upon which the late Secretary Blaine founded his scheme of a Pan-American alliance against Europe, and with which President Cleveland sanctified his assault upon our boundary-line in British Guiana? Are the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty and the Monroe doctrine reconcilable, or must the one fall before the other, and both before the advance of the Union into the Pacific? Not necessarily, if we are to interpret the Monroe doctrine in the light of the intention of its author. Eighty years ago James Monroe occupied the Presidential chair, and in 1823 ex-President Thomas Jefferson wrote to him in these terms, in reply to certain "considerations" stated to him by Monroe:

"Do we wish to acquire to our Confederacy any one or more of the Spanish provinces? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and the isthmus bordering on it as well as those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being. Yet, as I am sensible that this can never be obtained, even with her own consent, but by war, and as her independence, which is our second interest, and especially her independence of England, can be secured without it, I have no hesitation in abandoning my first wish to future chances and accepting its independence with peace and the friendship of England, rather than its association at the expense of war and her enmity. I could honestly, therefore join in the declaration proposed, that we aim not at the acquisition of any of these possessions, that we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between any of them and the mother country; but that we will oppose with all our means the forcible

ble interposition of any other Power, either arbitrary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their transfer to any Power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any war."

Thus far Jefferson, who had just laid it down that:

"Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to meddle in Cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own; she should, therefore, have a system of her own and apart from that of Europe."

And in the following Jefferson was almost prophetic:

"Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should the most sedulously nourish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause—not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars."

Had Mr Chamberlain, one wonders, been reading the Jefferson correspondence (which Mr. Theodore Cook has rescued from the archives of the Department of State at Washington*) when he made his famous Anglo-American speech at Birmingham? Jefferson, like Canning, thought that an Anglo-American combination would prevent war, and he favored Canning's proposal of joint opposition to the designs of the Holy Alliance in South America. Our purpose, however, is not to discuss the origin of the Monroe doctrine, but to show what was the intention of the authors of a declaration which ex-President Cleveland tried to convert into a part of international law on the ingenious, though not ingenuous, plea that every just right and claim is portion of international law, that the Monroe doctrine is based on the just rights and claims of the United States, and that, therefore, the Monroe doctrine is a part of international law. The letter of Thomas Jefferson's just quoted was written in October, 1823;

the famous Message of President Monroe was dated the 2d of December, 1823, and a few days later he wrote a long reply to Jefferson's letter, in the course of which he says that,

"We certainly meet in full extent the proposition of Mr. Canning and in the mode to give it the greatest effect. If his Government makes a similar declaration the project will, it may be presumed, be abandoned. By taking the step here it is done in a manner more conciliatory with, and respectful to, Russia and the other Powers than if taken in England, and, as it is thought, with more credit to our Government. Had we moved in the first instance in England, separated as she is in part from those Powers, our union with her being marked, might have produced irritation with them."

Now what can this mean except that what is now called the Monroe doctrine might have been enunciated by Great Britain, with the cordial consent of the United States, but that it was thought more expedient, not to say diplomatic, to enunciate it in a Presidential Message? In point of fact, what Mr. Cleveland and others have sought to construe into an anti-British deliverance was actually an Anglo-American contrivance. It amounted to a public recognition by the United States of Great Britain as an American Power, and to a declaration of a combined (not a purely United States) policy against all other Powers on the Continents of America. From the spirit of this policy Mr. Blaine was the first to depart when he claimed for the United States exclusive jurisdiction over the Panama canal, should it ever be completed. This claim was promptly and firmly rejected by the British Government, as both traversing our rights under the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty of 1850 and the rights of France under an agreement with the United States of Colombia. The real Monroe doctrine and the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty stand just as much in the way of an America-for-the-Americans claim to the exclusive control by the United States over a canal across Nicaragua, as they did in the case of the abortive canal across Panama.

The preamble of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty states that the two countries are

* *The Fortnightly Review*, September, 1898.

desirous of setting forth and fixing in a convention "their views and intentions with reference to any means of communication by ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and either or both of the Lakes of Nicaragua or Managua." By the first article, it is agreed that neither contracting party shall ever obtain for itself any exclusive control over any ship canal, or erect or maintain fortifications in its vicinity, or "occupy or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford . . . for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America . . . nor will take advantage of any intimacy or use any alliance, connection, or influence that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other." By the fifth article, both Powers engage to protect the canal from the interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation, and to guarantee its neutrality, conditionally upon the management of the canal not making any unfair discriminations in favor of one or other of the contracting parties. By the eighth article—in order "to establish a general principle"—the provisions of the treaty are extended to any practicable canal or railway across any part of the Isthmus, and therefore covered both Tehuantepec and Panama. Now this treaty was concluded twenty-seven years after the Message of President Monroe enunciating the famous "doctrine." The object of the Americans was to effect an understanding that Great Britain should not extend the protectorate ex-

ercised over the Mosquito country to other parts of Nicaragua. The object of Great Britain was to prevent the possibility of any such arrangement as that contemplated under the Hise Convention (never ratified), by which the United States were to be granted by the Nicaragua Government the exclusive right to construct and operate a canal through Nicaragua, to acquire land, build forts, and to exclude the vessels of any Power with which either of the contracting parties (the Republics of the United States and of Nicaragua) might be at war. The Hise Convention was made impossible of repetition by the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty; and the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty amounted to a formal acknowledgment of Great Britain as an American Power, and as exempt from the exclusive policy of the Monroe doctrine. The Bulwer-Clayton Treaty was in existence when General Grant came over to try to raise British capital for the construction of the canal, a design which he had very dearly at heart. The Bulwer-Clayton Treaty is in existence to-day—and upon adherence to the principle of it, whatever modifications may be permissible in its conditions, we are bound to insist.

With regard to the practical value of a Central American canal, there has been, perhaps, too much disposition to found upon either Suez or Panama. De Lesseps made his reputation at the one isthmus and dug it at the other, and during his career he amply justified his own description of himself, made when launching his Egyptian project: "I am not a financier or a man of business." He was certainly neither—nor was he an engineer. There was no reason certainly why because Suez had been a success Panama should be one also; but equally there is no reason why because Panama has been one of the world's magnificent failures Nicaragua should be another. For Nicaragua is wanted not such a man as Lesseps was, according to Reran—"one born to pierce isthmuses, of whom antiquity would have made a myth"—but such a man as Lesseps was not—an engineer, a financier, and a

man of business. A ship canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is as certain of being constructed in the near future as is a continuation of the railway system of the United States through Central America to connect with the railway systems of Brazil, Argentina, and Chili. A continuous railway ride from Dawson to Cape Horn may be obtainable, perhaps, as soon as One from Cairo to Cape Town. In Suez the waterway traverses a desert with no intermediate traffic. In Nicaragua it will traverse a richly endowed country with vast commercial potentiality. But more than all will the Nicaragua canal precipitate the West into the East, and complete the work begun by Cortez,

"When with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

We do not need it for the reason that Sir Thomas Browne thought the piercing of the Panama Isthmus "were most worthy the attempt"—namely, that it would "open a shorter cut into the East Indies and China"—but because the interests of the two ocean areas are now so interwoven that they may no longer be separated by an earth barrier.

Now the position of Great Britain is this, that she already possesses the key to the eastern entrance to the Pacific. All the long water route to the Far East, which is also the Far West, is under our control. Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, mark our way to the Suez Canal, over which we hold a controlling hand. At the mouth of the Red Sea we keep guard at Aden, Perim, and on the Somali coast. We are supreme on the Indian Ocean; the Indian Peninsula is an integral part of the British Empire; through the portal of the Straits of Malacca we possess the outlet to the Western Pacific; and there we own more territory than any other country in the world save China. Our political position in the Pacific is too critical, our commercial and financial interests there are too vast, for us to allow the western water route to fall absolutely under the control of any other Power,

even of a friendly Power like the United States. We cannot prevent the building of purely American railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, nor a purely Russian railway from Russia to the Manchurian seaboard. But railways will never supersede ocean traffic, nor serve for the deportation of warships. Great Britain is territorially and commercially far more of a Pacific Power than is the United States, and it is essential to her Empire to have a share in the control of any Atlantic-Pacific waterway that may be constructed. There are various ways in which this may be secured. British capitalists did not respond to former invitations to join in the Nicaraguan enterprise, even when issued by General Grant; but the project then was too obscure. Times now have changed, and an Anglo-American Canal Company is quite within the bounds of financial possibility. If the American Government prefer to find all the money as a national investment, we might respond by joining in the guarantee of the bonds. But by whatever means the canal is constructed it must be neutralized, and we must have a hand in preserving the neutrality. One could not, however, devise a better means of cementing that Anglo-American alliance the idea of which has been welcomed with so much cordiality—which is better than enthusiasm—in both countries, than by making the canal the joint property of both the Anglo-Saxon nations. With joint capital and joint mechanical skill we might build the canal, and with joint strength defend it against the world, permitting of its use by others only on such terms as we may jointly approve. There is nothing extravagant in this suggestion, for the Anglo-American idea really pervades both the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty and the Monroe doctrine.

The name of William Paterson is associated only with disaster in isthmian America. But in his Darien scheme Paterson looked to the Pacific and had some perception of the future that would be. For thus he wrote two hundred years ago:

"If neither Britain singly, nor the maritime Powers of Europe, will treat for Darien, the period is not very far distant when, instead of waiting for the slow returns of trade, America will seize the pass of Darien. Their next move will be to hold the Sandwich Islands. Stationed thus in the middle, on the east and on the west sides of the New World, English-Americans will form the most potent and singular empire that has appeared, because it will consist, not in the dominion of a part of the land of the globe, but in the dominion of the whole ocean. They can make the tour of the Indian and Southern Seas, collecting wealth by trade wherever they pass. During European wars they may have the carrying trade of all. If blessed with letters and arts they will spread civilization over the universe. Then England, with all her liberties and glory, may be known as Egypt is now."

It has taken two hundred years to fulfil the first part of the prophecy of the founder of the Bank of England, but it will not take so long to fulfil the second, whatever becomes of the third.

In attempting to measure the possible commercial results of a ship canal across Central America, and its effects on the development of the Pacific, there has been a disposition on the one side to exaggerate the probable influence of it on sea traffic, and on the other to minimize the resources of the countries of Asia and of Pacific America. The great basis of all commerce is food, and one of the most striking economic features of the present generation has been the increase in the world's supply of food-stuffs. Those who judge only by the effect of this increase on prices in the great markets would have us believe that the increase in supply has been at a greater speed than the increase in population, but this is not so, for the needs of the population have increased in a higher ratio than the increase in numbers. Enlarged production has lowered cost and abundant supply has created demand, which in turn has stimulated the opening up of new channels. Take, for instance, wheat, for which until quite recent years we were practically dependent on Russia and North America, but which now we receive in ceaseless streams from Argentina, from Chili, from Australia, and from India. It is in the nature of trade that, as new sources of supply are developed, old

sources become unremunerative, and the industry employed on them is turned in other directions. The wool of Australia may have nearly ruined sheep-farming in Scotland, the coffee of Brazil may have impoverished the planters of Ceylon, the wheat of Argentina may have reduced our demands on the wheat-grower of Eastern Europe—but in each case a new course of trade and industry has been created.

We need not dwell on the Suez Canal as an instance of how the creation of a new channel may revolutionize international commerce, because the experience of Suez cannot wisely be accepted as a guide in forecasting the probable effect of an American ship canal. And yet it proves this, that, however inelastic Asiatic commerce may be as compared with European, it is very far from being rigid. Not much good is to be got out of a compilation of statistics of the shipping and merchandise that might, could, should, or would use the Nicaragua Canal. It is not necessary to believe that the whole commerce between the Americas of the Pacific and the Americas of the Atlantic will make use of this waterway. It is not possible to believe that the whole traffic between the Pacific and the Atlantic States of Europe will be drawn to it. Nor is it reasonable to assume that the shortest route is necessarily the cheapest or the best or the most expedient. The shortest distance between any two points was old Euclid's definition of a straight line, which may suit an autocrat when laying down a railway, but which does not suit the stream of commerce. A producer does not always hurry his goods to market. The fact that sailing ships are not entirely displaced in ocean traffic could not be explained if rapidity of transit were the only, or the chief, consideration. It is frequently more profitable for a merchant to keep a cargo afloat while he makes a selection of markets, than to have it arrive when and where he must either sell it on a glutted market or incur the expenses of warehousing. Then, again, there is the quality of the traffic to be taken into account. It may be that even a week's delay in the humid heat of Nicaragua would deteriorate a cargo of wheat grown in the high lati-

tudes of British Columbia or Russian-Siberia far more than anything to be gained in freight or interest by the shortening of the voyage. But the point to be kept in view is that, whether the Nicaragua Canal should or should not become a great commercial waterway to rival the Suez Canal, it cannot fail to give an incalculable impetus to the development of the Pacific, both commercially and politically. We have been too much accustomed to regard the commerce of the East as restricted to certain grooves—as, for instance, opium and indigo and spices in India, tea and silk in China, and so on. Within living memory the whole foreign trade of India has altered. Her traditional products have fallen into the background, and now we find cotton and cotton goods, jute and jute goods, oilseeds, wheat, rice, wool, timber, and, lastly, coal. Japan, formerly associated with little else than bamboo goods and curios, now exports silk, tea, tobacco, matches, textile fabrics, many other manufactures, and coal. Tea is no longer the main item of Chinese trade, and in silk she has no longer the first place, but new industries have taken and are taking the place of what alone made European traders clamor for the opening of ports in the Celestial Empire. China is a wide term. It covers regions capable of producing everything that can be produced anywhere, and it includes a population capable of appreciating, in due time, everything that western experience can supply.

A change in the habits of the Asiatic peoples is, no doubt, a condition precedent to the economic and social development we look for in the Pacific. But the social revolution has already begun. It is in full progress in Japan, and it will follow upon the heels of the railway contractor in China. Do we realize all that is implied in the fact that of about 450,000 miles of railway in the world Asia has not more than 30,000—that while Europe has a mile of railway for every 2400 inhabitants, Asia has one only for every 28,000? The very thought of the work involved in remedying the disproportion is overwhelming; but when we know what railways and steam and mechanical in-

vention have done for the peoples in the Atlantic area, can we even in fancy place a limit on the possibilities of the Pacific?

Let us but suggest one possibility. Between the Pacific coasts of Central and South America and the long sea-margin of China, with its enormous *Hinterland*, is a great waste of waters dotted with islands which can never be anything else than incidents in the career of the Pacific countries. China is teeming with a restless population instinct with the industrial faculty, whose elevation to the higher planes of civilization must be through the avenues of trade. For that enormous and rapidly growing people there cannot be sufficient employment at home to satisfy the ambitions that will be created in the coming years. But across that vast ocean waste there is the enormous area of South America scantily populated by non-industrial peoples. There can be no great progress in South America without a great access of labor and of industrial enterprise. Hitherto the population has been augmented by a comparatively slender stream from the South of Europe. What if in the future South America should become the reservoir for the overflow of the Mongolian races? The Spanish-American has done little good with his great heritage. He has wasted his substance in riotous politicalism, and preferred to eat the husks of financial prodigality to return to the fatted calf of honest industry and the robe and ring of progressive nationalism. If he is submerged in a yellow flood, it is doubtful if the world will be the poorer. This at least is a possibility to be kept in view—that the “Yellow agony” which has at times convulsed the Pacific States of North America may be destined to sweep away the diseased and debilitated nationalities of the Southern Continent. Asia, it may be said, wants little that South America at present produces, and South America wants as little of what Asia produces. But what if Asia stretches over to America and creates a new world there as a sequel to the new world which Europe is steadily creating in Asia? Here, at any rate, is a partially occupied and

imperfectly utilized continent, with illimitable resources, situated midway between the two worlds, on which, in the generations to come, the overflowing races of the East will cast longing eyes.

Already more than one-half the population—quite three-quarters, if we omit primitive peoples—is to be found in and bordering on the Pacific area. The following is a pretty close approximation of that population :

Pacific North America . . .	11,200,000
Pacific Central America . . .	18,800,000
Pacific South America . . .	10,000,000
Australasia . . .	5,000,000
Dutch East Indies, Philippines, and the Islands of Oceania . . .	46,500,000
British India, Burmah, and De- pendencies . . .	290,000,000
Malay Peninsula, and Siam, &c. . .	8,500,000
French India and Indo-China . . .	22,000,000
Korea . . .	15,000,000
Eastern Siberia . . .	6,000,000
Japan . . .	45,000,000
Chinese Empire and Islands . . .	400,000,000
Total . . .	878,000,000

On the basis of the Levasseur estimate of 1886 the population of the earth may now be taken at 1,500,000,000, of which considerably more than one-half, therefore, is in the Pacific area.

Science has practically annihilated the space that separates the modern nations from the Pacific. Indeed, as some one has remarked, by the development of the marine engine the sea unites rather than divides widely separated lands. But westward across the American continents and eastward across the Asiatic continent bonds of steel have been laid down to rivet the two hemispheres in indissoluble union. The age of isolation is past, and when William Wheelwright dragged round Cape Horn the first steam vessel to churn the waters of the Pacific he but prepared the way for the splendid voyage of the United States battleship Oregon, which in fifty-nine days steamed 15,000 miles from Puget Sound to Key West—in order to demonstrate what? Not what a modern battleship can do in the way of ocean travel, but the folly of exposing the defences of a great nation to the risks involved in such a voyage. In this case the United States had to prepare for possible attack on her Atlantic

frontier; but suppose the position had been reversed and she had been hurried into a war which exposed her Pacific line to assault, how many of her warships could have emulated the exploit of the Oregon in the opposite direction? This suggests some consideration of the actual material interest of the United States in the Pacific.

The Pacific possessions of the United States were characterized by the late Secretary Blaine as "imperial in extent and of extraordinary growth." He estimated that the American territory depending for commercial outlet on that ocean comprises an area of 800,000 square miles—only three, however, of the eleven States included in this territory actually having a seaboard. These eleven States contain six per cent. of the population and ten per cent. of the wealth of the Union, according to the calculations of Mr. M. G. Mulhall, and the three coast States possess about sixty per cent. of the wealth of the group. Yet, while the centre of so much wealth and the natural ocean outlet for it, San Francisco, the seventh city of the Union, has as yet barely five per cent. of the sea-borne foreign trade. Speaking broadly, the Pacific States have at present about six per cent. of the whole foreign trade of the Union. What a margin, then, remains for expansion in these splendidly endowed States fronting that enormous ocean within whose basin may be counted the major portion of the population of the globe! Sixty years ago there were probably not as many hundreds as there are now millions of white residents in these States; Australia was still *terra incognita Australis*; and the wide range of Oceania was but a geographical expression.

The late Secretary Seward was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet some thirty years ago he made a prediction in the United States Senate that "the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great Hereafter." We are now seeing the fulfilment of that prophecy. A dozen years ago there was a race for island-grabbing in the South Seas that might

easily have resulted in a great European war, and which left the Union Jack as the predominating flag on the broad bosom of the Pacific. The game did not at the time seem worth the candle, but who can say what part these insular groups may yet play in the development of the Pacific? They are, at any rate, stepping-stones between the two vast borderlands. Britain has tapped the North Pacific by railway to Vancouver, just as Russia is tapping it by railway to Vladivostok. The Anglo-Saxon races are filling up British Columbia and the Pacific States of the Union just as the Amur and Manchuria will soon be filled with emigrants from Russia. Thus is Europe streaming into Asia, while Japan stands as a young giant between the old and the new, and China looks on in placid ignorance that the front of the world is being changed, and she more than all.

Well may the thoughtful American ask what will happen if the redundant population of Asia reverses its old westward flow into Europe and turns eastward to submerge the American shores of the Pacific. What will happen is such a racial struggle for existence as the world has never yet seen. Let us not deceive ourselves. The development of the Pacific is no mere question of commercial geography, but means the creation of a new series of world problems, in the solution of which the nationalities of to-day will lose their identity. What will be the American of the twenty-first century? And where will be the American negro?

It seems inevitable that the chief industrial outlet of the United States should be to the West. In the markets of Europe the manufacturers of America have to compete with the experienced and resourceful producers of the Old World on their own ground, whereas in the Pacific area both have to compete on neutral ground to which America has the advantage of contiguity. With the enormous and enormously increasing productivity of the American Union, an export valve will become more and more an absolute necessity of industrial existence. It will naturally be found toward what we call the Far East, in Australasia and throughout the wide Pacific area. It

is probable, indeed, that America will first regain her lost position as an ocean-carrier in the Pacific—that in her western ports will rapidly grow up a mercantile marine such as she had in her pre-Protection days, when the “Baltimore Clippers” were the pride of the Atlantic. It is certain that she will not be content to remain much longer dependent on foreign—chiefly British—vessels for the conveyance of her oversea traffic. For this conveyance it has been calculated that Americans pay some £100,000 per day to foreign shipowners—for carrying what they buy and sell. We may take it that the next development of American competition will be in the ocean-carrying trade. As a very significant fact we may recall that in the decade 1884–94, while the shipping on the American register on the Atlantic coasts decreased about 130,000 tons, the register on the Pacific coast increased by about 125,000 tons. The tonnage at present entered in and out at the great ports on both sides of the Pacific basin is about twenty million tons per annum. Every year we may expect to see more and more of that tonnage under the Stars and Stripes. A large mercantile marine necessitates a large navy. In the future of the Pacific, therefore, we foresee America as a great maritime power, whose territorial ambitions will not be limited by Hawaii, or even by the Philippines.

Many of us now living may reasonably expect to see the completion of the Trans Asiatic railway to Vladivostok and Talienwan. It will be quickly followed by the Nicaragua Canal, and from each terminus will radiate great lines of giant steamships traversing the whole of the Ocean area. Meanwhile, the Trans-Andine railway will have been completed, the long projected links with the American railroad system will have been carried northward to Alaska, and southward through Mexico and the central neck to Chili, and the new cycle of Cathay will be worth vastly more than fifty years of Europe. Even now the sea-borne commerce of the Pacific exceeds a thousand millions sterling per annum, and it is not extravagant to assume that the twentieth century will see it doubled.

We have hardly yet grasped the importance of the Trans-Siberian Railway in the development of the Pacific. Take China alone. In the mind of the average Briton, Peking is dimly pictured as probably the remotest city on the globe. At present, by the fastest methods of conveyance, it takes five weeks to go from London to the capital of China. But, as Mr. Moreing pointed out in the September number of this Review, by the railway one will be able to go from London to Peking in seventeen days and to Shanghai in twenty days. The one will be brought as near to us as Bombay, the other as near as Calcutta. To expedite transit is to multiply trade, to create new trade, and to stimulate social evolution.

It has been said that history is but the register of the follies and crimes of mankind. If this is true of any part of the globe, it is true of the Pacific, from the American slopes where the Spaniards plundered and blundered only to be plundered in turn by blundering hybrids, to the China Seas, where for centuries the barrier reef of barbarism has broken the European wave into dangerous surf. And this vast Pacific basin, which is to be the future battleground of nations and the great area of racial development, is bordered in China as in Peru with the relics of some of the oldest civilizations in the world. The Incas have come and gone, the Aztecs are but a name, the Spanish conquerors of both have left but a thin veneer on an Indian framework, and new nations are working out their salvation—or otherwise—in South America. But in China, we thought, the old order changeth not, and giveth place to new only in name and for a time. In her national senility China seems to have lost the natural forces that make for regeneration. Her conversion will have to come from without, and the oldest empire in the world can only be saved by being destroyed. She has four hundred millions of people who know nothing of that mysterious thing called "prestige" which we are every now and again told we are losing; who care nothing for treaties; who are unable to distinguish one European from another; who are amenable only to a government by force; who are

naturally and nationally adepts in industrial and commercial pursuits; and who only need the "open door" (so men say) to entice them forth from their long sleep. Yet it is two hundred years since the wicket-gate of British trade was opened on the Canton River. Two hundred years! and we are still striving to open the door! This long delay cannot be correctly ascribed entirely to Chinese exclusiveness. Our own intercourse with China has been filled with sins of omission and commission, by John Company's "Tyepons," by zealous and indiscreet missionaries, by rapacious and unscrupulous traders, by non-compromising and tactless political agents.

We have never understood China, and are amazed that the Chinese as yet do not understand us. We have too often shown the iron hand when we should have offered the velvet glove, and too often put on the glove when we should have presented the mailed fist. But at least if we have sinned we lay the flattering unction to our souls that we have not sinned as these others—Russia and France—who have carried out a policy of spoliation at the point of the sword. How many political blunders we have made between the days of Lord Macartney and those of Sir Harry Parkes—and since—it would be a weary task to recall. But, at any rate, we have so far kept the larger commercial hold, and the Chinese are essentially a people whose development will be effected by and through commerce. As a political force China is a cipher; as a commercial entity her potentiality is illimitable. But in China we are between the devil and the deep sea; the relentless policy of Russia, which, generation after generation, *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, pursues its way to its goal, and the instability of the Manchu, with neither the ability to frame a policy nor the strength to carve one out. The part which China has to play in the development of the Pacific is, in the meantime, conditioned on the one side by the restless ambition of Russia, and on the other by the ambitious restlessness of France. But one day she will cease to be an instrument, and will become an active agent.

~ Probably no one is more familiar

with the commercial aspects of the Yangtse Valley than Mr. Archibald Little, and this is what he says about Szechuan :

"The surface of this vast region lying mainly between the 28th and 32d degrees of latitude is covered with every sub-tropical product which the most painstaking and capable agriculturists on the globe can elicit from the soil in a succession of crops, two or three in rotation, during the year, forced on by the stimulating manure obtained from the thickly crowded towns and villages of the basin. Thus we have opium and wheat sown in November and gathered in April; rice sown in April and harvested in August; maize and the tall millet sown in May and gathered in September. The sugar-cane, an excellent tobacco, indigo, with the sweet potato and the taro, also cotton, may be added to the list, which is still not half exhausted. All but the very lowest stratum of its thick population are clad in silk grown and woven in the province, which also yields a considerable surplus for export to the coast and to France. The celebrated insect-wax is a product of Szechuan and of Szechuan alone. Coal and iron abound everywhere, the former mineral forming the sole fuel of the natives. Petroleum accompanied by natural gas, which is led through the town in bamboo pipes, cooks the daily rice of the inhabitants of Tze-liu-Ching, a town and district renowned throughout China for its productive brine wells, which have supplied the province with salt for two thousand years past, besides supplying many of the neighboring provinces. Thus Szechuan is self-sufficient, and we have here a province 220,000 square miles in extent, inhabited by some forty or fifty millions of industrious, intelligent, and mostly prosperous people."

And to this promising emporium of trade the Yangtse Kiang is the only serviceable highway. Besides Szechuan the Yangtse traverses, or serves, the large and populous provinces of Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsi, Ngan-hui, and Kiangsu. It is, roughly speaking, the main highway of an area of 600,000 square miles, inhabited by the most naturally industrious and commercial people in the Eastern hemisphere, if not in the whole world. And the Yangtse flows into the great Pacific basin at Shanghai—"the coming New York of the Far East"—whose foreign trade even at present exceeds £15,000,000 sterling per annum. The entire trade of the towns in the Yangtse Valley, in so far as reported to the Imperial Maritime Customs, exceeds £30,000,000 sterling per annum, but a very large trade is, in addition, carried on

by the native junks, which do not report to the Maritime Customs. The population of the region is at least 180,000,000, and with such a population, with such natural resources, and with such a magnificent waterway to the outer world, it does not seem extravagant of Mr. Little to predict that the annual value of the trade of the Yangtse Valley will be soon not 30 but 300 millions sterling. And yet this is only a portion of China—one corner of the great Pacific area.

With what is called the new birth of Japan a new era opened in the Pacific—a new factor appeared in the world-problem. If the revolution which began some thirty years ago were solely the result of contact with European civilization—that is to say, of purely external influences—we might have doubts about the constitutional strength of this new Power in the East. But it was not so. However large a part foreign contact may have played in the regeneration of Japan, by stimulating the art of a naturally mimetic people, the causes of the change lay deeper. Mr. Tokiwo Jokoi warns us that the political or historical canons formulated for Europe are not to be applied to politics or history in Asia. And he states the case thus :*

"Japan being an Asiatic country, any random reason seems to suffice in the minds of most observers to explain one of the most momentous events in her history. The Japanese are gifted, it is said, with a supreme imitative genius, and their recent civilizing activity is a great achievement of this genius. That so much has already been accomplished by this Oriental people is worthy of all commendation: nevertheless, these critics go on to say that the new civilization in Japan remains an imitated article, and, with all its splendid exterior, is but skin deep. The adjectives 'Asiatic' and 'Oriental' have, in fact, peculiar associated notions which largely shut out peoples under their category from fellowship with the peoples of the west. Now, no mistake could be greater than such a wholesale characterization. The Japanese are, for instance, an insular people, and as such have characteristics quite distinct from those of other peoples in Asia. But the chief thing which separates Japan from China or India is the fact that the civilization of Japan is young, being no older than that of England or France."

* The *Contemporary Review*, September, 1898.

In other words, then, Japan is not oppressed with any burden of pre-historic splendor. She is not a new-born nation of the East in the sense that China will be, when she has that "awakening" which the Marquis Tseng announced years ago as about to begin. She is, in fact, a modern nation of the East, to be ranked rather among the modern nations of the West than among the ancient relics of the Orient. The great industrial movement, we are to understand, had its impetus in a political ideal created by the uprising of democracy. Now, this is a view of Japan that is much more wholesome and satisfying than the view that is commonly entertained in the West. The growth of Japan is natural, and therefore healthy, and the chief danger as regards the future is not that Japan will break down as a constitutional Power, with a right to a controlling voice in the Pacific, but that her industrial expansion may proceed at a greater pace than her political development. In that case she will be weak, because her risks will be greater than her influence. But Mr. Tokiwo Jokoi has no fear of this. He is confident that before another generation has passed away Japan will be as firmly and naturally settled under constitutional government as either France or Germany is to-day.

In considering the future of the Pacific, the subject of cable communication cannot be ignored. At present we are linked telegraphically with our Eastern Empire by four lines of wire—(1) *via* Lisbon, Egypt, and the Red Sea, (2) *via* France, Italy, Egypt, and the Red Sea, (3) *via* Germany, Turkey, Russia, and the Pacific Coast, (4) *via* Lisbon, West Africa, the Cape, and the Indian Ocean. The recommendation of the Selborne Conference of 1896 in favor of an all-British cable to the Pacific has not been acted on, mainly perhaps owing to one reason that has never been mentioned in public discussions of the matter, which is that the overland telegraphs in Canada, which must form the connecting links between the two ocean cables, are "controlled" by a powerful United States telegraph combination. So long as that control exists, a telegraphic con-

nection between West and East *via* North America would be "all-British" only in name. If cables are no longer to be regarded as immune from attack in times of war, we might have very serious complications in American rights over Canadian land lines. Are they in present circumstances any more dependable for Imperial purposes than is the Russo-Siberian line of communication, on which Lord Wolseley has said that it is "suicidal" for us to depend? It may, however, be argued that the very fact of this American impact upon the all-British line of Imperial inter-communication emphasizes the necessity for an Anglo-American bond of what Mr. Chamberlain calls "permanent amity." The four existing lines of telegraph with the East all pass through the dominions of several foreign governments. The enmity of one of these governments would sever two or more of these lines. The cables in the Red Sea would be at the mercy of any belligerent. In fact, in the event of a war with a European maritime Power we would be absolutely dependent on the very precarious link round the Cape, which might be broken at many different points. Russia makes no secret of the fact that in the event of a war with us her first task would be to cut off all our wire communications with India and Australia; and it is known that she has had ready cable-cutting ships to despatch on short notice. There seems little room to doubt that a cable laid in the great depths of the open Pacific would be much less open to attack than any existing, or perhaps any possible, alternative line. But a little reflection will show that, desirable as is this all-British bond of wire by way of North America and the Pacific, its value will depend on the preservation of "permanent amity" with the United States. We cannot yet count on that, and therefore we cannot afford to reject the plan for a complete system of entirely British cables connecting all our naval stations with London, India, and Australia.

It is a curious thought that in seeking to reach the Orient by a canal across Nicaragua, and by a cable across the Pacific, we are just carrying out

the design of the old Spaniards to reach the East by the West. We have successfully followed the Portuguese Vasco da Gama, round the Cape of Good Hope, to Mombasa and India. And now we are following upon the westward track of Columbus when he went in search of Zipandu; and of Alvaro de Mendaña when, setting sail from Callao, he plunged into the wide Pacific in search of the Islands of Solomon. In noting this movement, moreover, let us not overlook the curious fact that the entire set of migration of

the Latin races of Europe (for French Tongking and Italian Erythrea are not true colonies) is westward to the great South American continent which flanks the Pacific. The future of South America is a vast and deeply interesting problem, but while it is, as we have seen, only one of a series of problems associated with the opening of the Far East, it is one which emphasizes and accentuates the necessity for the maintenance of a British hold on the western outlet of the Pacific.—*The Nineteenth Century*.



THE WORKS OF MR. KIPLING.

LITERARY reputations have often been rapidly won. To wake one morning and find himself famous has been the lot of many a writer besides the poet, the England of whose time—the England, that is to say, of the Peninsula and Waterloo—the England of Wellington, Scott, and Castlereagh—is pronounced by Mr. Stephen Phillips to have been “for the most part petty and hypocritical!” (See the *Cornhill Magazine* for January, 1898, p. 21.) Our fathers were almost as much on the alert as ourselves for the appearance of a new genius; but never have men of letters succeeded in reaching the substantial honor of a “collected edition” so early in life as at the present day. That distinction used to be jealously reserved for veterans. Now it is liberally bestowed upon authors who (one hopes) have at least as many years of at least as good work before as behind them. We do not grumble at the innovation. The old style of “*édition de luxe*,” whose inconveniences were so feelingly portrayed by the late Mr. Du Maurier, has fortunately gone out of fashion; and the new style is sure to be convenient for reading as well as ornamental to the bookshelf. The resources of typography are freely drawn upon for its production, and the result is something eminently pleasant to the eye, whether the contents of the volumes are to be desired to make one wise or the reverse. From our lips, therefore, no word of disparagement shall fall

with reference to the edition of Mr. Kipling's works, the publication of which has just been completed.* The printing is all that could be desired, though no more than was to be expected from the celebrated house founded by the late Mr. Robert Clark, that “warrior” and hero of a hundred well fought golf-matches. Mr. Kipling, too, has done well in refraining from introductory prefaces—a sort of writing which calls for a touch of the Magician's own wand. But were the edition as mean and unworthy in externals as it is handsome and sumptuous, we should none the less welcome it as supplying a convenient pretext for attempting to weigh in the critical balance the productions of the most remarkable writer of his generation.

It is not much more than ten years since the attention of the English public was first attracted to an unknown author (with a name suspiciously like a *nom de guerre*) by the appearance of some spirited prose sketches and of one or two ballads, possessing the genuine ring of poetry, in the pages of a contemporary. The attention so drawn was riveted by certain poems from the same pen in which a new and original note was undoubtedly struck, and

* “The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling.” 12 volumes. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1897-98. “Departmental Ditties and other Verses.” By Rudyard Kipling. London: W. Thacker & Co., 1898.

which Mr. Henley was the means of introducing to the world in a vivacious weekly periodical. Thenceforward, Mr. Kipling's literary career is matter of common knowledge. It has been his portion to gain the ear of the great non-literary reading public, and at the same time to win the enthusiastic applause of that limited body of men whose pleasure in a work of art is derived from a perception of the means as well as of the end. Such good fortune falls to few. There are writers whose work is keenly appreciated by their literary brethren, but who make little or no impression upon "the great heart of the people." Of such, Mr. Stevenson was a typical representative. There are others, again, who sell their tens of thousands, yet whose glaring faults of taste effectually repel the sympathies of the educated minority, the *cachet* of whose approbation, while they profess to despise, they secretly long for. But the critic to whose palate the works of Miss Corelli or Mr. Caine are as ungrateful as a meal of dust and ashes, is well aware that from the point of view of literature neither the lady nor the gentleman exists. Their performances will have as much significance for the competent critic of the future as the "Dagonet Ballads" or Captain Coe's finals. So, too, the reviewer to whose hardened sensibilities the pathos and the humor of the Kailyard alike appeal in vain, has more than a suspicion that Messrs. Crockett and Maclaren will not enter into the reckoning of our sons' sons. But he knows that Mr. Barrie is certain to count. And even so it is with Mr. Kipling. You may lay your finger on faults real or imaginary; you may find his verse flashy and his prose irritating. But you cannot (being in full possession of your senses) pass him by; you cannot maintain that, in estimating the literary forces and tendencies of our age, it is possible to leave him out of account. As well ignore Dickens in a review of Victorian literature; as well ignore Keene in a review of Victorian art.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr. Kipling's works is the wide range over which it expatiates. Subjects the most diverse are handled with the same

air of ease and intimacy; and no other writer is so well entitled to repeat with proper pride the most familiar and the most hackneyed of Terentian sentiments, "For to admire and for to see, For to behold this world so wide"—that is his *métier*; and we may proceed with the quotation and add that "he can't drop it if he tried." How or where Mr. Kipling acquired his "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of the physical world, of the human heart, and of animated nature, is no business of ours. As he himself sings—

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
'Ed 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

No doubt in "The Three Musketeers" he allows the world a glimpse of one of his methods of collecting raw material. But there are matters innumerable in his writings for which there is no accounting unless we are prepared to concede to him a full measure of that faculty of divination which is heaven's best gift to a chosen few.

It is a commonplace that Shakespeare was accustomed to handle with astounding felicity and correctness the technical phraseology of the law, of the *manège*, of venery, and of many other departments of human activity. It being, of course, impossible that a Warwickshire yokel, whom we know to have been but imperfectly educated, could have acquired so minute a knowledge of so many complicated subjects, a sapient school of critics has not hesitated to assure us that the author of the Shakespearean plays was not one but many—was a lawyer, a Jehu, a Nimrod, a Papist, a Protestant, a Jesuit, a Puritan—was anything you please, in short, but a man with an unrivalled *flair* for the niceties of language, and an unequalled share of IMAGINATION—that quality of all others most abhorrent to the dunce. Let us adopt this singular fallacy for a moment, and see to what conclusion it leads us in Mr. Kipling's case.

It is plain, to begin with, that Mr. Kipling must have studied long and ardently at all the best schools and universities in the world. How else could he have acquired his thorough

acquaintance with zoology (*vide* the "Jungle Books"), with geography, including the use of the globes (*vide* "The Flag of England" and "The Children of the Zodiac"), with archæology (*vide* "The Story of Ung"), and with botany (*vide* "The Flowers")? It is equally beyond dispute that he served a long apprenticeship on the sea; and it seems likely that he first gratified his passion for that element by taking service in a Greek galley and afterward in that of a Viking. He must then have occupied a post on the following vessels in succession—a Chinese pig-boat, a Bilbao tramp, a New England fishing-smack, a British man-of-war, and an Atlantic liner. It was certainly in the engine-room of the last-named vessel that he learned those details about machinery which he reproduces so faithfully in "M'Andrew's Hymn."

We infer that Mr. Kipling next withdrew for a few years' complete rest to the solitude of the jungle. He there added materially to his knowledge of natural history, and familiarized himself thoroughly with the manners and customs of bird, beast, and reptile. (If he did not, how on earth *could* he have written the "Jungle Books"?) It is also quite obvious that he has held a large number of appointments in the Indian Civil Service; and that he served for a considerable period in the ranks of the army. No sane man can doubt that he took part in several hot engagements, and fought in at least one Soudan campaign. A good many years must also have been passed by Mr. Kipling in disguise among the natives. By no other means could he have become conversant with their habits of thought and ways of life. It is further beyond dispute that he must have slummed in London; that at one time he must have had a studio of his own; and that the inside of a newspaper office must have been during a certain period of his life a place of almost daily resort.

Our chain of reasoning is now almost complete, and we defy any one to snap it. No man can acquire a knowledge of the terminology of soldiering, or sailing, or tinkering, or tailoring, unless he has been a soldier, or a sailor,

or a tinker, or a tailor. But human life is too short for a man to be all four, and, *a fortiori*, for a man to follow fifty occupations. Argal, Kipling is but the name of an amanuensis or hack, through whose pen certain eminent soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, etc., have chosen, for some undisclosed reason, to tell their story to the world. Such, without exaggeration, is the reasoning of the dullards who have presumed to tamper with the fame of England's greatest poet.

While Mr. Kipling surveys mankind from China to Peru, he does so not from the dubious point of view of the cosmopolitan, but from the firm vantage-ground of a Briton. It is merely his due to attribute to him the chief share among men of letters in that revival of the Imperial sentiment, both in these islands and in our colonies, which has been so striking a phenomenon of recent years. To have re-awakened a great people to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, to have fanned the drooping flame of an enlightened but fervent patriotism—these are achievements of which few indeed can boast. It is, we trust, unnecessary to disclaim all intention of disparaging the good work performed by great men in years when the country seemed plunged in a fatal lethargy, and men appeared to have grown indifferent or insensible to England's mission and destiny. Lord Tennyson, for example, has no stronger claim upon the reverence and affection of all generations of his countrymen than the fact that from time to time he set the trumpet to his lips and blew a strain whose echoes will never cease to encourage and to inspire. But old and neglected truths sometimes require to be presented in a new garb; and abstract principles constantly need to be driven home by concrete illustrations. It has been Mr. Kipling's enviable task to bring down patriotism from the closet to the street, and to diffuse its beneficent influence among millions who had hitherto remained untouched.

As so frequently happens, Mr. Kipling's teaching fell upon willing ears. The English nation is patient and long-suffering enough. It is also ex-

traordinarily loyal in its allegiance to its chosen favorites. But the Government which mismanaged the affairs of this country from 1880 to 1885 was kind enough to supply at least two specimens of the application of Liberal principles to foreign politics which can never be forgotten. The shameful peace concluded after our defeat at Majuba Hill—a peace so pregnant with trouble and disaster—was not rendered more palatable to a people which loves honesty and plain-dealing by the sanctimonious cant characteristically employed to justify it. The projected relinquishment of a portion of Egypt might, indeed, have passed at the time without exciting the national resentment. But the cold-hearted abandonment of Gordon aroused a storm of indignation which in reality has been the motive-power of that series of laborious yet brilliant operations whose culmination was successfully attained a few weeks ago. The better-informed classes of Englishmen were at the same time aware that, in the East, Lord Ripon had embarked upon a course of policy, the ultimate result, if not the conscious design, of which must be the overthrow of British power in India. Worse, if worse were possible, remained behind. The most audacious and malignant of blows was presently struck at the integrity of the empire by hands the measure of whose evil-doing not even Majuba Hill and Khartoum had sufficed to fill up. The dismemberment of the United Kingdom was solemnly and seriously offered as the price of political support to a faction "steeped to the lips in treason." This master-stroke was attended by at least one happy consequence. The nobler elements in the Liberal party were forever severed from the baser, and became practically fused with the Conservatives. No wonder that men's hearts were longing for an outspoken proclamation on the side of loyalty and empire! No wonder that the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 were hailed as an outward and visible sign of the reawakening of the national spirit! Yet they announced merely the inception of a great movement. It is surely no vain imagination to suppose that the Jubilee rejoicings of last year possessed a deeper significance and

were informed with a more exalted spirit than those of ten years before. The soul of the nation seemed to be more profoundly stirred. Ideas and aspirations of a loftier order seemed to have taken root in the nation's heart. And if such indeed were the case, it was to Rudyard Kipling more than to any other writer that the change was due, just as it was he who seized upon the unspoken national thought and enshrined it in imperishable verse. On one Englishman of eminence, and one alone, it is to be feared, did the writings of Mr. Kipling during the last decade fail to produce a perceptible impression. From childhood to old age the more poignant emotions of patriotism and the fine sense of national honor were, unhappily, strangers to the bosom of William Ewart Gladstone.

We make no apology for this apparent digression; for Mr. Kipling's most characteristic work is really saturated with politics—not the politics of Taper or Tadpole, or even of Mr. Rigby, but the politics of true statesmanship. No patriot assuredly can forget the signal service which he rendered to his country, at a moment when the horizon was darker than one now cares to think of, by the publication of "Cleared." It is not only one of the most trenchant pieces of rhetoric in any language (Juvenal himself might be proud to claim it for his own), but it furnishes an absolute and conclusive answer to the contemptible sophistries by which men who had once had at least a bowing acquaintance with honesty were fain to palliate their connection and co-operation with ruffians and assassins. But the truth is, that no more formidable attack has been delivered upon Liberalism in the present generation than Mr. Kipling's work, taken as a whole. The shameless lies by which the friends of disaffection and the devotees of so-called philanthropy have never scrupled to fortify their cause, crumble to atoms at the touch of the artist whose highest aspiration it is "to draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are." The precious, time-dishonored formulæ become meaningless when confronted with the very essence of practical experience. Mr. Kipling has taken the

pains (in "The Enlightenments of Padgett, M.P.") to set forth his opinions in direct and almost didactic shape; but a story like "The Head of the District" is more valuable than many such discourses, and illuminates the situation as with a flash. Here are facts, stubborn facts, which it is the very *raison d'être* of Liberalism to ignore, but the ignoring of which means the end of all government worthy of the name. It is of a piece with his sound and comprehensive view of politics that Mr. Kipling should strike the true note in comparing the relative value and importance of the man of action and the man of letters. He is guiltless of the affectation of depreciating his own calling. But his judgment coincides with that invariably pronounced by Sir Walter Scott. "A Conference of the Powers" is in many ways by much the least felicitous of the numerous productions of his pen. Nowhere else is his touch so uncertain; nowhere else does the author strike one as being so much of a *poseur*; nowhere else does he come so near to trespassing upon the unconsciously ridiculous. But despite its manifold imperfections, it teaches lessons which we fear that many journalists and many more pretentious writers have yet to learn.

The particular quarter of the globe in which Mr. Kipling reduces Liberal principles *ad absurdum* is, of course, India; and, though the universe is his by right of conquest, India is, no question, his particular domain. 'Twas there his earliest triumphs were achieved; and with it the most instructive portion of his work is concerned. Whatever his excellences or defects, it was he and no other who first brought home to the average Englishman something like an adequate conception of what our Indian Empire means. We all knew that there was a subtle and mysterious charm about the East. Those who had read the "Arabian Nights" and "Tancréd" had a faint conception of its potency. Those who were fortunate enough to have relatives in the Company's or the Queen's service were, of course, in the enjoyment of a much ampler knowledge. The Mutiny taught us something, though that something was gradually being

forgotten. But it was not until Mr. Kipling's arrival on the scene that "the man on the knife-board" was dumped down, as it were, by the compelling force of an irresistible will among a mass of "raw, brown, naked humanity;" that he realized the existence of a vast body of fellow-subjects to whom his favorite catchwords (such as "liberty" and "progress") would have been absolutely unintelligible; and that he was enabled to apprehend, however imperfectly, the magnitude of the work which it has been the privilege of England to initiate and carry on in the East Indies through the instrumentality of a handful of her sons. One of the main secrets, we believe, of the extraordinary vividness with which Mr. Kipling represents scenes so wholly different from anything in the experience of the average Englishman is, that he never pauses to make preliminary explanations. His early writings, by a fortunate accident, were addressed to an Anglo-Indian audience upon whom such explanations would have been thrown away. They knew Jakko and Peliti's, and Tara-Devi, and Benmore and Boileaugunge as well as a man about town knows Piccadilly or an East-ender Epping Forest. Tonga-bars and 'rikshaws, dāk-bungalows and saises, pipals and walers, had no mysteries for them. A glossary would have been more of an impertinence and a superfluity for them than a glossary of the dialect of the *Sporting Times* would be to the ordinary middle-aged and middle-class householder. Hence Mr. Kipling grew accustomed to waste no time in commentary, and the sudden plunge into a strange atmosphere and into unfamiliar "shop" and slang which he compels the English reader to take is eminently bracing and delightful, though it takes away the breath to start with. In his hands we may truly say that new things become familiar and familiar things new. Which (to borrow a form of sentence much affected by himself) is half the battle.

A vivid impression, it is true, is not necessarily a correct one, and it is quite natural that there should be more than one opinion as to the truth of Mr. Kipling's sketches of Anglo-Indian so-

ciety. Here his detractors (if he any have) will find the most promising material for animadversion. None of his stories, indeed, are wholly outside the region of possibility; while many of them doubtless had a more or less solid "foundation in fact." Some of the "Plain Tales" read like nothing so much as a reproduction of the current gossip of a day now dead and gone, with a proper alteration of names, dates, and immaterial surroundings. Human nature, after all, is not vastly different at Simla from human nature elsewhere. Why should jobbery and favoritism, which find a home in every clime, pass India by? In what country have men not been occasionally preferred to high office through the influence of pretty women? Doubtless merit swelters in the plains from time to time, while stupidity and incompetence are promoted to the honors and emoluments which they never earned. 'Tis a mere question of the thermometer. In more temperate zones, "*virtus laudatur et—alget.*" Thus most of Mr. Kipling's anecdotes are probably, in one sense, well-authenticated. Chapter and verse could be cited for every one of them; and regarded as a collection of isolated and independent details they may be said to be literally true to life. But when these details come to be considered as parts of a greater whole, when the picture invites criticism as a complete work of art, the matter assumes an entirely different complexion. The Government of India is emphatically *not* conducted at headquarters in obedience to the dictates of intriguing hussies and their unscrupulous hangers-on. No more is the Government of Great Britain. Yet a satirist with the necessary adroitness could present the world with a description of the social and political life of London which would be absolutely horrifying and absolutely misleading, yet of which each individual stroke should have been painfully copied from the living model. He would be able to quote facts in proof of the existence among us of failings and of vices notoriously inconsistent with social or political wellbeing. But if he inferred, for example, universal corruption from the records of the divorce-court, he

would be as wide of the mark as if, from a perusal of their light literature, he drew the conclusion that the French attach no sanctity to family life. The analogy we have suggested should put us on our guard against accepting as typical and representative personages or episodes with no claim to being anything of the kind. To hit off the exact proportion in which the component elements in the character of any community are blended is never an easy task, and its difficulty is not diminished for the story-teller by the fact that the baser ingredients lend themselves to his legitimate purposes in proportion as they are pungent and high-flavored.

There are, to be quite frank, a few of Mr. Kipling's literary offspring which we would throw to the wolves without the least compunction. Mrs. Hauksbee "won't do;" and no more will the "boys" who make love to her. What in the rest of Mr. Kipling's work is knowledge degenerates too often into knowingness, a very different quality, when he begins to depict Indian Society. We become conscious of a certain aggressiveness in his touch—of the absence of the tone of true fashion—of more than a hint of that uneasy familiarity which may be frequently observed in the very young or the hopelessly shy. The ladies are not exactly patterns of good breeding, while the men who associate with them have a cheap swagger which Ouida's guardsmen would despise. So at least some devil's advocate might argue with no little plausibility. There is unquestionably much better stuff in such slight sketches as "Bubbling Well Road" or "The Finances of the Gods" than in a thousand elaborate pieces of the type of "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out," which leave behind the disagreeable suspicion that the author deliberately tried to scandalize. Sailing near the wind is a dangerous and undignified pastime for a writer of Mr. Kipling's calibre.

Nothing, indeed, is more extraordinary in this portion of Mr. Kipling's work than the intermingling of good and bad, worthy and base, essential and trifling. Cheek by jowl with smart snip-snap you find something that

probes the inmost recesses of your soul. Only a few pages of print separate a specimen of flippant superficiality like "The Education of Otis Yeere" from masterpiece of analysis and penetration like "The Hill of Illusion." And "The Story of the Gadsbys"—at once the glory and the shame of Mr. Kipling's prose-muse—what is it but a field where wheat and tares grow together in careless and inextricable confusion? To read that singular drama for the seventh or eighth time is to pass once more from delight to disgust and again to delight—is to marvel that genius which can soar so high should ever be content to stoop so low. At one moment the author discloses some of the deepest secrets of the human heart—secrets which most men take half a lifetime to find out—with a frankness and a simplicity which attest his extreme youth; at another his facetiousness is such as a respectable pot-house would reprobate, and his view of life too raffish for even a military lady-novelist to adopt. The most moving pathos alternates with the most brazen-faced vulgarity, and the most vital facts of human existence are handled with the raw cocksureness of an inspired schoolboy. "The Gadsbys" is the most amazing monument of precocity in all literature. Yet who can doubt that its faults, palpable and serious though they be, are upon a general balance outweighed by its merits? Or who would not swallow the opening scene, albeit with a wry face, rather than give up that later episode, where the author's method is so simple yet so telling, and its outcome makes so irresistible an appeal to the primary emotions—we mean the scene of Mrs. Gadsby's illness and delirium? If in none other of his writings he has sinned so grievously, in none has he made so ample an atonement.

In estimating the accuracy of Mr. Kipling's picture of the English in India the critic is entitled to fall back upon his knowledge of the corresponding ranks of society at home; but no such assistance is available when he comes to consider Mr. Kipling's treatment of native life. Its fidelity to the original has never, so far as we are

aware, been impugned, and there are few besides Mr. Kipling himself who possess the qualifications necessary for sitting in judgment on this department of his work. For him, as for Strickland, "the streets and the bazaars and the sounds in them are full of meaning," though he would probably be the first to admit how superficial any European's knowledge of the inner life of the "black man" must needs be. It is not safe, to be sure, to take Mr. Kipling seriously at all times. Extravaganza is a form of art to which he occasionally condescends with the happiest results. What else are "The Germ Destroyer" and "Pig" in the "Plain Tales"? And what is "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" but rollicking, incomparable, irresistible farce? But nobody can suppose for a moment that "In Flood Time" or "On the City Wall" was written "with intent to deceive;" and even if a hundred pedants were to suggest a hundred reasons for suspecting the fidelity of his portraiture, we should prefer to maintain the attitude of unshaken faith, and to enjoy what is so admirably calculated to produce enjoyment. For, to tell the truth, the native tales carry their credentials on their very face. Like holograph documents, they must be allowed the privilege of proving themselves; and if work at once so powerful and so exquisite as "Without Benefit of Clergy" happens not to be true to nature, so much the worse for nature. The description of life at a Rajput King's Court in "The Naulahka" is worth countless blue-books and innumerable tracts as a revelation of the inveterate habits of thought and of the social customs which a beneficent Government must attempt by slow degrees to accommodate as far as possible to the ethical standards of the West.

Mr. Kipling's military stories have probably enjoyed the greatest vogue of all his writings in this country, and not without reason. The subject of every-day life in the British army, though a tempting one, had been practically left untouched, and clamored for a man of genius to "exploit" it. We know with what complete success he took it up. Who can withstand

Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris? " 'Tis immortal fame the gentleman's going to give us," predicted the first-named, and the prophecy bids fair to come true. Since the deathless Pickwick and his faithful band desisted from their wanderings, no group of personages has gained so well-assured a footing in the affections of the public as these same "soldiers three." Men do not love them, perhaps, for their own sakes. As studies of character they count for comparatively little. They are not discriminated with any great nicety, and the marked difference in their speech dispenses with all necessity for the finer and more delicate strokes of the brush. We cannot pretend to look upon Mulvaney as a Milesian Prometheus, with the vultures of remorse preying upon his vitals; nor does Learoyd seem to be distinguishable in any particular from our old friend the Yorkshireman of the stage. The claim which the trio really have upon our undying gratitude and regard arises mainly from their being the mouthpiece of the author for a series of stories which hold their own with any in our language in point of variety, humor, spirit, and power. It is unnecessary to expatiate on their merits, though we may call attention to the extraordinary felicity and appropriateness of their respective settings, of which Mulvaney and his comrades are *pars magna*. Nor is it possible to arrange them in order of excellence. Each seems the best until the next is read. We should not quarrel seriously with any one who indicated a special preference for "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "With the Main Guard," the latter being Mr. Kipling's best war-piece, with the exception of "The Lost Legion." But we cannot pass from them without congratulating the British private upon having at last found his *vates sacer*, and the army generally upon having fallen in with a writer who has taught the least imaginative of nations what manful work its soldiers are doing for it. There is a fine healthy ring in all Mr. Kipling's utterances about her Majesty's forces. But his inspiration was curiously anticipated by a writer who in other respects is his very antithesis. Tom

Robertson was timid, artificial, and conventional. Mr. Kipling is dashing, original, and bold. Tom Robertson seems hopelessly out of date. Mr. Kipling is essentially *dans le train*. But he must be a rare hand indeed at the splitting of a hair who can detect any appreciable distinction or difference between the tone and sentiment of "Ours" and those of "The Big Drunk Draf," or "Only a Subaltern," or "The Man Who Was," or "His Private Honor."

The rough classification which, for convenience sake, we have made of Mr. Kipling's short stories is not quite exhaustive. There remain a fair number which are not tales of Anglo-Indian society, nor tales of native life, nor yet tales of the British army. There are, for instance, what we may call the tales of physical horror. Among these are "Bertran and Bimi," "A Matter of Fact," and "The Mark of the Beast;" and, without embarking upon the general question whether such topics as they deal with fall within the legitimate sphere of art, we confess that we could have willingly spared them. The stories of the supernatural, on the other hand, like "At the End of the Passage," we could spare by no possibility whatever. Finally, there is a small class which stands by itself in virtue of possessing in an especial degree the characteristic excellences of its creator's genius. "The Finest Story in the World" will always stand out as perhaps the most striking illustration of Mr. Kipling's versatility. The deeper problems it suggests may be put on one side; what is of real moment is the snatches from the galley-slave's experience. Here are the same matchless power of presenting a scene and suggesting an atmosphere, the same realistic commemoration of minute details, the same idealistic selection of the relevant and the essential, which distinguished the Indian narratives, and all applied to a state of facts long since passed away. Yet even this miracle of invention and artifice must give place to "The Man who would be King," which we venture to consider Mr. Kipling's *chef-d'œuvre* in prose. The fable makes considerable drafts on one's credulity at the outset; but the

drafts are instantly honored, and the reader, falling more and more under the master's spell, is whirled along triumphantly to the close. No time to take breath or to reflect, so impetuous and irresistible is the torrent. Those to whom emotions are as daily bread will find there a truly bounteous repast.

Whether a writer of short stories can write long ones and *vice versa* has often been acrimoniously debated; but one thing is plain, that Mr. Kipling has not yet proved the affirmative. "The Light that Failed" and "The Naulahka" have their moments. They are much more readable than most contemporary novels, and the latter is as thrilling as "Treasure Island." But to compare them with, say, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" would be ridiculous. Perhaps one reason of their failure is the thoroughly uninteresting character of the hero and heroine. Who cares much for Dick and Maisie? Who for Nicholas Tarvin and Kate Sheriff? Better by far the society of Mowgli and the wolves—than whom indeed more agreeable company is not to be found without much seeking. None of Mr. Kipling's works have the same graciousness and charm as "The Jungle Books," none are so wise, so considerate, so kindly. If, before trying them yourself, you follow the old maxim and "try them on the dog," the result is certain to be satisfactory. Children adore them, and add the animals to that menagerie which Robin, Dickie, Flapsy, and Pecksy used to adorn. And if, fortified by the success of your experiment, you try them on yourself, you will thenceforth use no others. The reader will perhaps forgive an uncontrollable lapse into the dignified phraseology of latter-day criticism.

The peculiar attraction of Mr. Kipling's prose work lies much less in any solicitude for style than in his unique fertility of imagination. He need never beat about the bush, for it disgorges a hare every two minutes; nor has he time to be fastidious in his choice of words. In some of his earlier pieces his manner is almost vicious. It is like "the picture-writing of a half-civilized people," to borrow an apt metaphor of his own,—

crude, jerky, flippant. The straining after smartness and sensation is too evident, and the flash epigram is too frequent and favorite an ornament. That these faults have been to a great extent corrected by the maturer taste and sounder discretion of advancing years is perfectly true. But they are not wholly eradicated, and Mr. Kipling has still to vindicate his title to be considered as a model of English style. That he could make it good if he pleased, we have not the least doubt. A descriptive passage like the following proves that he has little to learn:—

"Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow, more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry-fire, leagues away to the left. A native woman from some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story."

There is no doubt about that as a piece of English; but the great bulk of Mr. Kipling's most vigorous and successful prose-work is not in ordinary English but in dialect. It is in the lingo of the Cockney, the Irishman, or the Yorkshireman; or it is in a tongue specially invented for the use of birds and beasts; or it is in a language designed to reproduce the characteristic *nuances* of oriental thought and feeling. It is through such a medium that Mr. Kipling's genius seems to find its most ample and fitting expression; and perhaps it is on that account that his long stories are disappointing. They are necessarily in more or less literary English, for dialect cannot be maintained beyond a certain length of time without fatiguing the reader.

That Mr. Kipling has performed prodigies of ingenuity, and of more than ingenuity, with dialect in verse as well as in prose, is no more than the truth. He has indeed accomplished what, perhaps, was never achieved before. He has selected a *patois* the associations

of which were wholly mean, commonplace, ludicrous, and degrading, and has made it the vehicle of poetry characterized by qualities the very reverse of these. But his verse, whether in plain English or in dialect, is superior to his prose in plain English, because poetry is more exacting than prose. It is the paradox of poetry that it permits no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the one inevitable word, and only the true poet can find it. Now in Mr. Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the right moment, and no one can doubt that it is the right word.

"So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!

An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!

Oh, 'ark to the fifes *a-crawlin'*!

Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

Does not the word we have italicized almost make one catch one's breath by its startling appropriateness? But we must not begin to quote, or this article would never end.

The technical difficulties of poetry have no terrors for Mr. Kipling.* His command of rhythm and metre is absolute. No measure is too intricate for him to master, and some of the pleasure with which his verse is read is due to the apparent facility with which he handles a complicated scheme of versification. We think we can detect that Mr. Swinburne engaged some portion of Mr. Kipling's youth; but the influence of that master is not obtrusive in his later productions. For pure poetical prestidigitation we never read anything to compare with the stanza prefixed to chapter vii. of "*The Naulahka*."† Even Mr. Gilbert, in the happiest hours of his plenary Aristophanic inspiration, never equalled that. But luckily there is infinitely more in Mr. Kipling's poetry than mere nim-

bleness of wit or mechanical dexterity. His highest flights are high indeed, and it is true of his best work, as of all the world's greatest poetry, that it can be read and re-read without losing its freshness. New beauties are ever to be discovered, and the old ones shine with brighter lustre. His record as a poet is one of steady and rapid progress. His very earliest efforts are perhaps scarcely superior to the best verse in "*Punch*," when the letterpress of that journal was worth reading. Among all the "*Departmental Ditties*" there is but one—"Possibilities"—whose original flavor and half-pathetic, half-cynical humor indicates something transcending extreme cleverness. "*The Ballad of East and West*" was the first plain manifestation of genius; while in his subsequent volumes—in the "*Barrack-room Ballads*" and in "*The Seven Seas*"—there are poems whose authorship not even the greatest of England's singers need be eager to disavow. "*The Flag of England*," "*A Song of the English*," "*The Last Chantey*," "*M'Andrew's Hymn*,"—these are strains that dwell in the memory and stir the blood. They have a richness and fulness of note very different from the shrill and reedy utterance of many who have attempted to tune their pipe to the pitch of courage and of patriotism. Yet even they sink into comparative insignificance beside that "*Recessional*" which fifteen months ago took England by storm, and which seemed to concentrate in itself the glowing patriotism of a Shakespeare, the solemn piety of a Milton, and the measured stateliness of a Dryden. For sheer ingenuity and lightness of touch, indeed, "*The Song of the Banjo*" cannot be matched. (Why, by the bye, has the fate of "the younger son" such a fascination for Mr. Kipling's muse?) But we are not prepared to put it in the same rank as the best of the "*Barrack-room Ballads*," though what the best are we shall not be rash enough to say. Let the reader make his own selection.

To frame a concise yet exhaustive judgment upon Mr. Kipling is impossible, so various are his gifts, so rich his endowment. A glowing imagina-

* It is the more provoking that he frequently indulges in Cockney rhymes, such as *abroad* and *Lord*. The final verse of "*The Last Chantey*" is disgraced by a false assonance of this sort, and so is the closing couplet of "*M'Andrew's Hymn*," where, of course, it is peculiarly out of place.

† It is interesting to note that Mr. Kipling has scattered some of his best poetry among his prose with a prodigality that reminds one of Sir Walter Scott.

tion, an inexhaustible invention, a profound knowledge of the human heart—these are three of his choicest possessions. Yet how inadequately does so bald a statement sum up the rich profusion of his talents ! How beggarly and feeble seem the resources of language to do justice to his great achievements ! It is good to think that in all human probability he will be long with us to continue his work and to enhance his fame. There will never be wanting persons to dissuade from patriotism, and to point out how expensive the exercise of that virtue is apt to be. It is well for us that a great writer should be in our midst strengthening the weak hands and confirming the feeble knees. Much as he has accomplished in the past, there remains much for him to accomplish in the future, and if in the

course of providence we should be spared to survey Mr. Kipling's work thirty years hence, we make no doubt that much of priceless value will have been added to its tale. For the constant burden of his song teaches the lesson which it most behoves the younger generation to learn. "Law, Orrder, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline !" —these are the foundations of a prosperous State. The Laws of the Jungle are the Laws of the Universe, and we shall be fortunate indeed if, when times of stress and peril arrive, we have realized what our fathers learned in sorrow and tribulation and what their sons are too prone to forget,

"But the head and the hoof of the Law
And the haunch and the hump is—Obey!"
—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

—•••—

GREAT MEN : THEIR SIMPLICITY AND IGNORANCE.

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE study of the characteristics of notable personages, past and present, yields nothing more surprising—certainly nothing more humorous—than experiences of how frequently simplicity is closely allied to genius, and how often ignorance of the commonest things goes hand-in-hand with profound learning. The Duke of Wellington was largely endowed with that modesty or simplicity which makes a great man almost unconscious of his greatness. He met a lady friend who was going to see a model of the battle of Waterloo, and remarked to her, "Ah, you're going to see Waterloo ! It's a very good model ; I was at the battle, you know." Surveying a field of battle, he could detect almost at a glance the weak points in the disposition of the contending forces, but he could never tell whether his dinner was cooked well or ill. A first-rate *chef* was in the employment of Lord Seaford, who, not being able to afford to keep the man, prevailed on the Duke of Wellington to engage him. Shortly after entering the Duke's service the *chef* returned to his former master and

begged him, with tears in his eyes, to take him back, at reduced wages or none at all. Lord Seaford asked, "Has the Duke been finding fault?" "Oh, no—he is the kindest and most liberal of masters ; but I serve him a dinner that would have made Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he say nothing ! I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by my cook maid, and he say nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord !"

There is a story also told of Mr. Gladstone which would show that the true meaning of the old saying "Do not mix your drinks" was unknown to the great statesman. It is said to have been his habit to let the wines which were served in the course of dinner mobilize at his elbow, and during a pause in the conversation seize the glass that happened to be nearest. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone, who had refreshed himself as usual in this haphazard way, inveighed against the practice of mixing wines. It was respectfully pointed out to him that he had been guilty of this very act ; but he, explained, to his own satisfaction,

that to mix wines was to fill up half a glass of champagne from the port decanter !

"Heckling," or the cross-examination of candidates for Parliamentary honors, is a favorite pastime in Scotland during election contests. Mr. John Morley was asked at one of his meetings during his wooing of the constituency of Montrose, "Are you in favor of the abolition of cess and stent?" He elevated his eyebrows, looked perplexed for a moment, and then came out, amid general laughter, with the whimsical confession, "Really, gentlemen, I don't know whether I am or not." A few moments later the right hon. gentleman had to make the dire admission that he did not know the difference between white and yellow trout. The meeting was rather pained. Another well-known M.P., addressing a political meeting some time ago, hoping thereby to create a little enthusiasm among the working men, exclaimed, "When the polling-day comes, you good fellows must stick to me like bricks!" A hardy son of toil, who knew from experience that bricks had no adhesive property, rose in the middle of the hall and said, "You mean like mortar, don't you, sir?" Roars of laughter greeted this correction of the ignorance of the candidate.

The following amusing extract from the lately published work, "Mr. Gregory's Letter Box"—which contains the correspondence of a gentleman who was for many years Under-Secretary for Ireland—shows that the Ministers responsible for the good government of Ireland early in the century were so ignorant of the social condition of the country that they confounded the Ribbon Society—a widespread agrarian conspiracy—with the weavers of ribbon in England :

"An amateur and somewhat officious informer writes to Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, February 19, 1818:

"I am an inhabitant of Ballycastle, where there is a great deal of *Ribbon work carrying on*; there is not a night but they are met on the hills; and, as a good and loyal subject of His Majesty, I warn you that if some measures don't take place soon so as to quell them, I am afraid they'll murder us all in a short time. They are talking a great deal about rising all through Ireland before Easter, so would advise you to

take some measures that would put an end to the work, as I don't think there is 2 Catholics in Ireland that are not Ribbon-men."

"Mr. Hobhouse writes with this to Mr. Gregory:

"I am directed by Lord Sidmouth to transmit to you the enclosed copy of a letter from a person giving information of an intended rising of the *Ribbon Weavers* near Ballycastle, and who, he states, hold nightly meetings on the Hills, and I am to desire that you will submit the same for the information of the Lord Lieutenant."

"Mr. Gregory sends the letters to Mr. Peel, and says:

"Pray read these letters, and explain to Mr. Hobhouse that Ribbon Work in Ireland is a very different manufacture from weaving of Ribbons in England."

Here is another instance, also from Ireland, of official betrayal of colossal ignorance. In October, 1845, when the country was getting alarmed about the failure of the potato crop—which ultimately led to the awful famine of 1847—Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, wrote to Lord Heytesbury, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a letter on the situation, which he thus concluded : "At what period will the pressure be felt? Will it be immediate if the reports of the full extent of the evil are confirmed, or is there a *stock of old potatoes* sufficient to last for a certain time?" The Viceroy replied that he was assured "there is no stock whatever of *last year's potatoes* in the country." So little did the Prime Minister of England (who had been Chief Secretary for Ireland) and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland know of the nature and cultivation of the potato—upon which, at the time, the lives of millions of the Irish people depended—that they imagined it was possible to keep them in stock for years, like grain !

Absent-mindedness also seems to be a common failing among great men. An amusing story is told of the late Louis Pasteur, who so distinguished himself by his discoveries in regard to bacteria. While dining at his son-in-law's one evening, it was noticed that he dipped his cherries in his glass of water, and then carefully wiped them before eating them. As this caused some amusement, he held forth at length on the dangers of the microbes with which the cherries were covered. Then he leaned

back in his chair, wiped his forehead, and, unconsciously picking up his glass, drank off the contents, microbes and all !

A friend calling upon Peter Burrowes, the celebrated Irish barrister, one morning in his dressing-room, found him shaving with his face to the wall, and asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass." "Why, there is no glass there!" said the friend. "Bless me!" exclaimed Burrowes, "I did not notice that before." Then, ringing the bell, he called the servant and questioned him respecting the looking-glass which had been hanging on the wall. "Oh, sir," said the servant, "it was broken six weeks ago!" A certain learned professor at Cambridge is a very absent-minded man. A friend of his had been seriously ill. When he was convalescent, the professor used to send him jellies and other delicacies. One day he took him a fine bunch of hothouse grapes. The old friends were very pleased to see each other, and were soon deep in a discussion. The professor, becoming interested, began absent-mindedly picking the grapes, taking one at a time till they were all gone. On going out of the door he called back to his friend, "Now, mind you eat those grapes; they will do you all the good in the world!" A well-known archbishop was also noted for his absent-mindedness. Dining at home one evening, he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house, but a guest, he observed across the table to his wife, "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

There are many amusing examples of the infantile ignorance of judges, such as the late Lord Coleridge's "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" Sir Henry Hawkins's "What is hay?" and Earl Halsbury's "Who was Pigott?" In a libel action by a lady journalist against Mr. Gilbert a few years ago, Sir E. Clarke read from a book of the plaintiff's a description of Chopin's "umber-shaded hair." Lord Russell of Killowen's face assumed a look of blank astonishment. "What

shade?" said he. "Umber-shaded," replied Sir Edward. "Yes, but what shade is that?" pressed the Chief Justice. The British jury could stand it no longer. "*Brown, my lord—brown,*" they all cried with one voice; and the case proceeded. Mr. Justice Ball, an Irish judge, was noted for his amusing manifestations of ignorance, but whether they were real or pretended has never been clearly established. He tried a case in which a man was indicted for robbery at the house of a poor widow. The first witness was the young daughter of the widow, who identified the prisoner as the man who had entered the house and smashed her mother's chest. "Do you say that the prisoner at the bar broke your mother's chest?" said the judge in astonishment. "He did my lord," answered the girl; "he jumped on it till he smashed it entirely." The judge turned to the Crown Counsel and said, "How is this? Why is not the prisoner indicted for murder? If he smashed this poor woman's chest in the way the witness has described, he must surely have killed her." But, my lord," said the counsel, "it was a wooden chest!" Some men were indicted at the Cork Assizes for riot and assault before the same judge. The prisoners had beaten two laborers who were drawing turf from a bog belonging to an obnoxious landlord. One of the witnesses said, in the course of his evidence, "As we came near to the bog we saw the prisoners fencing along the road." "Eh! what do you say the prisoners were doing?" asked Mr. Justice Ball. "Fencing, my lord." "With what?" "Spades and shovels, my lord." The judge, looking amazed, said to the Crown Counsel, "Can this be true? Am I to understand that peasants in this part of the country fence along the roads, using spades and shovels for foils?" "I can explain it, my lord," said the counsel. "The prisoners were making a ditch, which we call a fence in this part of the country."

Nearly all great scientific discoveries have been combated and misunderstood, even by great men. Admiral Sir Charles Napier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam power into the

Royal Navy, and one day exclaimed in the House of Commons: "Mr. Speaker, when we enter her Majesty's naval service and face the chances of war we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do *not* go prepared to be boiled alive!" The last words he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Steam power in men-of-war with boilers which at any moment might be shattered by an enemy's shot—this was a prospect the gallant sailor could not face. Yet in a few years Sir Charles Napier found himself in command of the largest steam navy that the world had ever seen. Lord Stanley (subsequently the great Lord Derby) presided over a Select Committee of the House of Commons to examine into the state of steam navigation. George Stevenson, the eminent engineer, who was examined, spoke of the probability of steamships crossing the Atlantic. "Good heavens, what do you say?" exclaimed Lord Stanley, rising from his seat. "If steamships cross the Atlantic, I will eat the boiler of the first boat." That pledge was never redeemed.

In more recent years a Lord Chancellor, even after he had seen a theatre illuminated without candle or oil, poured ridicule on a scheme for "supplying every house in London with gas in the same manner as they are now supplied with water by the New River Company." Again, so eminent a chemist and gas specialist as Sir Humphry Davy himself is alleged to have said on one occasion that it was as reasonable to talk of ventilating London with windmills as of lighting it with gas. It is an historical fact that when the Houses of Parliament were first lighted by gas, more than one famous legislator was seen closely to scrutinize an exposed portion of the gas piping and then to touch it apprehensively, with the notion, evidently, that it might be hot enough to burn his fingers and endanger the neighboring woodwork.

The story of the comment of Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, on the definition of the word "crab" adopted by the Committee of

the French Academy employed in the preparation of the Academy Dictionary is well known, but is always fresh and amusing. The definition was: "Crab, a small red fish which walks backward." "Your definition would be perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier, "only for three exceptions. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backwards." The Royal Society is the English analogue of the French Academy. Many years ago a sailor who had broken his leg was advised to send to the Royal Society an account of the remarkable manner in which he had healed the fracture. He did so. His story was that, having fractured the limb by falling from the top of a mast, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, which had proved so wonderfully efficacious that in three days he was able to walk just as well as before the accident. This remarkable story naturally caused some excitement among the members of the society. No one had previously suspected tar and oakum of possessing such miraculous healing powers. Several letters accordingly passed between the Royal Society and the humble sailor, who continued to assert most solemnly that his broken leg had been treated with tar and oakum, and with these two applications only. The Society might have remained puzzled for an indefinite period had not the man remarked in a postscript to his last letter:

"I forgot to inform your honors, by the way, that the leg was a wooden one!"

Rather a good story is told about Professor Huxley when he was delivering a lecture at the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, some years ago. The subject was, "The Geographical Distribution of Fossil Remains of Animals;" and consequently numerous diagrams were required. Old Alexander, the porter of the institution, and quite a distinguished character among the members of the society, was assisting the Professor to hang the diagrams. The screen on which the diagrams were hung was not very large, and Huxley, do as he would, could not succeed without the blank corner of one dia-

gram overlapping the illustration of another one on which he placed great importance. What was to be done? The Professor asked Alexander to bring a pair of scissors. The scissors were brought, but, as the joint was somewhat loose, the Professor was not able to cut the paper, and he threw the scissors down in disgust, adding that they were useless. "Vera guid shears, Professor," said Alexander. "I tell you they won't cut," said Huxley. "Try again," said Alexander; "they will cut." The Professor tried again, and, not succeeding, said somewhat angrily, "Bring me another pair of scissors." Lord (then Sir William) Armstrong stepped forward and ordered Alexander to go and buy a new pair. "Vera guid shears, Sir William," persisted Alexander, and picking up the scissors from the table, and placing his thumb and forefinger into the handles, he stepped forward and asked Huxley how he wanted the paper cut. "Cut it there," said Huxley, somewhat tartly, at the same time indicating the place with his forefinger. Alexander took hold of the paper, and, inserting the scissors, pressed the blades together and cut off the required portion as neatly as if he had used a straight-edge; then, turning to the Professor with a rather significant leer and twinkle of the eye, said, "Seeance an' airt dinna ay gang thegither, Professor!" Huxley and all present collapsed. Huxley put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out a sovereign, gave it to Alexander, adding at the same time, "You have done me." The same evening Alexander related the story with great gusto over a glass of whiskey to a friend. When asked how he dared make so free with such a distinguished man, he replied with great emphasis, "Lord, mon, they bits o' professor bodies ken naething at a' except their buiks!"

A few years ago the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill while delivering a lecture in a hall in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the ante-rooms," wrote one of the Scottish newspapers, "one of the first things to be thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled

by the Duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that, in the orthodox manner, he amazed the on-lookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas-burner!" Ordinary mortals, it was added, may be pardoned in taking some comfort to themselves on learning that "even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin does not know how to light a fire."

Every one remembers the story of Newton, who cut a large hole in his room door to let his big cat out and a small one for the use of the kitten. The same anecdote is told in Ireland in relation to the Rev. John Barrett, D.D., who was Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, at the beginning of the present century. Dr. Barrett, who was known in Trinity as "Jacky," was remarkable for his eccentricity and want of knowledge of the world, and had, it is stated, for half a century never wandered outside the walls of Trinity College. He had never seen the sea—which he compared in his imagination with Xenophon's plain of wormwood. He was an accomplished divine, of blameless life and a celebrated Hebrew scholar. His language, however, was uniformly profane, and his favorite method of beginning a conversation was, "May the devil admire me." On being asked on one occasion how he was, he replied, "Between lectures and chapels, chapels and lectures, h—I to my soul, I have no time to say my prayers." A student was summoned before the college authorities for shouting "Sweep! sweep!" after the Vice-Provost, who was not marked for cleanliness of attire. The student's defence was that he was merely calling a sweep, whom he required to clean the chimney of his rooms. The Vice-Provost met the explanation thus: "May the devil admire me, but I was the only sweep in the quadrangle at the time." He was a notorious miser, and lost heavily in Irish canal shares. He was told his money was "sunk in the canal," and immediately asked in the simplicity of his heart why could it not be fished up. When his attention was directed to the fact that the big hole in the door would be available for the kitten as well as

the cat, he immediately exclaimed, "Well, may the devil admire me, but I never thought of that before." At a meeting of the College Board, at which the question of getting rid of a heap of rubbish lying in the College Park turned up, Barrett suggested that a hole should be dug and the stuff buried in it. "But, Dr. Barrett," said some one, "what shall we do with the stuff that comes out of the hole?" "Dig another and bury it," was the ready response. An old woman who attended Barrett went out one frosty morning with a penny to bring him a halfpenny worth of milk for his breakfast. As she was returning to the College she slipped, severely injuring her leg, and was conveyed to Mercer's Hospital. Her master visited the poor creature, and was affected to tears when he found her writhing in pain. But, his penurious feelings at length getting the upper hand, he said, "Catty, what about the jug?" "Ah, sure, sir, it was smashed on the pavement," she replied. "Well, well, it can't be helped," said he, "but, Catty, what about the halfpenny change, do you see?"

Many great men have been remarkably silent and taciturn. One of these was Sir William Grant, the learned Master of the Rolls. He was the most patient of judges. He listened for two days to an elaborate legal argument as to the purport and effect of a certain Act of Parliament, and when Counsel had at length finished, simply said, "Gentlemen, that Act has been long since repealed." On one of his visits to his native county of Banff, he rode for a few miles accompanied by some friends. The only observation which escaped him was when passing a field of peas: "Very fine peas." Next day he rode out with the same party and was equally silent; but on again passing the identical field of peas he muttered, "And very finely podded too." The late Mr. Parnell was also a rather taciturn man. One night in the early 'Eighties, when he and some of his followers were suspended for persistent obstruction in the House of Commons, he went up to the distinguished Strangers' Gallery with a colleague to watch the subsequent course of events in the House. Noticing that he was

very preoccupied and abstracted, his colleague said: "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Parnell." "Well," replied the Irish leader, "I was thinking how it had never struck me before that there are so many bald-headed members in the House." General Grant was also a man of remarkably few words. He used to pass hours in company without ever opening his lips. During his visit to this country he dined at Apsley House, the guest of the second Duke of Wellington. A very distinguished company was present to meet him. He spoke in monosyllables only during the dinner; but when the ladies had retired, he remarked aloud to his host, "My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man!" The late Professor Jowett is the hero of another amusing story of taciturnity and simplicity. The Professor during his connection with Balliol College had occasion to visit some of the farms belonging to the college in the North. One of the leading tenants was deputed to take him round. A long tramp they had, in the course of which Dr. Jowett uttered not a word, while the farmer was too much stricken with awe to venture a remark. But when the walk was almost done, the Professor was roused to speech. Looking over a stone wall to a goodly field of vivid green, he abruptly said, "Fine potatoes." Quoth the farmer: "Yon's turmuts." Not a word more was spoken between them.

The late Mr. Barney Barnato was, as is well known, an extremely shrewd and wideawake man. But there is a story told on the Stock Exchange of how a simple country parson got the better of him. The parson wrote to him in terms something like the following: "Respected Sir,—As the Vicar of—, my aim has always been investment and not speculation. When your bank came out I regarded the shares as an investment, and I purchased 400 at £4, sinking my little all in them—and a good deal more. They have now fallen to £2 and I am undone. My parish I cannot face as a bankrupt, and what am I to do? I throw myself on your mercy." Mr. Barnato, so the story goes, was deeply moved by this touching appeal, and wrote back that

in the painful circumstances of the case he would buy back from the clergyman the 400 shares at £4—the price he had paid for them. Immediately on receipt of this generous reply the guileless country parson at once wired to his brokers : “ Buy 400 Barnato Banks at 2, and send round to Barnato Brothers, who will give you 4 for them.”

Lord Blessington, the husband of the celebrated Countess of Blessington, was very susceptible to a cold, and had therefore a horror of a draught. He was able—Count d’Orsay used to declare—to detect a current of air caused by the key being left crossways in the keyhole of the door. He and his wife and a youth were one day walking on the banks of the Thames. The boy, skipping backward and forward, went several times dangerously close to the edge of the bank. “ Take care, take care ! ” cried Lord Blessington, exhibiting a degree of solicitude most unusual where another person was concerned. “ For heaven’s sake, mind what you are about, boy, or you’ll certainly fall into the river.” After two or three repetitions of his alarm in this fashion for the lad, Lady Blessington, losing patience, said, “ Oh, let the boy alone ; if he does fall into the water he swims like a fish.” “ Yes, yes,” said his lordship in injured tones, “ that’s all very well ; but what about me ? I shall catch my death of cold driving home in the carriage with him.”

The pleasant coffee-room of the old “ Star and Garter ” at Richmond—which was burned down in 1869—was patronized by statesmen, politicians, and writers. On Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle-aged gentleman of rather broad stature, with gray hair, and a large shirt-collar which formed a conspicuous feature in his attire. He would dine always alone at a particular corner table, and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wineglasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with its ruins. Then the middle-aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass, and depart. The waiters

knew him well. He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay !

A well-known archbishop of Dublin was, toward the end of his life, at a dinner given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the archbishop rise from his seat, looking pale and agitated, and crying, “ It has come—it has come ! ” “ What has come, your Grace ? ” eagerly cried half-a-dozen voices from different parts of the table. “ What I have been expecting for some years—a stroke of paralysis,” solemnly answered the Archbishop. “ I have been pinching myself for the last ten minutes, and find my leg entirely without sensation.” “ Pardon me, my dear Archbishop,” said the hostess, looking up to him with a quizzical smile, “ pardon me for contradicting you, but it is my leg that you have been pinching ! ”

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was also noted for his absence of mind. As he was walking down the Strand one day with a friend he stopped to greet a gentleman, who, however, received him very coldly. “ Do you know,” said he to Knowles, “ that you owe me an apology ? ” “ An apology ! what for ? ” asked the dramatist. “ For not keeping that dinner engagement you had with me last Thursday. I had a number of people to meet you, and you never came or even sent an explanation of your absence.” “ Oh, I’m so sorry,” exclaimed Knowles ; “ I’ve such a memory that I forgot all about the affair ; forgive me and invite me to another dinner.” It was then arranged that he should dine with the gentleman on the following Wednesday ; and in order to secure against the engagement being again forgotten he there and then recorded it in his diary. On rejoining his friend he told him the story of his lapse of memory. “ Who is the gentleman ? ” asked the friend. “ Well, I’m blest,” cried Sheridan Knowles ; “ I have forgotten his name.” “ That’s funny,” said the friend ; “ but you can easily find it out by referring to the directory. You know his address, of course.” “ No, not even that,” roared the unhappy dramatist. The late Mr. Justice

Keogh was in the latest years of his eventful career afflicted with this unpleasant failing of memory. On the occasion of a "Bar dinner" at his house he went upstairs to dress, but did not reappear. The company sat patiently for some time, till at length—just as their hunger was getting the better of their manners, and an emissary was being despatched to hunt up the missing Judge—his lordship appeared, and explained with many apologies that, imagining he was retiring for the night, he had undressed and got into bed. After an hour's sleep he awoke, when it suddenly

struck him that he had not yet dined, on which he hurried down to his guests. He once attended a representation of "Macbeth" in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. It will be remembered that the witches, in reply to the Thane's inquiry what they were doing, declared they were doing "A deed without a name." Catching the sound of the words, and no doubt imagining he was on the bench in the Four Courts, Keogh exclaimed, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's not worth sixpence!" —*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE.

BY HENRY DE MOSENTHAL.

ALFRED NOBEL, the inventor of dynamite, died on the 10th of December, 1896, at San Remo, and by his will his large fortune is to be devoted to the encouragement of scientific research, and the promotion of peace among nations. Having had the advantage of personal acquaintance with him for a number of years, I have undertaken to write this biographical sketch, for which his eldest nephew, Mr. Emmanuel Nobel of St. Petersburg, as well as several of his friends, have kindly supplied me with material. The strong individuality of the man, his restless energy and fertility of invention, have contributed to place him in an almost unique position among the inventors of recent times, the history of the development of modern explosives being practically the history of his life.

Alfred Nobel was born at Stockholm on the 21st of October, 1833. His great-grandfather, Olof Nobilius, was a teacher of drawing at the University of Upsala. His grandfather, Immanuel, who dropped the latinized form of the name and called himself Nobel, was an army surgeon during the Finnish war under Gustavus the Third, and afterward city physician at Gefle. His father, Emmanuel Nobel, was born in 1801 at this latter place. After spending some time at sea in order to study the construction and manage-

ment of ships, he returned to Sweden, and was employed in a shipyard at Stockholm. Later on he accepted an appointment from Mehemet Ali, in whose service he remained four years in Egypt. In 1828 he returned to Stockholm, married a Swedish lady, Karolina Henrietta Ahlsell, and became assistant to the well-known naval constructor, Colonel Blom. In 1829 his eldest son Robert was born; in 1831, Ludwig Emmanuel; and in 1833, Alfred Bernard, the subject of this sketch. The youngest son, Oscar Emil, was born in 1843.

Emmanuel Nobel was also an inventor of considerable merit. He made several surgical appliances of india-rubber, a material which was quite a novelty at that time, and devised india-rubber cushions for carriages to lessen vibration. Many years later, his son Alfred suggested the manufacture of an artificial substitute for india-rubber. Throughout we shall find that the father not only gave the son example and encouragement as an inventor, but also that training which led him in the direction in which he was destined to attain celebrity. In 1837 an accident occurred which had a great influence on Alfred's future. When his father was experimenting with some new compound, an explosion took place, shattering the windows in

the neighborhood and frightening the inhabitants to such an extent that he was compelled to leave Stockholm. He decided to accept a proposal made him by the Finnish statesman, Baron Hartman, and went to St. Petersburg, where shortly after his arrival he commenced to demonstrate the use of gunpowder for land and submarine mines, and the effect of a torpedo he had devised. His experiments, especially those carried out in 1842, were so successful that the Russian Government offered him 25,000 roubles in gold, on the condition that he should remain in Russia and manufacture mines and torpedoes for the Russian Government alone. He accepted this offer, erected small engineering works on the Neva, and brought his wife and his son Alfred from Stockholm to St. Petersburg. The eldest son, Robert, had gone to sea as a naval engineer, and Ludwig was in Russia already, having come over some time previously to assist his father.

Alfred Nobel thus came to Russia when he was nine years old. He had been attending the St. Jacob's Church School in Stockholm, from the 2d of September, 1841, until the 18th of October, 1842. In St. Petersburg he was sent to school for some time, but was very soon compelled to interrupt his studies on account of his delicate health, a weakness of the spine obliging him to lie on a couch the greater part of the day, and during this period his mother seems to have been his chief teacher. Life at home was not always one of ease; his father's business was sometimes prosperous, sometimes depressed, and consequently Alfred at an early age was set to work as an apprentice in the engineering works of his father, in whose inventions he from the first took a lively interest. The discovery of gun-cotton by Schoenbein in 1845 had attracted considerable attention all over Europe, and had not escaped the notice of Emmanuel Nobel; he tried gun-cotton for his land and submarine mines, and also for his torpedo.

His pet idea at the time seems, however, to have been that steam could be superseded by heated air. He thought that it would be well to have one of

his sons thoroughly trained to carry out this idea, and as Ludwig had become almost indispensable at the engineering works, and Robert was still abroad, he decided in 1850 to send Alfred, who was then sixteen years of age, to the United States to study under the well-known Swedish engineer, John Ericsson. Alfred Nobel was in America from his seventeenth to his twenty-first year, and then returned to St. Petersburg.

Let us pause for a moment to consider this young man of twenty-one, who spoke Swedish, Russian, English, German, and French, who was not only trained as an engineer, but had lived in the atmosphere of invention and mechanical contrivances—a young man who was able to read the books and publications of nearly every civilized nation, and who took a vivid interest in all around him. His bent in those days was toward mechanical engineering, and it was only at a later date that he took up chemistry and showed a marked preference for that science.

At the outbreak of the Crimean War, Emmanuel Nobel was commissioned by the Russian Government to defend Kronstadt with submarine mines, and also to make torpedoes. His son, Robert, who was then in St. Petersburg, undertook to lay these mines, and a line of them was also placed at Wiborg. Contrary to distinct instructions a Russian captain tried to pass that line, with the result that his vessel was blown up. This revealed the existence of mines to the British fleet; a mine was fished up and hauled on board the flagship Duke of Wellington, where it was examined; it exploded on the deck and killed a seaman. It is to Emmanuel Nobel's invention that the Russians ascribe the fact that the British fleet did not try to force its way past the Russian fortress at the mouth of the Neva. His torpedoes did not prove a success, the chemical fuse he devised for firing them being defective. After the war, business at the engineering works became more and more unsatisfactory owing to the cessation of Government orders, and very soon Emmanuel Nobel found himself in difficulties and his works in the hands of his

creditors. Shortly after this, in 1859, he left for Sweden with his wife and two younger sons, Alfred and Oscar; while Ludwig remained in charge of the factory at St. Petersburg, which he conducted with so much skill that he succeeded in paying off all his father's creditors and ultimately developed the business into one of great magnitude.

Both at St. Petersburg and Stockholm the father and his son Alfred were constantly engaged in pursuing some invention. Their attention had been directed to the discovery of nitro-glycerine by Sobrero in 1847. They made some of this new explosive and experimented with it. In September, 1857, two years before he left St. Petersburg, Alfred Nobel took out his first patent, which was for a gasometer, and in 1859, shortly after his return to Stockholm, he patented an apparatus for measuring liquids, and also an improved barometer. From 1859 to 1862, father and son continued working on explosives, more particularly nitro-glycerine, of which they improved the method of production, although at the same time they had to work in other directions in order to provide for the wants of their very modest home. In 1861, Alfred undertook a journey to different places on the Continent in order to obtain the necessary capital to start a factory. It was in Paris that he was most successful in awakening an interest in the new explosive, and with the money he brought home small works were erected at Helenborg, near Stockholm. Here, in 1862, nitro-glycerine was manufactured for the first time on a commercial scale. In the erection of this small factory at Helenborg, a young engineer, Alarik Liedbeck, had been employed; he was Alfred's schoolfellow and best friend, and they remained in the closest intimacy throughout life, Alarik Liedbeck assisting in planning and building most of the factories which Nobel erected later on.

Convinced of the importance of nitro-glycerine as a more powerful agent than gunpowder, they must have felt themselves on the eve of assured prosperity; but this was not to be. In 1864, a great disaster befell the family. The factory blew up; a chem-

ist, Mr. Carl Erik Hertzman, was killed, and, worse still, Alfred's youngest brother Oscar lost his life. This calamity so affected Emmanuel Nobel that a few months after the event he had a paralytic stroke, which left him permanently crippled, although his mind remained unaffected; he lived a few years in this state and died at Helenborg in 1872. Alfred pursued his ideas with undaunted energy. The manufacture of the fearful explosive being no longer tolerated near the town, he carried on his work on board a hired barge, anchored in Lake Mälaren; but, meanwhile, the explosive had attracted attention, a number of mines began to use it, and the Government decided to utilize nitro-glycerine in the construction of a large railway tunnel under the suburbs of Stockholm. Capitalists now began to take an interest in what was then known as Nobel's blasting oil; the Swedish Nitro-glycerine Company was formed, and works on a large scale were established at Winterviken, near Stockholm, in 1865. In the same year, the factory at Krümmel, on the Elbe, near Hamburg, now the largest explosive works on the Continent, was called into existence. Shortly after the explosion, when he had no other factory but the primitive arrangement on board the hired hulk, Alfred had gone over to Hamburg to try and introduce nitro-glycerine into Germany. A Swedish merchant, whom he had known in Stockholm and who was then living in Hamburg, introduced him to several gentlemen, and a lawyer, Dr. Bandmann, received his suggestions so enthusiastically that he became his partner and placed his available fortune at the disposal of the young engineer. They purchased a disused tannery, and there built the above-mentioned works at Krümmel.

Surely this was a remarkable young man. Physically weak, of a nervous, highly strung and exceptionally sensitive disposition, he was endowed with a strong will, unbounded energy, and wonderful perseverance; he feared no danger, and never yielded to adversity. Many would have succumbed under similar circumstances, but the succession of almost unsurmountable diffi-

culties, the explosion of his factory, causing a general scare and dread of the deadly compound he was making, the loss of his youngest brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, the consequent paralysis of his old father, and his mother's grief and anxiety, could not deter him from pursuing his aim. His temerity frequently verged on foolhardiness, as when he was going to his father's works one day at St. Petersburg, and finding no boat to take him across the river, he swam to the opposite bank of the Neva. His brother upbraided him severely for needlessly exposing himself to danger, and his acquaintances ridiculed him, and he took this so much to heart that he disappeared for some time, during which he is said to have undertaken a journey into the interior of Russia. The co-existence of impulsive daring and sensitive timidity was a striking feature in his character. He frequently demonstrated the value and safety of his explosives with his own hands, although he was particularly susceptible to headaches caused by bringing nitro-glycerine into contact with the skin; they affected him so violently that he was often obliged to lie down on the ground in the mine or quarry in which he was experimenting. On one occasion, when some dynamite could not be removed from a large cask, he crept into it and dug the explosive out with a knife. Numerous other incidents could be related of the fearlessness he displayed when the success of his invention depended entirely upon his demonstrations of its safety, which in those days had not yet been thoroughly proved.

The Swedish company gradually made headway in Sweden and Norway, where a factory had been built near Christiania in 1866, and the firm of A. Nobel & Co., of Hamburg, sold nitro-glycerine to mines in Germany and other parts of the Continent; but the explosive was not a complete success. Nitro-glycerine, which is made by treating glycerine with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, and which closely resembles salad oil in appearance, is poisonous, very sensitive to shock or blow, and very dangerous to handle. Being a liquid, it runs into

the fissures of the rock when poured into the bore-hole, and requires to be carefully confined that it may explode when ignited by means of a simple fuse. Nobel tried to overcome these difficulties, first by mixing it with gunpowder, and then by adding fluids which rendered it non-explosive, so that it could be safely transported, the added liquid being removed after arrival; he also suggested confining it in a tube having the shape of the bore-hole, and firing it by means of a small gunpowder cartridge or primer. But all this did not avail, and accidents occurred so frequently that the use of the blasting oil was prohibited in Belgium, in Sweden, and later on in England. A vessel carrying some cases shipped from Hamburg and destined for Chili was blown up, and the event caused such a sensation that it seemed as if all Governments would prohibit the use of nitro-glycerine. In the meantime, however, Nobel had solved the problem of its safe use, and at the end of 1866 he had invented a compound, which he called dynamite, made by mixing the nitro-glycerine oil with porous absorbing material, thus converting it into a paste. Dynamite proved on experiment to be comparatively insensitive to shock or blow; it burned when ignited, and could only be properly exploded by means of a powerful detonator fixed to the end of the fuse and inserted into the plastic explosive.

The invention of dynamite marks an epoch in the history of civilization. In judging of the degree of culture of a people, we are guided to a great extent by the roads and waterways they constructed, and still more by the facility with which they obtained metals and applied them to the arts. The Romans constructed excellent roads on the level, but in the mountains they could only make narrow and very steep paths. Canals and cuttings were made with great sacrifice and labor, and only where the soil was soft. Thus Suetonius states that in order to make a cutting about three miles long to drain the Lacus Fucinus, the Emperor Claudius employed 30,000 men for eleven years. In the sixteenth century road making and mining were scarcely more advanced. It took 150 years

(from 1535 to 1685) to mine five miles of gallery in the Harz mountains. Although blasting with gunpowder dates back to the seventeenth century, it did not come into general use until the middle of the eighteenth century, at which time the total cubage mined in Great Britain amounted to little more than that of a large railway cutting of the present day. The use of gunpowder gave a great impetus to mining and public works, but it was only the introduction of railways, and the necessity of laying the lines on easy gradients, which raised blasting to a science. The introduction of dynamite, three times as powerful and much more reliable than gunpowder, entirely revolutionized that science and made it possible to execute the gigantic engineering works of our times, and brought about that prodigious development of the mining industry of the world which we have witnessed during the last twenty-five years.

As soon as dynamite was invented, its manufacture was taken up by the Swedish company and the Hamburg firm, and during 1867 it was selling in small quantities. At the end of that year, Nobel went over to America to introduce his explosive there. He took two cases of dynamite with him. On his arrival in New York, where he had several acquaintances among people he had met at the time when he was working with Ericsson, he put up at a small hotel, but a few days later, the proprietor, having found out the nature of the stranger's luggage, politely asked him to leave his establishment and seek lodgings elsewhere. He was not successful with his invention in New York, and therefore went to San Francisco, where with the assistance of Mr. Bandmann, his partner's brother, who resided there, he succeeded in forming a company, and works were erected in that neighborhood in 1868 for the manufacture of dynamite, or, as the Americans called it, giant powder. On his return to Europe, he completed arrangements with a firm in Vienna for the establishment of works in Austria, and the factory of Zamky, near Prague, was built at the end of 1868. In the beginning of 1870, an explosion

occurred at the German factory at Krümmel; the manager, a Swede of the name of Ratsman, and his assistant, Mr. Schnell, a German, were killed, and the damage done was very considerable. Before the works could be reconstructed, the Franco-German war broke out. During the war the Germans used both gun-cotton and dynamite, and the astounding effect of these modern explosives was thus brought prominently before the public. As soon as hostilities had ceased, Nobel went to Paris, and there met M. Paul Barbe, with whom he remained in intimate business relations for twenty years. Gambetta was so impressed with the necessity of dynamite being made in France that, although the manufacture of explosives is a State monopoly there, a concession was granted for the erection of a dynamite factory, and at the end of 1871 a company was formed, and the factory of Paulilles, near Port Vendres, was built. It was in 1871 that Nobel came to this country, and on the 12th of April in that year he signed an agreement for the transfer of his patent rights for Great Britain and the British colonies to the British Dynamite Company, Limited, of Glasgow, which was afterward reconstructed under the name of Nobel's Explosives Company, Limited. He selected a site on the west coast of Scotland, near Ardrossan, and there laid the foundation of the Ardeer factory, which is now the largest in the world. He started a factory at Galdacano, near Bilbao, in Spain, in 1872, and factories in Italy and Switzerland in 1873.

Thus at the age of forty Nobel had achieved success. He had introduced his explosive all over Europe, had established works in America, and dynamite was being exported to all parts of the globe. From the German, Austrian, Scandinavian, and American factories he was deriving a good income. He decided to reside permanently in Paris, and purchased a house in the Avenue Malakoff. Having recognized the value of chemistry to the further progress of his work, he devoted himself to a thorough study of that science, arranged a small laboratory in his house, and engaged a young chem-

ist, Mr. Fehrenbach, who remained his faithful assistant for eighteen years. He travelled a great deal, visiting the factories in the different countries in Europe, and assisting them with his technical advice. He never in any year failed to go to Sweden to see his mother, and occasionally he went to St. Petersburg on a visit to his brother, Ludwig. Those who knew Nobel in those days describe him as a very amiable and cheerful companion, of a sympathetic, confiding, and kind disposition; and then, as all through life, his highly polished manner and extreme courtesy could not fail to be remarked. His reading was prodigious; he had not only a thorough knowledge of the scientific literature of the day, but made poetry and ideal literature, as he called it, his main hobby. The result was that he greatly improved his knowledge of languages. He was not only proficient in Swedish and Russian, but his knowledge of English, German, and French was far beyond the average. He was particularly fond of English, and was not only able to recite long passages from the classical authors, more particularly from Byron, whom he admired above all other poets, but could also himself write English poetry. Long poems in Swedish and in English have been found among his papers. He remained a bachelor through life; at times he thought of marriage, but found it impossible to meet with a suitable companion. His linguistic attainments and highly developed philosophical thought rendered this very difficult. Early in life he had a disappointment in love, caused by the death of the lady to whom he was devoted, which affected him profoundly; then adversity and the subsequent struggle to attain success stood in his way, and when he found himself in the desired position and settled down in Paris, he had reached an age when men become fastidious, and dread the risk of linking their lives to any one who may possibly not be able to understand their thoughts, their aspirations, and their views of life. He thought that he would be able to arrange his life according to his own ideas, to see people at his house, and gradually have a salon, where he would gather round

him the intellectual society of the day; but he soon found that he could not do the duties of both host and hostess; moreover, he seems to have unfortunately fallen in with people who abused his kindness, and he very soon almost entirely withdrew from society, devoting himself exclusively to study and work.

The direction in which Nobel next worked was to improve his dynamite by substituting an active substance for the twenty-five per cent. of inert matter which served as an absorbent for the nitro-glycerine, and he thought that the best way to accomplish this would be to find, if possible, a substance which would dissolve in nitro-glycerine so as to form a homogeneous paste. While experimenting in search of such a material, he one day cut his finger, and sent out for some collodion to form an artificial skin to protect the wound; having used a few drops of the fluid for that purpose, it occurred to him to pour the remainder into some nitro-glycerine, and he thus discovered blasting gelatine, which he patented in December, 1875. Collodion is made by dissolving a certain kind of gun-cotton in a volatile solvent (a mixture of ether and alcohol), and Nobel suggested that the viscous substance obtained by thus treating gun-cotton should be mixed with the nitro-glycerine so as to form a jelly. On further experiment the solvent was dispensed with, and blasting gelatine was made, as it is now, by warming the nitro-glycerine, and adding about 8 per cent. of a certain kind of gun-cotton, which was found to be soluble in nitro-glycerine. The new explosive, half as strong again as dynamite, was found to be too violent in its action to be applicable to any but the hardest rock. Nobel, however, discovered how to moderate its action, and gelatine dynamite and gelignite were manufactured by the addition of saltpetre and woodmeal to a blasting gelatine of less consistency than that employed without such admixture. Blasting gelatine was used in large quantities in the piercing of the St. Gothard tunnel, where the rock was so hard that no satisfactory work could be done without it. Since then the use of the so-called gelatine explo-

sives has developed more and more, and in some countries they have entirely superseded dynamite. These additions to the nitro-glycerine explosives, which can be employed with safety and efficiency for different classes of work, have materially contributed to the great advance which has been made in the science of blasting, and at the present day more than three-fourths of all the blasting done in the world is carried out by means of nitro-glycerine compounds. The laboratory in his residence at Paris soon proved too small, and Nobel therefore transferred it to St. Sevran, where he purchased a house and grounds for the purpose. From 1875 to 1879 he took out no patents of note; he was chiefly occupied in assisting his factories to overcome the difficulties which arose in the manufacture of the gelatine explosives, although he made numerous experiments in other directions.

While Alfred was attaining celebrity and wealth through his inventions in the domain of modern explosives, his brother Ludwig was developing the engineering works on the Neva. The business had extended to such a degree that he erected two additional works, and he took up the manufacture of small arms. His brother Robert, who had given up his seafaring life, had been engaged in the erection of explosives works in Finland, and in the management of the dynamite works at Winterviken, and had then joined his brother Ludwig. In 1873, a large order for rifles, necessitating a production of 700 a day, had been received, and the question arose how to obtain the wood required for the stocks. The best wood for the purpose was walnut, the finest quality of which could be obtained in the Caucasus, and Robert Nobel went there to try and obtain it. In the course of his journey he came to Baku, on the Caspian Sea, and saw the numerous petroleum wells, which were worked in a most primitive manner, the raw oil being placed in leathern bags and carried on camels' backs for use in the crude state. On his return to St. Petersburg, he discussed the matter with his brother, and after thorough investigation the brothers decided to work these petroleum wells

in a rational manner, and in 1878 the firm of Nobel Brothers was established. They connected about 300 wells by a system of pipes with the factories, where the oil was purified. Tank lighters carried the oil to the Volga, tank trucks carried it by rail all over Russia, and large tank-reservoirs were erected at certain places for storage. Nobel Brothers and the Russian petroleum came more and more to the fore, and have now acquired a world-wide reputation. Alfred Nobel entered into this undertaking with his brothers, and contributed a large portion of the required capital. He also took an active interest in the technical questions which arose in connection with the refining of petroleum, and made some valuable suggestions, a few of which are to be found in patents which he took out in 1879 and 1884. It was in 1879 also that he filed a patent relating to the purification of cast iron, which shows that he had then already given attention to questions of metallurgy, which occupied him to so marked a degree toward the end of his life. Patents for a new detonator and a receptacle for explosives which are affected by the moisture of the atmosphere bear evidence that from 1879 to 1884 he did not entirely neglect that branch of applied science in which he excelled.

It was in the autumn of 1882 that I first met Alfred Nobel, and for some time after that I saw him very frequently. He was a man of average height and very slender build, with a slight stoop, no doubt due to the weakness of the spine from which he had suffered when a child; he gave the impression of a very nervous disposition. He suffered greatly from nervous headaches, and frequently had to work with cold water bandages round his head. He was also troubled with bronchitis in the winter, and was but rarely perfectly well. Seldom, however, did he give way to his physical ailments, so that he was not often laid up, and even in the winter he would drive daily to his laboratory in the country, and could be seen huddled up in fur rugs in his carriage, absorbed in thought. He always wore a full beard, which was of a light brown color, as was his strik-

ingly fine though sparse hair; his small light eyes, overshadowed by heavy eyebrows, were full of expression and revealed his extraordinary intelligence. He usually wore a black frock-coat with the red rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Never, except at official receptions, did he wear any other of his numerous decorations. He did not attach much value to these orders, but fully appreciated university distinctions conferred upon him, and was deeply disappointed at not being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The house in which he lived was not large, but compact and convenient. Entering by an arched gateway wide enough to admit a carriage, you found on the left a glass door leading into the hall; in front of you the courtyard with stables and coach house, and beyond it a small garden. The study was on the ground floor: it was a large room with red leather furniture; a bookcase occupied one of the walls, a settee the other, and over it hung a handsome picture; a writing table stood near one of the windows, and close to it another smaller one for his private secretary. This was rarely occupied, for although on several occasions he tried the experiment of having a secretary, it always ended in his doing the work himself, writing his own letters and keeping his own accounts. An old housekeeper was the only person to whom he ever entrusted the classification of his papers, which was no trifle, considering the number of languages in which he received communications, and in which he made notes and wrote replies. At one end of his study, a door led into his laboratory, or, more correctly, what remained of my it, for nearly all the apparatus had been taken into the country. A conservatory on the first floor was a favorite resort after meals, and it is there that I have enjoyed charming hours listening to the highly intellectual and thoroughly original conversation of my eminent host. The diversity of the subjects broached was extraordinary, and whenever he wanted to express a thought for which he felt that a more appropriate term existed in another language he would use that term and continue to speak in that language until

the search for an appropriate term to express another thought made him fall into another language again, a habit which became more and more striking according to the number of languages with which his listener was acquainted. Nobel was not what we should call a patron of art. Being very nervous, and tiring of the pictures around him, he had made an arrangement with one of the largest picture dealers in Paris, by which he could select any pictures he liked, and have them hung on his walls. As soon as he was tired of one set, he sent them back to the dealer, and selected others in their stead. He was very frugal, but entertained royally, taking a great pride in the perfect appointment of his table and his cellar.

The idea of making a substitute for india-rubber occupied him considerably from 1882 to 1888, and he took a vivid interest in the development of the industry of celluloid. But above all he continued to work in search of a new propelling agent to replace black powder for use in small arms and ordnance, and for this purpose he purchased a cannon, which he mounted, with the permission of the Government, at one of the disused forts near Paris, not far from his laboratory. The fact that improved powders could be made, and that a scientific powder would be smokeless, was well known. A smokeless powder for sporting purposes had been suggested as far back as 1864 by Schultze, then a captain in the Prussian artillery. In 1882, other smokeless sporting powders had been invented, but no suitable powder had yet been made for use in rifles and cannon. While Nobel was working in many different directions to find such a powder, the French Government adopted a smokeless powder made by Vielle, the celebrated chemist of the French Government powder works, which consisted of gun-cotton reduced to a horny mass by means of a solvent, which was evaporated; and shortly afterward a similar powder was made in Germany. The smokeless powder which Nobel made in 1888 was based on his discovery that by means of heated rollers he could incorporate with nitro-glycerine a very high percentage of that soluble nitro-cellulose, or gun-cotton, which

his factories were using in the manufacture of blasting gelatine. Blasting gelatine altered by means of moderating substances had been tried for use in guns, but it had burst them. Nobel now found that if the nitrated cotton was increased from eight to about fifty per cent. he obtained a powder suitable for fire-arms. The progress made in the construction of weapons, and more particularly the introduction of quick-firing guns, made it necessary to have a smokeless powder, and higher velocities determining straighter trajectories could be attained with arms resisting high pressures. While working in search of such a powder, Nobel patented several methods for regulating the pressure in guns, and modifying the recoil. He also devoted much attention to explosives for use in shells, and patented several improvements in the construction of projectiles. It was in the beginning of 1888 that he took out his patent for the well-known Nobel's smokeless powder, or ballistite. His discovery that the two most powerful shattering explosives, nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton, when mixed in about equal proportions, would form a slow-burning powder, a propulsive agent with pressures which would not exceed the resistance of modern weapons, caused extreme surprise in technical circles. The Italian Government was the first to introduce his new powder into the service, and later on the German Government accepted it in a somewhat modified form. Nobel submitted his powder to the British Explosive Committee, which had been appointed to recommend the best powder for the service, by examining existing powders and improving on them. This committee found that instead of employing that kind of gun-cotton which is soluble in nitro-glycerine with the assistance of heat, the insoluble kind could be used provided an assistant solvent be added; and that the manufacture could then be carried out at lower temperatures; the powder thus obtained is known as cordite, and this they recommended.

In 1888, Ludwig Nobel died at St. Petersburg. He was known there as the petroleum king, and left a very large fortune to his widow and chil-

dren. By some mistake, some of the newspapers thought it was the inventor of dynamite who had died, and Alfred Nobel had an opportunity of reading what the papers would have said of him had he died at that time. He did not take much notice of the praise which he found in some of the English and German prints, nor was he much distressed at the unkindly way in which the French press treated him, neither did he care much when a few years later the French press started a chauvinistic campaign against him, chiefly because he had sold his powder to the Italians. But when the French Government took notice of it, Nobel decided in 1891 to close his laboratory, and to leave Paris. He purchased a villa at San Remo, which he first called "Mio nido" (My nest), but it was afterward known as "Villa Nobel." He built a magnificently appointed laboratory in the garden, which he placed in charge of an English chemist, Mr. B. H. Beckett, who remained with him until his death. Mr. Fehrenbach had declined to follow him to Italy.

Shortly before he left Paris, his mother died in Stockholm at an advanced age. This bereavement moved him deeply, as his love for his mother was the one deep paramount affection of his life. To her he was not the celebrated Alfred Nobel; she invariably called him by his second name; she alone had the privilege of calling him "Berney." On some few occasions in life only he emphasized the attachment he felt for a friend by thus signing his name.

Sir Isaac Newton, when he hesitated to publish the third part of his *Principia*, wrote to Halle: "Philosophy is such an imperatively litigious lady that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuit as have to do with her." If this is true of philosophy, of the announcement of a newly discovered truth, it applies much more literally still to a valuable new invention. Nobel's dynamite patent had given rise to a lawsuit in this country, and its validity was maintained by a decision of the House of Lords. In France he successfully defended his blasting gelatine patent, but in Germany, where he had described its manufacture by the use

of an assisting solvent, the manufacture of the explosive without the solvent was not considered covered by his patent. The invention of his smokeless powder led to a lawsuit in Great Britain, where the courts held that the cordite manufactured by the Government was not an infringement of what Nobel had patented. He had not used an assistant solvent; he had not made the powder at low temperatures, but he had used the well-known soluble kind of gun-cotton incorporated with nitro-glycerine. The loss of the so-called cordite case caused him great pain, not on account of the material loss, but because he felt himself aggrieved by the absence of recognition.

The manufacture of smokeless powder and the trials he had made led him, as we have already seen, to study the construction of fire-arms, and more particularly of ordnance. In order to carry out his ideas more thoroughly, he purchased in 1892 the large Swedish ordnance works at Bofors, and united with them the works at Bjerneborg. He established a laboratory at Bofors, where he was chiefly assisted by Ragnar Sohlman, to whom he became greatly attached, showing his great confidence in this gentleman by appointing him one of his executors. Nobel took a vivid interest in all new inventions and discoveries. In 1892, he had a yacht built at Zurich, entirely made of aluminium, with the exception of one pipe, which was copper. The manufacture of artificial silk also attracted his attention, and he suggested some improvements, but the invention to which he attached most importance was his artificial india-rubber, which he patented in 1893 and 1894. The practical value of this, however, did not come up to his expectations, and he was still working on the improvement of this material at the time of his death. He took out patents up till August, 1896, but most of his latest suggestions relate to the manufacture of fire-arms. In the beginning of 1896, his brother Robert, who had retired from the St. Petersburg business in 1881 on account of ill-health, and who had settled down in Sweden, died. His death deeply affected his brother Alfred, whose altered appearance struck

all his friends when they saw him after he returned from the funeral. He was himself suffering from heart disease, which he knew would prove fatal. He had purchased a sphygmograph, and carefully watched the diagrams recording the irregularities of his pulse, and on one occasion he showed a friend the degree of variation which would infallibly kill him. It was of this heart disease that he died in the night of the 9th of December, 1896, an old manservant alone being near him. Death was preceded by paralysis, which robbed him of the power of speech. His will was found at Stockholm. He directed that his remains should be cremated. He was always in favor of cremation, or of some other hygienic means of disposing of the dead. He never employed a lawyer for any of his contracts, nor in the framing of his patents, and his last will shows that he did not call in any legal assistance. He used to say that he was not a good business man, but the wonderful foresight with which he selected investments points the other way.

The success of the industry which he had founded, the royalties he received for his different inventions, the careful investments he made, as well as the income he derived from his share in the Russian petroleum business, account for the large fortune he has left. With the exception of legacies to relatives and friends, he left his entire estate for public purposes, directing that the money be invested so as to constitute a fund, the interest of which shall be applied to five equal annual prizes to be awarded for the most important discovery or improvement in chemistry, physics, physiology or medicine, for the work in literature highest in the ideal sense, and to the one who shall have acted most and best for the fraternity of nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the constitution and propagation of peace congresses. The first prizes, physics and chemistry, shall be awarded by the Academy of Science of Sweden; that for physiology and medicine by the Carolin Institute of Stockholm; the literary prize by the Swedish Academy; and that for the propagation of peace by a commission of five members elected

by the Norwegian Diet (Storting). He specially directed that in distributing these prizes no consideration of nationality shall prevail, so that he who is most worthy of it shall receive the reward, whether he be Scandinavian or not.

It seems likely that the amount of each of the five annual prizes thus instituted will amount to £15,000, as the capital after deduction of the legacies will probably amount to about £2,500,000. A good deal has been said in explanation of this extraordinary will. The intimate friends of Mr. Nobel have been invited to give information which might throw light on his intentions, and two gentlemen, who witnessed the will, have declared that he had told them that he was a Socialist, but one with moderate views; that in his opinion it was not good for people to inherit large amounts, because it does not stimulate them to work. He wanted his fortune to benefit those who were working in the interest of humanity, and therefore he wanted in the first instance those to profit by it who were occupied with scientific research, because they could not, as a rule, reap much material benefit from their labor. The fifth prize is to be explained by the fact that toward the latter part of his life Nobel became deeply interested in all that was done to promote peace by congresses and societies. He always considered that by improving war material, and thus increasing the dangers of war, he was contributing his share toward the paci-

fication of the world. His large fortune did not contribute to his happiness, but, on the contrary, made him suspicious, and inclined to impute mercenary or selfish motives to the actions of those with whom he came into contact. The numerous direct and indirect applications which were constantly made to him for pecuniary aid, and the ingratitude of those he assisted, considerably affected his character, and in the absence of the counteracting influence of a home and a family, he became distrustful and unsympathetic to any individual misfortune. On the other hand, he gave large sums to charities and for the promotion of any generally beneficent idea.

Alfred Nobel never wrote any book. He had the intention once of writing a work on explosives, but he never carried it out. Perhaps some fragments of the work may still be found among his papers, which will take a very long time to classify. His life work is to be traced in his patents, of which 129 have been filed in this country.

His body was taken from San Remo to Stockholm, where, after an imposing ceremony, it was taken to the crematorium of that city. The urn containing his ashes was deposited in the family vault in the old cemetery at Stockholm, where a monument of marble will be erected to his memory, but no monument will be so lasting as that he has erected for himself by his contributions to the advance of science and progress of civilization.—*Nineteenth Century*.

CONCERNING PEOPLE WHO DISAPPOINTED ONE.

BY A. K. H. B.

SOME folk, when little children, sometimes heard a phrase which seems now to have fallen into disuse: "I was agreeably disappointed." We all knew what that meant. Things were not so bad as one had feared. But that is not my subject to-day. I mean disagreeably disappointed. The word, it seems to me, ought not to be used but in that sense.

Yet at 2.30 A.M., upon this day, I

realized the older sense. Of course I had many times seen the phenomenon: which is the thing an editor known to me in youth intended when he wrote in his paper, "This is a very remarkable phenomena" (*sic*). Was it he who said to me, on a departed day, "Are you sure your data is correct?" And when I, with the impulsiveness of the morning of life, hastily said, "data are correct," he cast upon me an un-

friendly eye. Put that aside. But I have written much in these last weeks wherein it was not permitted to meander, or even (as Chalmers said) "expatiate a little;" logic and coherence had to be keenly regarded. In fact, the compositions in question were sermons: and it would not do to have people saying that they were "no very weel connectit." Wherefore I am for a little breaking free, as often aforetime: on these pages I am wandering about at liberty.

But one forgets: so that the returning seasons come as a surprise. The phenomenon was very wonderful. In that night (like the monarch of old) could not the writer sleep. So he arose from the couch of trouble, and passed into a room with an aspect due north, whence, from a window high up, he looked out on the famous Bay. At this season, there is little real night in these parts. The sun had gone down in unutterable glory, in the north-west. There was a golden expanse, blazing over that portion of the sky: it reached high and far: nearly to the zenith above, and to east and west surely over one quarter of the horizon. At 2.30 A.M., the golden expanse still remained, as vast and glorious as ever; but it had moved much toward the east. The sun was below the horizon, but the after-glow was there: showing where the sun was travelling back to where he was soon to rise again. It was a miraculous sight for solemn beauty. It was far beyond all remembrance. And gazing long time upon it, one thought of old-fashioned folk in Scotland long ago, and their "agreeably disappointed." That is, things were better than expectation. They transcended all anticipation. They were inexpressibly finer than one remembered them to be.

We return to our argument, if the word may be permitted. I know perfectly whereabouts I am: though the reader may not. I am proceeding on a plan of my own. Even as the kindly Scot, who arose at a public dinner, and said he was now to address to that distinguished company a few incoherent remarks. He carried out his intention: which was more than he did who on a like occasion said he was about to utter a few shrewd remarks. And I

think of the good man who kept his books and papers in awful confusion; but declared that he had them in "an order of his own." But the evil was that when things were so arranged, nobody else could find for him anything he wanted. Neither could he find anything himself.

It is quite certain that however successful and eminent you may be, far more successful and eminent than any save a very little minority of the Race, the whole thing is a disappointment of what you had anticipated in the days of hopeful childhood, or ambitious youth. And it is curious what had been anticipated then. A foolish lad, in a profession well known to me, made sure of being a famous man. He never was. On the other hand, a man who rose to be the head of the law in Central Africa, made a speech in which he said he never had even dreamt of reaching that place. Neither, let it be said, had anybody else. A thoughtful and sad-looking man told the writer, when he was six years old (at which age children have a keen discernment of human character), that he (the sad-looking man) had at his outset made sure that when a man he would be a king, and live exclusively on milk-porridge and cream. He did not, presumably, mean a constitutional monarch, whose position, as dear Froude used to say, was not one for a rational being. And here I pass with just a word the painful but certain fact, that there is nobody who has disappointed a man of moderate sense quite so sadly as he has himself done.

One has been startled by words said, signifying that a human being has been a disappointment to the speaker. Once, being a youth, a very clever old lady said to me that nobody had ever disappointed her so bitterly as one who may be called X. I replied, in wonder, Why, he has reached the height, the very summit, of a conspicuous profession; and has held it, steadily, for many years. He has got to the utmost length of his tether. Here I pause to say that having once asserted this in a *Celebrity at Home*, published in a well-known periodical, the good E. Y. altered my words: which thing I like not. Where I had in fact said that X. had got to

the end of his tether, he made me say that X. had "crowned the edifice of his ambition." Nothing on earth would make me use such a phrase. And it did not express the fact. For that eminent man had told me that if he had to begin life again, it would be somewhere else. He had got all which in the circumstances was possible. But he had not got all he could have wished : which I suppose is the meaning of the abominable sentence of E. Y. But, to return, the lady replied to me, "I acknowledge all that. But when he was a youth here many years ago, we made sure he would leave his mark upon the age. And he has not done that, and never will or can." I could not but acquiesce. But I have not more than twice or thrice spoken to any mortal who had left his mark upon the age. And we lowly souls never *even ourselves* (as Scots say) to such a perilous and even awful position.

You discern that in this case which gave me a shock in my youth, the disappointment came of this : that an unreasonable and even tremendous anticipation had been formed. How many of the Race could do (as my grand old Professor used to say) "the like of that"? If you expect too much, the strong likelihood is that you will be disappointed. It is through this, that it has become a commonplace to say that Senior Wranglers generally disappoint : they do not come to much. For we tend to look for what is beyond humanity. Read the record ; and you will find it is not so. One solitary evening, abiding in an Edinburgh club, I traced in an authoritative volume the after career of all the Senior Wranglers of this century. Some did indeed die early, possibly worn out by overwork. Just as excessive overwork is quite common in Universities where nothing comes of student-eminence, however great. It does not make your fortune. It is not even remembered. But those who survived, with hardly an exception, turned out very eminent and influential men. If you expect what is outrageous, you will probably be disappointed ; and the fault will be entirely your own. At this point, the mention of expecting too much recalls the remembrance of the sorrowful beatitude,

"Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he will not be disappointed." I have ever arisen in wrath against that epigram, if it be an epigram. Thinking of the fashion in which the unexpected happens, I should rather say, "Blessed is he that" quite *bonâ fide* "expecteth nothing ; for he is very likely to be disappointed." It will not do, indeed, to pretend to yourself that you are expecting nothing, in the latent expectation that thus something very good may come. To use Mr. Lowell's touching sentence, "You will have to rise up airy" (*sic*), if you think to take in the mysterious Power which orders all events. Don't you try to think to pull the strings, here. But when one was very young, it was startlingly true to fact, when George Eliot made an undeserving character who feared coming trouble for that he had richly deserved it, sit on a wall and steadfastly anticipate the coming of the trouble, fancying that thus he would prevent its coming at all. Thoughtless young persons smile at the Irishman's statement concerning his pig, "It did not weigh as much as I expected ; and I never thought it would." That Irishman was wise and thoughtful and keenly observant. The state of mind may be compendiously expressed thus : Such a thing appears likely to happen. I may say that I expect it. And yet I don't expect it, because I do. For I know that what you expect, generally arrives not. My brother, do you not recognize a familiar experience?

I am not thinking, just this day, of wonderfully clever men who did not come up to the unreasonable expectations of their admirers, and thus disappointed them. Yet, in a lowly way, I have known such. 'It was the man who as a student in the great University of Edinburgh promised to be the most eloquent preacher of his generation, concerning whom, in after years, the beadle said to a stranger parson visiting that parish, "Ye maun preach when ye're here. Oanyboaddy, Oanyboaddy, rayther than Mr. Snooks !"

I am thinking of people of modest position, or actually of none at all, who yet have disappointed one. They came short, sorrowfully. Such was one of whom I was told, who turned a

Nonconformist, and a very keen one, because in his parish church he heard a sermon preached which keenly condemned an unscrupulous movement for disestablishment : which movement was backed up by various manifest falsehoods. It was not preached by the incumbent, but by a stranger. The seceder held that the incumbent ought to have denounced it, there and then. The which the good man could not do. Because (1) he could not be guilty of the outrage of "brawling in church." And (2) because he himself held precisely the same opinions as his friend who was holding forth. Of course it is plain that the worthy man who departed for that offence, and none other, never had been an intelligent churchman at all. Many things here come into memory which must not be recorded : unless in the most general way. For I should be getting upon thin ice. Yet I may just name the far from uncommon instance of the acquaintance who takes the pet on account of some imagined petty offence, which indeed never existed save in his own jaundiced mind ; and which even he durst not describe to any mortal possessed of common sense. A terrible kind of disappointment which frequently befalls in a country whose whisky is an imminent temptation, even when middle age has passed, is to meet one known long ago as a bright cheery student who could sing beautifully, and to find he has taken to drinking, and is terribly quarrelsome in his cups, and is going certainly to destruction. I recall the instance of a man who professed to be a very warm and special friend of one who lived in the middle ages, thinking thus to pull the strings of that being, and thus gain a trumpery influence. For it is wonderful how eager many were in those departed days to gain a standing which you cannot imagine a sane man desiring. Who was it that once told me, with exulting look, that he "was omnipotent in Little Pedlington"? But the mortal who thought to pull the strings of the humble dignitary, on finding that might not be, became an avowed and quite unscrupulous enemy. By unscrupulous I mean the kind of man who will testify that you said, or

wrote, something which in fact you never did, and that to the informer's personal knowledge. There once was a man, centuries ago, who gave a recreation ground, a very pretty one, to a certain community : he desiring and expecting to sit for it in the Commons' House. But when the next election came, another was chosen to add to the tremendous mass of wisdom which exists under the music of Big Ben ; and the giver of the Park was never thought of, being indeed as unfit for the eminence as many members are. I acknowledge the experience was provoking. Yet what a grand chance of showing a magnanimous heart ! But the mortified one at once took away the Park, without a word of warning. All the kindness of several years was at once forgotten by that community. And his gift was regarded, not unreasonably, as merely a calculated part of the election-expenses of the would-be Senator. Such things happen, even yet. There was a noble, high in rank, little limited in worldly wealth, who when his son was rejected by the constituency of the little town at his gate, forthwith cut off his annual dole of coals and flannel. It was a poor thing to do. And the punishment did not fall upon the guilty. The poor souls who got a little warmth and comfort as Christmas came, cared not a doit who represented them at Westminster ; never had a vote : and had they possessed such a thing, would gladly have given it to the cheery and pleasant son of the great House : who had, in fact, entreated his father not to take that line. But, as in all war, the suffering falls on the wrong people. The brutal ministry which sends many youths, every one somebody's boy, out to unspeakable torture, and which ruins many little homes, and brings misery on countless poor women and children, which covers acres of ground with the rent fragments of human bodies, will never suffer anything. Since my childhood, I have accepted heartily the sentiment of the poor French girl, "Let them that make the quarrels be the only men to fight !" And thinking of things within the knowledge of every reader of this page, of things done not merely by the originators of war, but by

many others, specially of certain hoary reprobates quite well known about the west end of London, I am constrained to testify that Hell is a most needful Institution : and that a good many mortals on whom I could lay my hand (would it bore the knout) would be the right men in the right place there, and had best abide there indefinitely.

One has known divers human beings to whom one looked up with inexpressible reverence, having beheld and heard them making a public appearance for which they were fully prepared, say, making a great speech, or preaching a sermon on a grand occasion : but ah ! the sorrowful disillusionment when one made their personal acquaintance ! They disappointed us : in the strongest sense of the sad word. For there are those, little like Goldsmith in any other respect, who are exactly as he was in one : " Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Only, indeed, like a very small and undeveloped angel : but there was no doubt whatsoever as to the resemblance to Poll. It appeared as though, when the mind was driven at the deliberate rate of writing, it turned off admirable sense : but when driven at the more rapid rate of talking, it turned off utter foolishness. It is a more serious disappointment to find, probably after long time, that one on whom you had counted as a warm friend, had in fact, on a critical occasion, done his little worst to trip you up. But people will never think alike of matters which involve personal offence : and it is quite possible the mortal thought he had reason to complain of you. As a lad, one was disappointed to find that a man to whom the nation gave fifteen thousand a year for the use of his intellect was in truth very inferior to another, possibly a Scottish Professor, who was thought adequately paid with about seven hundred. How many Archbishops of York or Bishops of Winchester were equal to Principal Tulloch or Principal Caird ? It was a blow to an enthusiastic youth, to know the relations which actually existed between Dickens and Christmas. There was a youth who, when toiling awfully hard at a Scottish University, and, in the brief tale of holi-

days allowed at the sacred time, taking only the hallowed day itself as one of rest, used to think how happy Dickens must be as the blessed season came round. This, for reasons which every reader of certain of his books will understand. The biography smote that lad. It showed that at least two very miserable Christmas-times came to him. Most have sympathized with him cordially in what he suffered when the publisher's account came in as to the *Christmas-Carol*. Even worse was the long Christmas-day of dismal railway travel in America : whereon he and his companion by common consent never alluded, once, to the day that was passing over them : the great genius himself being under what one who knew it too well called the "blackness of darkness."

When we were little boys, I fancy we all knew human beings whom we believed to know everything. It was a disappointment, after a few years, to find they did not. We have all known one or two persons who would give the most preposterous answer to a question put to them, rather than give the true one : which was "I do not know." Clearly comes back the departed day whereupon I asked somebody what was the Latin for Andrew. The reply was instant : *Andrewvius*. So, what is the Latin for coat. "Oh, *Coatibus*." Breakfast was *Breakfastibus*. But wisdom is better than knowledge : and it was even a greater blow to find that one whom we had believed to be the wisest of men, was in fact extremely foolish. Even such was the revered relative who said to two little boys, "You have been trained to think your father a very eminent man : you must know that he is a very poor stick." Such sayings can never be forgotten. They ought not to be. Yet that mortal, so little knowing, or perhaps caring, what such a remark was to little boys, homesick and unhappy already, had many good qualities : even, as one, really a great and good man, may have the failing of constantly telling what a great admirer called *fib*s. "Oh, Jenkinson's *fib*s are past praying for : " even such were the words of one who was himself a very clever man. I do not know that there is a poorer char-

acteristic of certain persons, than an unceasing determination to take down and mortify their acquaintances. Perhaps not through malignity: only through a coarseness of nature. An old cleric once said to a young man who had published some volumes which had been very successful, "Your popularity is quite gone." There was no earthly call to say such a thing, even if it had been true. And, in fact, it was quite the reverse. But the aged cleric wished it had been true. Thus Brougham, when some of Lord Campbell's later biographies sold wonderfully, explained to that judge and author that "people had to make up their sets." If the reader cares to be disappointed in eminent men, there is no volume known to me which will disappoint him so effectually as the published Correspondence of Mr. Macvey Napier, long the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Some months ago, I stood by Brougham's grave in the Protestant Cemetery of Cannes. Those lamentable letters to Mr. Napier thrust themselves painfully between one, and the really great doings of that most extraordinary man. I wish I had never read them. So malignant, so wrongheaded, so depreciatory of every one but himself, so dishonest, so outrageously conceited. No wonder that he was kept out of the Chanceryship. Who could work, in kindly loyalty and confidence, with such a man? Who could trust him? And to be trustworthy is everything. A character in *Martin Chuzzlewit* says that the distinctive characteristic of a friend was, that he was always waiting round the corner. A most amiable and truthful man, who had studied at the great University of Bafra, in the Hittite country, told me that the distinctive characteristic of a fellow-student was, that "you could not trust him round the corner." It was a strange and undesirable idiosyncrasy. I came to know him, slightly, in Siberia and Australia, long after: one always felt that a few sentences uttered by him cautioned you seriously not to trust him. Very few did, and those very stupid. Yet he did useful work in his day. I believe he occasionally meant well. I mean, unselfishly well.

It was a very dear friend of mine

(gone, like so many) who more than once told to me a story in which I knew he was imparting some of his personal experience. A Scottish parson was attending a funeral in his own churchyard. The service over, and dust given to dust, the green sod smoothed down over the narrow bed, the company departed. But a worthy man remained behind, and approached the parson with a solemn face, as though for serious talk. "Div ye ken what I aye think at a funeral?" Many serious reflections have come to one there; and the clergyman expected some befitting thought. "No: what is it you always think?" The answer was, "I aye think I'm desperate gledd it's no me." The incumbent of that parish was mortified. So, I fancy, was a frightfully long and dismally dreary preacher, who came long ago to minister at a church once well known to me. When he came to the vestry to get into his robes (such as they were), a learned and delightful old gentleman, a law-professor, said to him, in kindly tones, "We know you tend to be rather long. Now in this church we don't like long sermons." "Ah," said the dismal orator (it is only just to say with much simplicity and good nature), "my sermon naturally divides itself: I will give you just the first half of it." I understand the text was, "Ye have need of patience:" and it is impossible to exaggerate the perfect sympathy of the congregation that afternoon with his text, if not with his sermon: which I fancy nobody listened to. He gave that first half: and on returning to the vestry he said to the lovable law-professor, "You see, I have been very short to-day; only three quarters of an hour." That was esteemed as short in those days. Regularly, each afternoon for certain months, I preached from that pulpit for fifty minutes. We have learnt better now. "Yes," said the professor, in kindly mood, "when I looked at my watch I found you had been only three quarters of an hour. But, do you know, when you were going on, I thought it was about two hours and a half." The words were said with an open and artless visage. But the honest preacher felt them as a blow. For, though an able and useful

man, he was wholly devoid of common sense in the matter of the length for which he would thrust himself upon an unhappy audience. And as he never wearied of hearing himself holding forth in church, or roaring away in an awful manner in a speech, he had not taken it in that other people would be mortally sick of him. I have known him more than once scraped down at a friendly meeting of three thousand, where eight men were to speak, after he had tortured the assemblage for more than an hour. Yet he had a few toadies, who cracked him up. Tulloch used to tell how in a certain gathering, he was going on yelling in a way to make your blood run cold, when a certain humorous auditor exclaimed "Speak out!" It never entered into the orator's head but that the request was made in all seriousness: and turning to the man who had counselled him he yelled, for a space, about three times louder than before: till a general roar of laughter stopped him. He never saw why the people laughed. I never fully understood what Sydney Smith meant by being "preached to death by mad curates," till in my youth I was obliged, not unfrequently, to hear that good man's howls and yells.

He was not of my acquaintance, that country parson who went to see a humble parishioner, and if possible to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen. The pastor found the homely old man in his desolate cottage, alone. He said many things: and added that we must try to take all affliction humbly, as appointed to us by Providence. "Yes," said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in theology: "That's right enough, that is; but somehow that there Old Providence have bin agin me all along; but I reckon as there's *One Above* as'll put a stopper on if he go too fur." My work has been in a country which is well educated: in comparison say with Spain: where of a population of eighteen millions, sixteen millions cannot read or write. I have married couples innumerable: the couple, and the witnesses, could with I think only a single exception sign their names as well as Dean Stanley could: indeed better. While Charles Kings-

ley told me long ago, that with him, in like circumstances, not one in fifty could write. Yet even here, I have met singular blunders in the metaphysics of religion; but never anything like that sad confusion. Had that poor old man gone to church all his life? Had the preacher done his utmost to be understood by the people who heard him? Still, it was a woman of forty, Scottish by birth, who told me when I went into her dwelling in a parish far away, that she belonged to the *Letter Dissents*. I had never heard of that sect, and sought explanation. All she could do was to repeat the remarkable words. But when I questioned her as to the beliefs of her friends there, she made some statements which brought a gleam of light. I discovered that she meant *Latimer-day Saints*: and that she was a Mormon. That rational beings, in large numbers, from England and even from Scotland, could accept the unutterable rubbish of the Mormon creed, is indeed a lamentable fact, which shakes our trust in human rationality. It was doubtless rather of the moral than of the intellectual side of humanity that Frederick the Great was thinking, when he uttered an awful estimate of the Race, which I have more than once heard Froude repeat with an awe-stricken countenance, and in a very low voice. Assuredly, they have not been the worthiest specimens of mankind who have spoken worst of it. And however energetic, resourceful, and masterful Frederick may have been, I suppose that if we believe in Right and Wrong he was about as bad as man can be.

But let us cease. We have had enough of this. I think I have exercised a painful line of reflection which has pressed itself on me for several days, by committing it to these pages. It need not be said that not one of countless instances which backed it up is set down here. The writer has been frequently disappointed in his fellow-creatures: but he keeps these things to himself. No doubt, when we see long and closely into our acquaintances, we see spots on the sun: we discern the seamy side: the little weaknesses are in evidence. If, by people who have disappointed one, we

meant all who now and then slightly vex us, come short of the perfection we desire, show just a little wrong-headedness a little vanity, a little temper, a little incapacity to take in or to remember what we say to them, or to say it short will not accept us as their infallible guide, and do exactly what we wish, then probably the order, if followed fully up, would coincide with "all people that on earth do dwell." But I have been thinking only of those who finally, permanently, or on some great testing occasion, disappointed and vexed us. They are too many. And probably, in some cases, the fault was our own.

Let me testify, thankfully, there have been many who never disappointed one. The better they were known, they were held in the higher estimation and the warmer affection. One remembers those who have left us, with a touched heart: Helps, Froude, the Autocrat. Then, abiding with us, the new Principal of the University of Glasgow, Story. First of all, A. Winton, who passed on the day which has again come round: and next to him,

dear Skelton, too short a time Sir John. He went to the Scottish Bar. "A pleasant profession, with the prospect of being a Judge at the end." But Literature, not Law, was his field. And he disliked pretension: also humbug: specially in high rank. It was awful, when he called one of the chief of men "a little bantam." Oh, what would the man have said, had he known in his day? Blasphemy is no word to express my dear friend's frightful audacity! Worse than when you said to me, you whom we miss continually even yet, "Confound the Human Race." Worse than when Porson, unable to stick in his latch-key for that he was intoxicated, said "Confound the Nature of Things!" I grieve to say it, the actual word was not Confound.

It may be cynical. But, after all, I am free to say I have known people in whom I was never disappointed. Never once. Because I never expected any good of them. It is as with the unworthy soul whose word was as good as his bond. Sad to say, each was worth nothing.—*Longman's Magazine*.

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

(To C. J. W. D.)

BY J. B. S.

The curtain's falling, and the lights burn low,
So, with God's help, I'm ready now to go.
I've seen life's melodrama, paid the price,
Have known its loves and losses, hopes and fears,
The laughter and the tears,
And now, God knows, I would not see it twice.

I've crossed life's ocean, faced its blinding foam,
But now heaven whispers, I am nearing home,
And though a storm-tossed hull I reach the shore,
A thing of tattered sheets and broken spars,
Naked against the stars,
I soon shall be at peace forever more.

For if again I pass these waters through,
I know the kingdom I am sailing to.
What boots it where I lie?—beneath the sod,
Or down the dark impenetrable deep,
Where wayworn seamen sleep?
All gates are good through which we pass to God.

ENGLAND'S DESTINY IN CHINA.

BY F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND.

THE history of mankind shows a succession of emigrations from new and higher centres of civilization by which superior races have effected a control over inferior. There have, indeed, been reactionary waves, when the hordes of barbarians have thrown back higher races. There has been reaction as well as action. But the long result of time has shown that on the best portions of the earth the inferior have been supplanted by less inferior, and these again by yet superior races. Thousands of years of incessant bloody conflict, such as to this day is being carried on among the barbarous tribes of Central Africa and the untamed races of the Indian frontier—long ages of the keen struggle for existence—have, in the main, resulted in the most efficient, the best organized, coming to the front. Rude hunting groups of families have been supplanted by pastoral nomadic tribes; these again by agriculturists with some approach to political organization; and these last by peoples with a full industrial, military, and political system.

One of these great waves of emigration it is which is at present flooding Asia, submerging old forms, and substituting higher and better. Country after country is now being brought under the subjection of European civilization. Russia has thrown her influence over all Northern Asia. The various countries of India are now controlled from England. Indo-China has gradually been absorbed by France. Is China to follow the rest, and be brought within the pale of the higher civilization, or are we to support her in her obstructive mediævalism, and preserve her as a huge stumbling-block in the path of progress?

What is the root cause of this general spread of European influence over Asia? What is it which makes the European press so hard on China? If the inhabitants of a country could find at hand, in sufficient quantities, everything they could possibly want, they would undoubtedly stay at home.

There would be no need for going abroad, except to "eat the air," as the Indian expression goes—except for purposes of recreation and enjoyment. Unfortunately, no European nation has that advantage. One country can grow enough wheat for all its inhabitants, but has no means of clothing them—at any rate, in a state fit for society. Another has all the means for making up clothes, but has nothing to make them with. No one country has all the means for taking its place in the civilized society of the present day. All have to go abroad to obtain one or other requisite detail. And year by year, as the population of Europe increases, more and more is required from other parts of the world.

Now, one of these parts where the raw materials which European nations most require are to be found in the greatest quantity is China. Hence the general impulse toward it. French, Germans, English, Russians, all flock there to obtain tea for their homes, silk for their wives and daughters, china for their drawing-rooms; each bringing with him something to give in exchange, manufactured cotton goods, tools, machinery, etc., but all bent upon obtaining from China the riches so eagerly desired at home.

For many years the Chinese told these foreigners that they did not want their things, and refused to let them take what they had. They wanted to keep themselves to themselves, and be left alone. The foreign nations were then far distant, and the need they had for the products of China was not urgent. The population of these European countries was small in comparison with that of the present day, and their natural resources were not inadequate to the supply of the needs of this population.

But during the present century the population of Europe has been increasing by leaps and bounds. The resources are no longer adequate; and, what is more, a higher standard of comfort now prevails than formerly.

Not only is the number of inhabitants increased, but each single inhabitant needs more. He requires better and more varied food ; he requires more and better clothes ; and he needs more comforts in his home. At the same time, modern scientific inventions have brought these numerous and covetous European nations practically right alongside China. They are no longer distant ; they are pressing hard at the gate. And they are saying with ever-increasing emphasis that the vast natural resources of China can no longer be allowed to run to waste, undeveloped and unutilized. The Europeans have no desire to come as burglars and steal from the Chinese, or take by force what is not their own, as in the buccaneering days of yore. But what they say is that, while the population of the earth is not limited, the land-area is ; still more limited is the quantity of this land which is of any value to mankind. So that when a section of the human race occupies one of the richest parts of the whole earth, makes only very partial use of the riches it contains, and refuses to let others come and exploit it, that section must in time, by the common pressure on it, be made to give up its exclusive pretensions. The Chinese shall not be prevented from exploiting their own country to any extent they wish, but they must not absolutely prevent others from doing the same. Every inhabitant of the earth must have a fair opportunity of sharing in the limited amount of products which the earth affords.

As this moral conviction grows stronger among the European nations—as they are beginning to realize that for their own maintenance they must insist upon such a principle, and that the enforcement of it brings no hardship, but, on the contrary, benefit to those upon whom it is enforced—the pressure upon the Chinese, always close, becomes ever stronger and more difficult to resist.

Now, while the struggle among the peoples of the earth has always been for the means of sustenance and of multiplying their numbers, that object has not always been carried out in the same manner. At first the rival tribes

increased their means of subsistence by stealing their neighbors' cattle or crops, and they augmented their numbers by seizing men and women, but with the progress of time and the improvement of political organization the greater tribes commenced to absorb the lesser bodily. The European empires of our times have, indeed, grown in this manner, though in some cases the morsels absorbed have not yet been digested, and in many instances they have been disgorged again. And at the present day the process seems to be one by which the European nations will absorb the uncivilized, or semi-civilized, all over the world ; and the competition appears to be for the possession of these people. Witness the scramble among the English, the French, the Germans, the Italians, and the Dutch for the possession of Africa ; witness the hard struggle between the Portuguese, the French, and the English for the mastery of India ; witness, further, the competition now going on between the English, the Russians, and the French to control and eventually assimilate the best parts of Asia, and how each has absorbed a part of China itself. And not a single country which has once come under European control will ever again be free of it. India may not remain forever under British administration, but it will assuredly never again come under native rule ; the governors of India will always be European.

There is a danger of over-feeding. But probably the most powerful States of the future—those which will come out at the top in the struggle for existence—will be those which, having the necessary cohesive power to hold themselves together, possess also the means to nourish an ample growth ; which, having the inherent capabilities of high organization, by their increased growth render higher organization possible. The English, possessing as they do in a marked degree the capacity for organization, are not weaker, but stronger, for the possession of India and of their territories in Africa. Nor is Russia the less dangerous a rival for her annexation of Turkestan and North Manchuria. And other European nations are beginning to realize

that, if they also do not hasten to procure the means of further growth, they will be left attenuated striplings beside their robust, well-nourished rivals, keen-witted and strong as they will also have become, from the stress of the competition to which they have been subjected.

We see, then, that the European nations are driven to China by the necessity for sustenance, and that the tendency is for the nations to obtain the means of sustenance by the bodily absorption of portions of that country.

Of all the European nations, we were the first to commence this pressure upon China. We are the inhabitants of a small isle whose resources in some at least of the necessities and necessary comforts of life are soon exhausted. And being on the great highway of traffic, we were quickly alongside China, seeking to gain what we could. At first we knew but little of the resources of the interior, though we guessed, from what was to be seen on the fringe, that they must be considerable. Now, however, that we know more, and have had ample time to take stock, it may be well to briefly set forth what they are.

In the first place, it is necessary to remember that the Chinese Empire is of enormous size; and though the greater part is either desert or something not very much better, yet there still remains a portion—Manchuria and what is known as China proper—which is exceedingly rich. The area of this portion may be taken approximately as rather over 1,500,000 square miles—the size of thirty Englands, and double the size of France, Germany, Italy, and Austria put together. It is 1860 miles in length and 1520 miles in breadth. We are therefore dealing, not with any little country, but with one of enormous extent.

Stretching, as this empire does, from north to south, from 50° latitude North to 20° latitude South, the climate necessarily varies greatly. In the northern portion Canadian winters are experienced, and in the south the heat of the tropics. But, taken as a whole, the climate must be a healthy one, for in the south as in the north the inhabitants are hardy and vigorous. The

natural configuration of that portion of the country, China proper and Manchuria, with which alone I propose to deal at present, is all that could be desired for favorable development. It is varied in character, hilly and flat, well watered, and, above all, intersected as no other country in the world is with a network of navigable waterways, the very centre of the country being pierced by one huge river, the Yangtse Kiang, 3200 miles in length, which has been proved to be navigable for ocean-going steamers for hundreds of miles from its mouth, and for steam launches as far inland as Chun King, in the heart of Szechuen. Over nearly the whole the soil is of exceptional fertility, and, as a consequence, the richest crops of both the temperate and tropical climates are easily produced. Besides all the ordinary food-crops, China produces cotton, silk, tea, sugar, and tobacco in considerable quantity even at present, and this quantity, under scientific management and under the stimulus of competition, might easily be largely increased.

No less remarkable are the indications of mineral wealth. Certainly no other country in Asia, and few others in the world, possess such magnificent possibilities. This source of wealth is up to the present practically untouched, so that it is impossible to say as yet with any degree of precision what the mineral wealth of China may be. But gold has been found both in Manchuria and China proper; silver is even now largely exported; coal and iron have been found over areas of such extent as to indicate that the quantity producible must be practically inexhaustible; and other lesser minerals are known to exist there.

With these advantages of climate, soil, configuration, and mineral wealth, it is scarcely necessary to say that the country is thickly inhabited. What the exact figures of the population of China really are no one can say. But no estimate that has been made has put it as low as 300,000,000, which is as much as the populations of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Great Britain, and Russia put together. Of these millions, the chief characteristics are their homogeneity, their conservatism, their

high intelligence, and their marvellous industry. Their skill and industry as cultivators are proverbial; and it is now being found in the factories at Shanghai that even in mechanical skill they can stand comparison with English hands.

What more promising country could we have desired to trade with? Magnificent natural resources; an almost unlimited number of a prosperous and well-civilized people to supply with our manufactures and furnish us with the rich products of their own country; and, as regards mercantile affairs, an honest and businesslike people into the bargain. But, unfortunately, these people had the one all-important drawback of intense conservatism. This quality had had, no doubt, its advantages in the course of their history. It had preserved them intact for centuries as a great and mighty people, but it had in the lapse of ages crystallized them into an inflexible, unyielding mass. It had destroyed their powers of adaptability; and when they suddenly found themselves exposed, by the progress of the world, to new and hard conditions, they were unable to adjust themselves to those altered conditions with that readiness by which alone the integrity of their country could be preserved.

When the pressure from Europe began to make itself felt, they simply met it with dull, stolid, unintelligent resistance, which in the end proved ineffectual. European nations had never before traded with them, so why should they now? They must be kept at a distance, as formerly, and by no means be allowed to trade with the subjects of the Son of Heaven. This was their attitude; and for years we had to put up with this ungracious demeanor. But as the necessity for trade grew stronger, as the pressure from behind grew more urgent, first we alone, and then we and the French together, waged war upon the Chinese, to compel them to open their country to the trade of nations. The Chinese were forced to concede to us some at least of the most ordinary privileges which each modern State concedes to another for the recognized mutual benefit of both; and we exacted from them these two great rights:

First, that we should be allowed to trade at certain specified points, and that no higher duties should be put upon our goods than upon the goods of any other nation; and

Secondly, that we should share all advantages which might at any time be granted to any other nation.

These privileges—which we had obtained at so much cost—give, it will be observed, no exclusive benefit to ourselves. They merely enable us to trade more freely than before with the country, and ensure that we have impartial treatment and fair opportunities.

Of those opportunities we immediately set to work to take the utmost advantage. "Already," says Mr. Curzon, "Anglo-Chinese trade has attained dimensions that at the time of the first war, fifty years ago, would have been laughed at as an idle dream. At that time China sent to England less than half a million sterling of goods in the year." In 1896 the total foreign trade of the Chinese Empire amounted to £57,117,473; and of this total Great Britain and her colonies (including Hong Kong) claim 71 per cent., and the whole of the rest of Europe (including Russia) only 13 per cent. The returns of shipping show an equally striking preponderance in favor of Great Britain, 65 per cent. of the total shipping entered and cleared at the Treaty Ports being British. It is noteworthy, too, that of the 672 foreign firms in China, 363 are British.

So that, now, our interests in China are of a value altogether unsuspected a generation ago, a value increasing with a rapidity that makes it difficult to realize what it may be a generation hence. It has, however, been estimated by Mr. Valentine Chirral that, even should China be opened up only to the extent to which Japan is already opened up, the trade of China might be estimated at £200,000,000 per annum.

But other European nations have also acquired rights and interests in China; and though our trade is far in excess of theirs, there are others who, with the present-day habit of rivalry, are striving their utmost to get as much as we do out of China—some by simply taking in as much as they can

themselves, others by also trying to prevent our taking in any more.

Our policy is that of the open gate—a fair field and no favor. We are thoroughly confident of being able to hold our own against all comers, and as long as they do not interfere with us, the more people set to work on this ill-developed field to produce more of the necessities of life from it, the better we are pleased.

But all are not of that opinion. Russia, especially, takes an entirely opposite view. She thinks she would get on very much better if she had the field a little more to herself, and she is especially anxious that we should not be in it with her.

France, too, holds much the same view. Consequently these two nations, wherever they acquire influence, seek to exclude us and to keep what they get entirely to themselves.

In Tonquin the French have adopted a policy designedly aimed at diminishing British trade. But the most prominent example of the policy of exclusion pursued by our rivals is the case of Russia in Manchuria. Twelve years ago, when I was travelling through it with Mr. H. E. M. James, the only Russian in the whole country whom we even heard of was an escaped convict from Siberia. Practically the whole foreign trade was in British hands. Now all is changed. The Russians have engineers in every part of Manchuria surveying for a railway, they have hundreds of soldiers as escort to those engineers, and they have organized a fleet for the navigation of the inland waters.

To all this we have no possible need to raise objection. Such action in itself is no threat to our rights and interests. On the contrary, by opening up the country and enriching the inhabitants, these measures would only make Manchuria all the better a market for our goods.

Unfortunately, Russia goes farther than this. She tells us that Manchuria is to be within the sphere of her influence, and as a consequence she objects to our asking China to open a second Treaty Port, and yet sees no objection to bullying China into handing her over two ports, both of which she pro-

ceeds to fortify and turn into naval bases. Yet further does she press her claims in her sphere of influence. Not content with having secured a monopoly of railway construction in the north, she vigorously protests against the employment of English engineers in the south, even though the railway upon which they are employed belongs to the Chinese; and she threatens China when these same Chinese borrow money for the construction of the railway from an English bank, or give orders for railway materials in England. Her obvious intention is, therefore, to pursue in Manchuria the same policy of rigid exclusion which she has already adopted in Central Asia; to whose advantage—beyond a few pampered manufacturers in Moscow—is not clear; but, at all events, to our disadvantage.

While, then, the centrifugal force which is sending the European nations off to seek subsistence outside Europe has impelled these nations to force open China, many of them wish to keep what they get to themselves. They will, no doubt, benefit the Chinese as well as themselves, but they will not benefit themselves, the Chinese, and all other nations in addition, as the more generous policy which we pursue cannot fail to do.

As a consequence of the pursuit of this exclusive policy we may find ourselves debarred from the enjoyment of the privileges which we have obtained not for the good of ourselves alone, but of every one. We may find ourselves shut off from Manchuria and South China, and rigorously confined to Central China alone, for while we have obtained our rights from China, China may even now be dissolving away before our eyes, and our rights with it.

The power of an empire to hold itself together becomes less as its extent becomes greater. If it is to hold together, the larger it becomes the greater must be the cohesive power which binds it; the more intelligent and strong charactered must be the units who compose the nation, the more highly organized must be its political and social system. If the units are not well knit together, the empire in time falls to pieces simply of its own weight.

And when, in addition to its own weight, it has to bear outside pressure as well, the process of dissolution is obviously accelerated.

Not only is China a huge empire of a weight which puts too great a strain on the cohesive power of its component parts, but it has also to withstand severe external pressure and sudden impact in addition. From a single small State it has grown by the absorption of others to a gigantic empire, the most populous on the earth; but its cohesive power is clearly deficient. With all their exceptional qualities of thrift and industry, and even of commercial integrity of character, the Chinese appear to lack that public spirit and high standard of public morality without which high organization is impossible. The empire seems thus to have reached and passed its state of equilibrium, and the process of dissolution has begun. Piece by piece it appears likely to crumble away as it arose.

The struggle of the nations, resulting, as it has, in the absorption of the weaker by the stronger, of the lower by the higher, means for China, if she is as incapable as she seems of pulling herself together, absorption by one or more of the European Powers.

Pressing along her border on the north, the Russians first absorbed the portion of Manchuria north of the Amur, then they crossed that river and came down to the sea at Vladivostok; now they are at Port Arthur, in the Gulf of Pechili. Japan has thrown back Chinese authority in Korea and established her own, and she has taken the island of Formosa. The British have taken Wei-hai-Wei in the north and Hong Kong in the south, and along the Tibetan and south-western borders are pressing hard. The Germans have taken Kiao-Chao Bay. The French have established themselves in Tonquin and press China on the south.

Such are the present positions of the Powers in relation to China: and, if we consider the indications which the more insistent show of the further extension of their influence or control, we may be able to forecast in some degree the position of China in the future.

Russia has roundly declared that she considers all the provinces bordering on her territory to be within the sphere of her influence; and she has shown what the meaning of her influence is in the case of Manchuria. She has, moreover, made attempts, by means of a Government-subsidized syndicate, for the construction of a railway toward the Yangtse Kiang, and shows signs of extending her political influence still further; Germany, having acquired Kiao-Chao Bay, has proclaimed the whole hinterland of the province of Shantung as within her sphere of influence. England has obtained a promise from the Chinese that the basin of the Yangtse Kiang will not be given to any other Power. Japan has been given a similar promise as regards the province of Fokien, opposite to Formosa. France has been accorded a like promise as regards the provinces of Yunan, Kuangsi, and Kuang-tung, bordering on Tonquin, and is credited with the intention of joining hands with the Russians from the north to exclude the English from the Yangtse Valley.

Judging, then, by the experience of the past, and by the evidence which the present affords of the continuance of the tendencies which were then acting, we may expect to see the countries pressing round China grow still further at her expense. Empires expand along the line of least resistance or of greatest attraction; and countries, like women, especially for impulsive people like the Russians and French, possess the greatest attraction when there is reason to believe that some one else covets them. It was probably the fear that Port Arthur would be taken by us, or Japan, that induced the Russians to hurriedly take it themselves. It may be anticipated, therefore, that Russia will expand over Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Manchuria, and press closely round Peking itself. What direction the expansion of Japan will take it is more difficult to say; but she is evidently intent upon increasing her hold over Korea, and she may possibly hope to obtain a similar position in the province of Fokien, opposite Formosa. Germany, meanwhile, will be busy turning Shantung into a Protectorate

and extending her influence as far into the hinterland and as near to Peking as she can. Lastly, in the south we may expect to see successive efforts on the part of the French to bring Yunan and Kuangsi and Kuang-tung within French sphere of influence or under French protection; and we may further expect that France will try to secure naval bases in the southern seas.

Now, the question we have to consider is whether we should, or, indeed, whether we could, remain still and unconcernedly watch this process of absorption going on under our very eyes. Of all these Powers which threaten the integrity of China the most pressing is, of course, Russia; and when Russia and France are in alliance, the danger to China is obviously increased. Looking at the matter squarely and with an open mind, we may, I think, conclude that what combines these two Powers on the Chinese question is not so much a common land hunger—a community of tastes in that respect—as a common instinct that we should be a danger to each if we were allowed to grow too big and rich. They recognize that the more we have to feed on the bigger we grow, and they have had practical experience that when we and they are set down to work in the same field we have a knack of getting the most and the best out of it. Any one who has seen with his own eyes the foreign settlements at the Treaty Ports in China, and the vastly superior size and prosperity of the British settlement in each port, will appreciate the justice of this observation. The obvious way, therefore, for other European nations to ensure their getting a good share also is to fence off certain portions of the field for themselves, and keep us out of it. If, then, we left Russia and France to carry out their wishes, we should certainly see them extending to Manchuria, Yunan, Kuangsi, and Kuang-tung the same method of exclusion which they have respectively adopted in Central Asia and Tonquin.

But we have at present the hardly purchased right of trading over the whole of China. We can and we do trade in Manchuria, and nearly the whole of the trade is in our hands, and we had

established a trade long before a single Russian business house had been set up there. Similarly in the southern provinces, over which the French are attempting to extend their influence, we have a large and growing trade. Why, then, should we allow ourselves to be excluded from these provinces? We certainly would not if we could help it. But Russia and France, combined, are a Power to be reckoned with; and it being to their interest to exclude us, and they evidently having the intention of working together with that object, we have seriously to consider how we may best prevent their carrying it out.

The best method is, of course, by coming to a common understanding between ourselves and them. Clearly neither of us will be the better, and all three of us will be the worse for working together on the same ground in constant apprehension of each other. Instead of each being able to pay his undivided attention to his own business, he will have to be incessantly on the guard against disturbance by his neighbor. While we are intent upon developing our trade with Manchuria we have to be unceasingly on the watch to prevent the Russians clearing us out of the country altogether. Similarly the Russians, while they are trying to shut off Manchuria as a close preserve for themselves, have to reckon with constant opposition from us in the preservation of our existing rights; and this opposition may well neutralize the advantages they think they may gain by excluding us. If, then, we could each come to an understanding with the other, by which each would be freed from the necessity of jealousy regarding his neighbor, we should all of us reap an advantage. If we could induce the Russians and the French to agree—and feel sure that they would carry out their agreement—to keep open to our trade any territory which they might acquire; and to abstain from using to our disadvantage any degree of influence which they might obtain; and if we, in return, guaranteed on our part that we would not obstruct the spread of their influence over provinces contiguous to their present possession, we certainly should be the gainers.

But we have tried to come to an understanding, and have failed ; probably because Russia still believes that, even with the opposition we shall give while she pursues her policy of exclusion, she is likely to gain more by keeping us out than by working contentedly beside us. She thinks she will be better off by keeping Manchuria to herself, even at the risk of British opposition.

The attempt to come to an understanding having failed, what, then, should be our policy? There can scarcely be a doubt about the answer. We should resist, as far as is in our power, exclusion from those ports of China in which exclusion is chiefly threatened and would be most detrimental to our interests ; and we should take measures to ensure that the remainder of China is secured against the intrusion upon our rights in future. These objects we should carry out in such a way as shall involve the least interference possible with the rights and interests of other people, so that our many rivals may not also become our enemies.

We should, for example, insist upon our right to trade in Manchuria, and we should take every precaution to ensure that no other Power shall assume in the basin of the Yangtse Kiang a position so threatening to our interests as the Russians have assumed in Manchuria. And, in taking such precautions, we should be careful not to infringe on the rights of other nations to freedom of trade in that area.

These principles are clear and easy to enunciate. The difficulty arises in carrying them into effect, and in this I venture to think we are at present proceeding upon fundamentally wrong lines.

I wish to protest against the system of propping up China as a buffer against the advance of civilized States ; and I would invite attention to the ground factor of this question and to the immorality of the Chinese position. The Chinese want to keep a large and rich portion of the earth's surface to themselves alone ; not for the purpose of developing it for the general good ; not because they really believe that the country is better developed under a

system of strict protection, and honestly wish to make an attempt to so develop it ; but simply because they are too ignorant to perceive the riches they possess and the advantages they and every one else would gain from throwing all the buried capital upon the world's market.

If a Frenchman wishes to trade in Germany, or a German in France, or to invest his capital in his neighbor's country for the development of its resources, he may do so with comparatively slight restrictions, to his own and his neighbor's good ; but if the same Frenchman or German wishes to invest his capital in the interior of China in order to dig for the coal, or the iron, or the gold, or the silver which lies there in inexhaustible quantity ; or if he wishes to set up a trading establishment in the interior for the purpose of exchanging the products of Europe for the products of China, to the mutual enrichment of both European and Chinaman, he is absolutely refused permission. The Chinese say that the land and all that it contains is theirs ; and they will neither develop it themselves nor sell what it contains to others.

Such a position is clearly untenable and opposed to the spirit of the age. It is contrary to the custom which all civilized nations have found mutually advantageous of allowing each free access to the other, and the maintenance of it means that the whole world remains poorer than it need be. Why then uphold the Chinese in it? Why strengthen them gratuitously, and enable them to continue to maintain it for years to come?

We have grown so accustomed to the idea of organizing the military forces of Asiatic and African States, and have been so successful in carrying it out, that when our interests in China are threatened by Russia we naturally jump to the conclusion that the best way to stop her advance is to organize the Chinese military (including the naval forces) against them. But we ought to reflect upon the vast difference between organizing the forces of an independent State and organizing those of a State over which we have a complete control. In Egypt and India

we have the administration completely in our hands. We have a garrison of our own, and we can ensure that the power which we call into existence by the skill of our officers and by grants of modern munitions of war is not ill directed. But in the case of China we have no such assurance. The power we raise may, and probably would, be extremely ill directed. It may not be brought into effect at the proper moment; it may prove ineffectual even if it is; and it may even be directed against ourselves. If we had the complete control of China; if we had a British garrison there, and administered it as we do India, and could then practically ensure that the power which we brought into play, and which the Chinese seem by themselves incapable of evolving, would not be ill directed; then, indeed, we might legitimately and advantageously organize the military forces of the country for its defence, and as a safeguard against encroachment on our mutual interests.

But to form an independent China into an irresponsible buffer State is like putting steam into an engine, with an old and ignorant man in the box, who may turn it on without any warning, and send the engine careering madly along, quite as likely backward as forward. It is, moreover, to repeat the error we made time after time in our advance through India; which we made in Turkey and Persia; and which we are even now making in Afghanistan. How often, just at the critical period in our protégée's history, have we not had to leave her in the lurch because we dared not enter into a war with a big rival simply for her sake! How often, again, have our protégées done the very thing we had been most striving to guard against! And how absolutely certain it is in these days, when the fierce moral light of civilized Europe beats down on every dark corner of the earth, that the oppression and corruption which seem to characterize nearly every independent Asiatic State will in the long run necessitate our controlling those we would only too gladly see strong and right-minded enough to hold their own!

Cannot we remember that it was a combination of these very same two

Powers, Russia and France, who are now working against us in China, which forced us, sorely against our will, to break down the buffer States we had formed in India and control them ourselves; that after drilling for years the Persian army, when Persia was attacked by Russia, we had to leave her to fight her own battles, and even subsequently to attack her ourselves; and lastly, that, after supporting Turkey for half a century, it was only fear of Russia that prevented us from condignly punishing her in mad exasperation at her barbarous cruelties?

It is a degrading and disheartening process this, of backing up uncontrolled semi-civilized peoples against our European rivals; and I, for one, should find but little exhilaration in leading a troop of Chinamen against my rival but very good friend Colonel Grombchevsky in order to assist in preserving Peking to the Chinese.

Yet even so, some will say, it is better to control the Chinese forces ourselves than to have hordes of Celestials led by Russians against us. That is so. But, in the first place, it may be doubted whether the Russians ever will do much in the way of organizing and drilling the Chinese. There is a very prevalent idea that the Russians, directly they obtain possession of an Asiatic State, turn the inhabitants into masses of irregular soldiery. We are all, for instance, familiar with the idea that the Russians have hordes of Asiatic cavalry which they are ready to hurl upon India. As a matter of fact, the Russians make far less use of these methods, which we adopted from the Frenchman Dupleix, than we ourselves do. They seem to have something of the same instinctive fear of arming and training inferior races which I found among the colonists in South Africa. We know little of this sentiment in India, probably because we are not really settled in the country, and reared up there from generation to generation, as the colonists in South Africa and as the Russians are in their possessions. So, directly we annex or extend our influence over an Asiatic country, we invariably begin to drill a portion of the inhabitants into a military force. The Russians seldom do. In Transcaspia

there are Turkoman militia something akin to our frontier levies, and in no sense comparable to our regular Indian army. But, according to a recent and very observant traveller in Russian Central Asia, Mr. F. O'Dwyer, of the Indian Civil Service, this militia in peace time consists of only 300 men, and in war time of but 2000.

"This insignificant force," says Mr. O'Dwyer, "represents the only thing in the shape of a native army, a fact that is worth remembering in view of the general impression that Russia freely admits the recently conquered tribes into her armies, appoints their chiefs, colonels, and generals, and has at her disposal thousands of irregular Turkoman cavalry, who only await the signal to pour into Afghanistan and India, carrying fire and sword before them."

The Yellow Terror of Chinamen, organized by Russian leaders, sweeping through India and devastating Europe, is, therefore, the figment of an imagination much too far-seeing to be serviceable as a present-day guide.

But though the Russians are not likely to organize a powerful Chinese force, they may still gain such a control over the Chinese military organization as to form a serious obstacle to the extension, or even maintenance, of our influence. Supposing they are able to effect this, what, then, are we to do? One thing, at least, we can do. We can keep command of the sea. Perhaps, too, we might insist that, as long as her military power is under the control of Russia, her naval power shall not be allowed to grow. Further, we might obtain a compensating control in some other direction—as, for instance, over the financial administration, as we already have in the past in the case of the Maritime Customs. This particular suggestion may not be feasible, but in some such way as this we might be able to preserve our influence at Peking, and ensure our rights being respected without having recourse to the detestable expedient of arming the Chinese to resist progress.

Similarly, if we find that Russia and France are by territorial aggrandisement so extending their influence to our exclusion as to be really encroaching on our interests, we might resist those encroachments as far as it is in our power to do so—and our power is much greater

than most people at home seem to think—and we might extend our influence as a safeguard for the future over territory more immediately accessible to us—up the Yangtse Valley, for instance, and into Yunnan. And if we are not able by ourselves to cope with a combination of Russia and France, we might secure an ally; I would only urge that that ally should be white, and not yellow.

Here again we should secure our interests, not by supporting as a friend one who has invariably given more to those she fears than to those who proffer friendship; but, by showing her that if she is unable to stand, to take her place among the civilized nations of the earth, if she refuses to treat those nations as they have learnt by experience to treat each other, and if she is unable to carry out the treaty engagements into which she has entered, then she must take the consequences which inevitably befall every unfit creature and nation on the earth, and which would equally come upon us under similar conditions. In other words, if China is not fit to hold herself together, we must let her fall to pieces; and we and others must build upon and from the ruins a more sightly edifice.

The result of this rivalry of European nations will mean; then, in the long run, the partition of China; will mean that certain provinces will come under Russian influence, others under French, others under German, and others again under British control. Have we any need to shrink from this idea with the hypocritical shudders to which we have accustomed ourselves? Should we not rather give up our ideas of preserving the integrity of China, abstain from academical discussions in and out of Parliament about the advantages of maintaining it, and instead frankly recognize, not only that the disintegration of China has been going on for the last century, but that we ourselves have been taking a prominent and useful part in it, to the benefit of ourselves and of hundreds of thousands of Chinamen?

Where now are China's former tributaries—Korea, Tonquin, Annam, Siam, Burma, Hunza, Sikkim, Nepal?

To whom now do Hong Kong, Mir Bay, Wei-hai-Wei, Kiao-Chao Bay, Port Arthur, Trans-Amur, Manchuria, the Pamirs, and Formosa belong? Surely it is time for us to open our eyes and see what is going on directly under them!

We should, no doubt, like to see China strong enough to preserve her integrity, and so be able to continue to us the privileges we at present enjoy, and which we are not so likely to continue to enjoy, with China under Russian and French domination. But to undertake the task of preserving her integrity for her—not from any special love of her; not from any chivalrous feeling of protecting the weak against the oppression of the strong; but simply from the calculated self-interest to make of her a buffer against a civilized rival, is surely as immoral as it is unwise.

To many, however, the so-called "grab" for China is looked upon with disgust and contempt. To these the encouraging and propping up of effete old China seems a far nobler task. To such as these the partitioning of China appears a political burglary. But if this is so, not only political burglary, but political murder has been the order of history and the means of progress.

To take a country and exploit it at the expense of its inhabitants, as the Spaniards did the States of South America, may justly be called political burglary. To control a country as European nations have now learnt to control Asiatic States, as the Russians rule Turkestan, as we rule India and the French Tonquin, is to take a step in the general progress of the world; to substitute order for chaos; and to give millions of human beings advantages which at present they do not possess.

And I think that those who have travelled in Asia and Africa, and seen with their own eyes the almost incredible advance made in the countries which have been administered or controlled by European nations, and who

compare the conditions existing there with the corruption, the oppression, the lawlessness of such States as China, Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, will most readily admit that the immorality lies not in controlling such States, but in persistently bolstering them up as an impediment to progress. More especially do I think that any one who has been able to see the prosperity of the Chinese under a just and liberal government in the British settlements of Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, and to compare the actual there with the possible in China—to realize what China might be with these same Chinamen under an enlightened Government, which would preserve order, and foster private enterprise in the development of trade, the construction of railways and the opening of mines;—I think that any one who has seen all this will allow that the injustice lies not in assuming control over the Chinese, but in supporting them to resist those who would attempt to so rule them.

Not in sharing in the partition of China when such a course is forced upon us by competition—the driving force of the progress of the world—lies the immorality, but rather in supporting and encouraging China to oppose that progress.

To effectually control backward people, to treat them with justice, and to develop the natural resources of the country with the aid of Western scientific methods, is to confer benefit on all—on the original inhabitants, on ourselves, and on mankind in general. Should we not rather, then, in the coming century, recognize the direction in which the finger of destiny manifestly points; give up old ideas that we must necessarily keep still; take heart from what we have done in India, in spite of a century of efforts to avoid assuming the task of government; and not flinch from stepping forward farther east when we feel the requisite strength within us and find the pressure of events urging us on?—*Contemporary Review*.

THE HUMORS OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

ON reading a most amusing article in the *Cornhill* on the "Humors of Clerical Life," it occurred to me that the humors of hospital life, though just as numerous, had never been adequately described. If any class of human beings see human nature as it really is—see their fellow men and women at their best and at their worst, without the varnish of conventionality—surely hospital nurses have unrivalled opportunities for this study, though most of them are too busy and too tired to record their impressions.

After twelve years' experience of patients of every grade, I can fully confirm all that is said by the writer of "Clerical Life" about the callousness of the poorer classes with regard to sickness and death. Kind and helpful to each other they undoubtedly are, but their feelings are blunted, possibly by great familiarity and close contact with every form of suffering and disease. The following stories illustrate this condition.

A hospital sister summoned the wife of one of her patients into her private room, and began to tell the woman gently that the doctors thought very badly of her husband.

"Well, Miss, that's jes wot I sez to 'im lawst visitin' day. 'Tom,' I sez, 'I think you're breakin' up,' I sez. 'But we'd miss yer wages of a Saturday,' I sez, 'if so be as it pleased the Lord to taike yer.'"

Another woman, summoned to see her dying husband, who had met with a street accident, showed every sign of grief. She threw herself on the floor and howled at the top of her voice as the man died. Three days afterward she arrived in the ward arrayed in the deepest widow's weeds.

"Please, I've come for pore Walter's clothes. The Lord's took 'im, but I 'ope, please God, as I'll find another."

The Lowland Scottish peasant has also an extremely matter-of-fact way of speaking about her relatives' and friends' deaths. A good woman who had lost her aunt remarked to a sympathizing visitor, "Eh, yes, mem, aunty's deid. But she was very auld and frail. She's far better awa' and far haapier in glory,

and I got a hunner pounds o' a legacy."

Another woman said, *à propos* of her husband's death, "Deed aye, Tom's deid. The wee-est thing pits me aboot, ye ken."

And a servant, who had been many years in one family, lost her only sister. She was allowed to go to superintend the funeral arrangements, and returned in the evening. "Well, Mary," said her mistress, "this has been a sad day for you, losing your poor sister?" Said Mary, "Me, ah was glad tae git her oot o' the hoose, an' a' the windies opened."

But, on the other hand, a desire to express appropriate sentiments gave rise to the following equivocal saying.

In a hospital for soldiers' wives in India, a poor woman was about to be invalided home. A lady got her some warm clothing for the voyage. Unfortunately, the patient died before she could be got away. The matron, anxious to improve the occasion, said to the lady who had provided the clothes, "Ah, well, pore soul. She've gorn w're she won't *never* want no more warm clothing!"

The hero of the following story, however, did not speak of his approaching end in an edifying manner.

A poor little street Arab was brought into hospital by the police. He had been run over by an omnibus, and was badly injured. The chaplain was sent for, as it was thought improbable that the boy would live many hours. With little tact the chaplain began the interview thus: "My boy, the doctors think you are very much hurt. Have you been a good little boy?"

Boy (much bored).—"You git aout!"

Chaplain (shocked).—"But I am afraid you are *not* a good little boy, and you know you may perhaps be going to die."

Boy (anxious to end the interview).—"Well, t'aint none o' your business any'ow. Wot's me death got to do with you? 'Ave you got a pal in the coffin line?"

It is pleasant to be able to relate that this boy finally recovered.

Several stories are told about hospital

chaplains. No doubt many earnest men are to be found, who fill this difficult position with comfort to their sick parishioners and honor to themselves. But there are others who are lamentably devoid of that most essential of all virtues, the gift of tact.

Some medical students once averred that the hospital governors, before appointing a chaplain, had advertised thus: "Wanted, a parson of limited intellect and the plainest possible appearance, to officiate as hospital chaplain. Terms very moderate." Certain it is that the gentleman appointed performed his pastoral visits thus:—

"Good-morning, my friend. *How* are you?"

Patient.—"A little better, thank you, sir."

Chaplain (inspecting diet board).—"Ah, I see. They have put you on *greens*. You have much for which to thank your Heavenly Father. *Good-morning*."

The same chaplain, when he went to hold the usual weekly service in a ward, noticed that a certain bed was empty. A good old man had occupied the bed, and the chaplain somewhat prematurely jumped to the conclusion that the patient had died since his previous visit. So he gave an address on the uncertainty of life, and wound up his remarks thus: "God grant, dear friends, that we may all go whither this our brother has gone," pointing to the empty bed. Unfortunately "this our brother" had been removed to the erysipelas ward that morning, as all the other patients knew.

But having illustrated the intercourse between patient and chaplain, let us look at the attitude of the patient to his doctor. As a rule, the patient looks up to his medical attendant, especially to the visiting surgeon or physician, with implicit confidence and a good deal of wholesome awe and reverence.

His anxiety to help the doctor in every way is sometimes unintentionally comic. A senior surgeon was lecturing to a class of students on different appearances of the teeth. "Here, gentlemen, in these two teeth we have well-marked symptoms of—" *Patient* (interrupting in a deprecating

manner), "But please, sir, them two's false 'uns."

Now and then the doctor is believed to be almost omniscient. A patient in a military hospital was constantly getting into hot water because he smuggled food into the wards. One morning his medical officer was about to examine his throat with a laryngoscope. Seeing the little mirror all ready for use, the man's chum whispered an anxious warning from the adjoining bed. "I say, Bill, you'd best 'ave a care. 'Ee *mought* 'appen to see wot yer 'ad for supper lawst noight."

The dressers in a surgical ward also come in for a share of admiration. Even after a most painful dressing, a small street boy was heard to say in tones of satisfaction, "Ah! them's the blokes as makes a pore young man like me sit up. They *does* know 'ow to do it."

On recovery the patients' gratitude to the doctor sometimes overflows in speeches like the following remark made by a poor woman after a long illness. "I wouldn't never 'ave got over my lawst illness, if it 'adn't a bin for Surgeon-Captain Jones and the Lord."

The subject of gratitude affords some sharp contrasts between the feelings of military and civilian patients. The military patient too often looks upon his nurses as "them gals wot is paid to wait on us." The best efforts of his nurses to provide him with a festive Christmas tea were received on one occasion with solemn silence at the time, and next day with the crushing remark, "That theer tea party of yourn 'ave upset moy inside."

The civilian patient is much more effusive; as may be gathered from the speech of an old man to a somewhat starched and proper probationer (the daughter of a bishop), who was cleaning some glasses near his bed. "W'en I gits out o' 'ere, my dear, I don't mind if I finds yer a nice comfortable sittivation as barmaid, down 'Ackney way. You knows 'ow to clean glass, and 'd get better money, anyhow."

A quite touching farewell was said by another old man to his nurse in these wards. "You've bin a good gal to me, Nuss, a rare good gal. I 'ope as the Lord 'll reward yer, but there, we never know!"—*Cornhill Magazine*.